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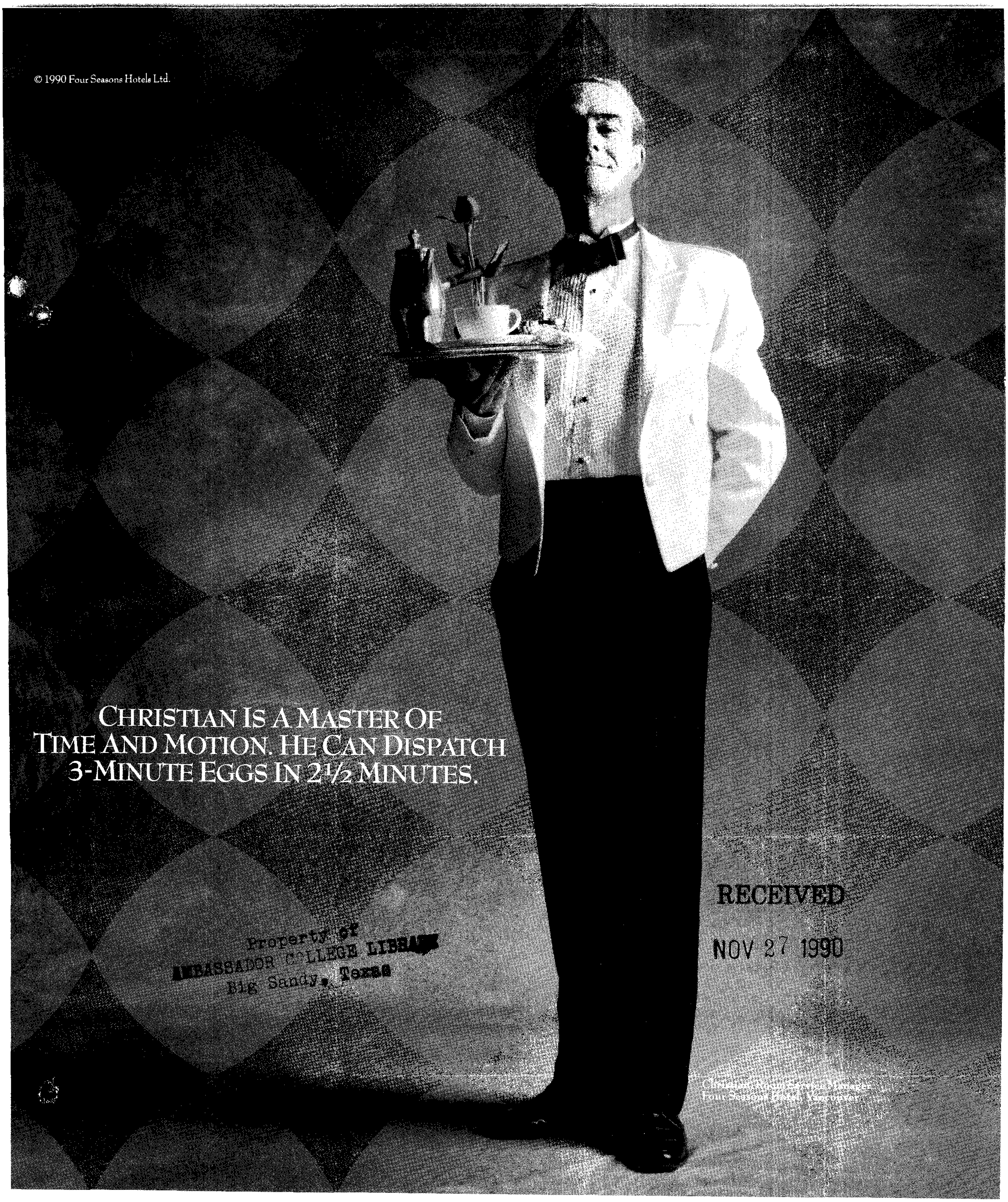
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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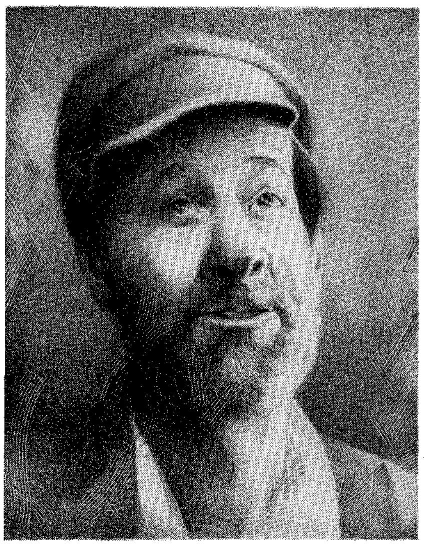

Topol in "Fiddler on the Roof"

THE THEATRE

IT was a gray week, but everything was coming up green. As we got ready to leave the house one night, the radio was playing An Emotional Fish, Sinéad O'Connor, and Enya, and in the subway there were people reading paperbacks by Joyce, Beckett, and Flann O'Brien. During the walk from the train to the South Street Theatre, where we were going to see the Irish Rep's production of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," we wondered what, if anything, tied all this Irishness together. Poetry was the only answer we could come up with. Poetry, certainly, spilled forth from the Synge play. So plentiful, in fact, was the idiomatic usage that we were forced to consult the glossary in the program to piece together the story: on the wild coast of County Mayo, in 1900, a "playboy" who thinks he's wanted by "peelers" finds shelter at the home of a "gallous" lass. In other words, a hoaxer/athlete (Patrick Fitzgerald) supposedly pursued by the police spends the night with a noble young woman (Madeleine Potter). Incidents both comic and horrifying ensue. The production is stronger in individual performances than in ensemble effect, and Mr. Fitzgerald is the standout, as he was earlier this year in the same company's more memorable revival of Brian Friel's "Philadelphia, Here I Come!"

The next night we saw a screening of "The Field," a December-release movie, directed by Jim Sheridan ("My Left Foot"), that takes place in Ireland during the thirties. The evening after that we headed off to Graham Reid's "Remembrance," at Mr. Sheridan's Irish Arts Center. This new play is set in the present in strife-worn Belfast, at a far remove from the lyrical setting of classic Irish theatre—that rural paradise of hearthside sages and laurel-laden boys and russet-haired women dancing around the kitchen sink. "Remembrance" is another kind of kitchen-sink drama, one in which the domestic troubles of two elderly individuals (she's Catholic, he's Protestant) and their respective children mirror larger conflicts outside. The play contains many sharp lines, and is admirably impartial; its only fault is a tendency to shout rather than show. The performers are all able, particularly John Finn as the peeler.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

THE BIG FUNK—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. With Graham Beckel, Skip Sudduth, Jeanne Tripplehorn, and Jake Weber. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE—Jules Feiffer's play, which was made into the 1971 movie. The cast includes Justine Bateman, Jon Cryer, and Judd Nelson. Directed by Martin Charnin. Opens Nov. 19 at 6:45. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE—Brecht's play, adapted by Thulani Davis from a translation by William Spiegelberger and directed by George C. Wolfe. With Charlayne Woodard, Reggie Montgomery, Novella Nelson, and Kevin Jackson, among others. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE FEVER—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. Previews through Nov. 27. Opens Nov. 28 at 7:30, and runs through Dec. 1. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

GROTESQUE LOVE SONGS—A play by Don Nigro, with Felicity Huffman and Chad Lowe. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. Previews on Nov. 19. Opens Nov. 20 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

I STAND BEFORE YOU NAKED—A new play by Joyce Carol Oates. In previews. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

LAKE NO BOTTOM—A new play by Michael Weller, with Daniel Davis, Robert Knepper, and Marsha Mason. Directed by Carole Rothman. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

SHOGUN: THE MUSICAL—Based on the novel by James Clavell. June Angela, Philip Casnoff, and Francis Ruivivar lead the cast. John Driver wrote the book and the lyrics and Paul Chihara the score. Opens Nov. 20 at 8. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.)

TOWNSHIP FEVER—Mbongeni Ngema's new South African musical. Previews begin Nov. 23. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

RECENTLY OPENED

ABUNDANCE—Beth Henley's new play, about two mail-order brides in the eighteen-sixties, puts paid to all discussions about whether it's possible to write an absorbing drama about women's relationships to each other and to their fate. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/12/90.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Nov. 24.)

ASPECTS OF LOVE—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (4/23/90) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

BUDDY: THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives had better steer clear of this ersatz documusical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CAMILLE, A TEARJERKER—Everett Quinton and the late Charles Ludlam are both at their best in this revival of Mr. Ludlam's 1973 spoof, which gives Mr. Quinton a chance to "play the whore" on a grand scale. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

CATCH ME IF I FALL—A musical by Barbara Schottenfeld. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

DAUGHERTY & FIELD OFF-BROADWAY—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a limited engagement. (Double Image Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

DAYTRIPS—A play by Jo Carson, with Barbara Barrie, Beth Dixon, and Helen Stenborg. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 25.)

FALSETTOLAND—This latest installment [illegible] a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Topol heads the cast in a revival of the 1964 musical by Joseph Stein (book), Jerry Bock (score), and Sheldon Harnick (lyrics). Direction and choreography are based on Jerome Robbins' original. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

FOREVER PLAID—Stuart Moss's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES—A revival of Neil Simon's 1980 play, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Nov. 25.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his act to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Shaw's **MISALLIANCE** (through Nov. 23) and Cocteau's **INFERNAL MACHINE.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

KING LEAR—Hal Holbrook has the title role in this production of Shakespeare's tragedy, which was directed by Gerald Freedman. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

LETTICE & LOVAGE—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers, in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

LUCKY COME HAWAII—A play by Jon Shirota opens the season for the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Dec. 1.)

MACHINAL—A noisy, blinding revival of S[illegible]hie Treadwell's dreary 1928 expressionist play, which was based on the Ruth Snyder murder case. (10/29/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 25.)

THE MARCH ON RUSSIA—Bethel Leslie and John Carpenter in a play by David Storey. (Chelsea Stage, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes Dec. 2.)

THE MISER—This tiresome, simpleminded, infantile revival of the Molière classic is an almost total washout saved from ignominy only by a dashing comic turn by John Christopher Jones. The director, Stephen Porter, would seem to have found for the divine Philip Bosco a part he can do nothing with. (10/29/90) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

MONSTER IN A BOX—Spalding Gray's latest autobiographical monologue. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Oh, Kay!—A joyous revival of a musical originally done here in 1926, this time with an all-black (all-gifted) company. The score, by George Gershwin, with lyrics by Ira Gershwin, and the singing and nimble dancing of the whole company are so glorious that they nearly compensate for the damnable din of amplification. With Brian Mitchell and Angela Teek as the romantic leads, and with fleet-footed Gregg Burge, Kevin Ramsey, and Stanley Wayne Mathis as the principal dancers. (11/12/90) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

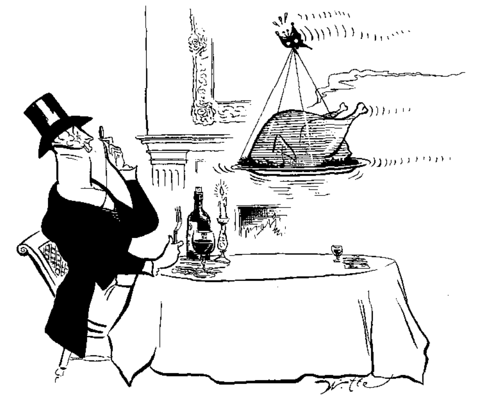
Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's newest drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh, in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

The Playboy of the Western World—John Millington Synge's play, presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre. With Patrick Fitzgerald, Ciaran O'Reilly, Madeleine Potter, and Stephen Joyce; directed by Charlotte Moore. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 2.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Ashley Crow is the bride, and John Dossett is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

The Relapse—A production of Sir John Vanbrugh's play, presented by the Classicworks theatre company. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0390. Closes Nov. 25.)



Remembrance—Aideen O'Kelly and Malachy McCourt in the New York première of a play by Graham Reid. Terence Lamude was the director. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). With a sixteen-member cast, led by Mike Burstyn. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—Eric Bogosian in a brief reprise of his one-man show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Closes Nov. 25.)

Shadowlands—William Nicholson's play about C. S. Lewis and Joy Davidman. With Nigel Hawthorne, who was in the original London production, and Jane Alexander. Elijah Moshinsky was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Subfertile—A play by and with Tom Mardirosian. Also with Richard Council, Kitty Crooks, Susan Knight, and Frederica Meister. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 2.)

The Sum of Us—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed; but cast and direction are both excellent, and Tony Goldwyn is electrifying as a young homosexual who wishes his father weren't quite so laid back about his homosexuality. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Those Were the Days—A Yiddish-English musical revue put together by Zalmen Mlotek and Moishe Rosenfeld. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

Twelfth Night—Shakespeare's comedy, presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. Stuart Vaughan was the director. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Nov. 24.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while La Vern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular setting and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A FEW GOOD MEN:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series. Directed by Don Scardino. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **GYPSY:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCE

ON November 20, the New York City Ballet will start its winter season, which features a celebration of the Tchaikovsky works in its repertory. The gala opening program is dedicated to Balanchine's Tchaikovsky: "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," the "Diamonds" movement of "Jewels," and, as a curtain-raiser, "Serenade," in its only scheduled performance of the winter. One has hopes. N.Y.C.B's performance of the work on "Dance in America," recently televised on PBS, showed an energized, detailed rendering by the entire cast. On TV, one saw a dream lineup of ballerinas—Darci Kistler, Kyra Nichols, and Maria Calegari—although, alas for New York, Ms. Kistler seems to be out for a while with an injury.

Here are some of the comments about "Serenade" that have been published since its 1935 première:

"Many people think there is a concealed story in the ballet. There is not. There are, simply, dancers in motion to a beautiful piece of music. The only story is the music's story, a serenade, a dance, if you like, in the light of the moon." (Balanchine)

"It's like fate, each man going through the world with his destiny on his back. He meets a woman—he cares for her—but his destiny has other plans." (Balanchine)

"One night, when they picked me up at the end to carry me off to Heaven, I thought: This is Balanchine's theory about his life. In a way it almost *is* his life, because the dancer who brings in the theme introduces it and the group picks it up—and so on. . . . And I told him, 'I love dancing "Serenade," and I find that, when I've put it all together in my mind, I know what it's about.' The mask came down. 'You do?' said Balanchine, with a cold stare. 'That's very nice.' Then he walked away." (Ruthanna Boris)

"I thought only about learning my entrances, my exits, and the steps in between. That is how I learned what 'Serenade' is about, that is how I learned what every ballet is about." (Suzanne Farrell)

" 'Serenade' seems to fill whatever space it's given." (Lincoln Kirstein)

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DANCE–Cont'd

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Feb. 24. Nov. 20 at 7:30: "Serenade," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Diamonds." (A benefit.) . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "Chaconne," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: "Souvenir de Florence," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 8: "Chaconne," "Valse Fantaisie," "Tarantella," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 1: "Chaconne," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 7: "Souvenir de Florence," "Tarantella," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: "Mozartiana," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Four Gnossiennes," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Joffrey Ballet—In performances of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Nov. 20-21 and Nov. 27 at 7:30, and Nov. 23-25 and Nov. 28 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 2.)

Garth Fagan Dance—Final performances of the engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Program A: Nov. 21 and Nov. 23 at 8, and Nov. 25 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Program B: Nov. 24 at 8 and Nov. 25 at 2. . . . ¶ Program C: Nov. 20 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

"LOOKING for Traveler tickets, dude?" a guy asked us on our way into the Marquee to hear Blues Traveler the other night. His accent, a benign suburban-burnout drawl, reminded us of Keanu Reeves in "Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure," and, in fact, that movie's twin mottoes—"Party on, dude" and "Be excellent to each other"—are perfect epigrams for what we found inside the club: a throng of gleeful, sweating, hip-shaking, lip-synching post-collegians, more than a few of whom looked as if they had got lost on their way to a Grateful Dead show. Blues Traveler, a foursome that was formed in Princeton in 1986, has been playing in New York since 1987, and has become something of a phenomenon. The Beatles in Hamburg they're not, but they've built a good-sized following. John Popper, the group's lead singer, told us that their odyssey through the clubs began at Nightingale's, a poky East Village bar, where they "learned how to be a band"; when they could no longer squeeze all their fans through the door there, they began playing Bleecker Street venues ("The Bridge and Tunnel people had to get by our fans"). Eventually, needing more room still, they became an unofficial house band at Wetlands. At that shrine to hippiedom, a perfect match for this band and its loyalists, "the scene really got a foothold," Mr. Popper says. Also around this time, the band was courted by Bill Graham's management company and then by A. & M., which went on to release the group's début album earlier this year. Blues Traveler's solid club experience has made them a quintessential live band: like the Dead, to whom they are often compared, they play leisurely tunes, full of extended solos, that cull from rock, jazz, funk, and blues. As Mr. Popper puts it, "We're live, we jam."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Oak Room, which looks and sounds a little bit better than when you last raised a glass here, will be home to the pop-jazz singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** as of Nov. 27. Ms. McCorkle, whose early career included stints with Ben Webster and Bobby Hackett, is a thoughtful, unpretentious singer who can usually be counted on to steer clear of the mundane and to excavate some lesser-known lyrics. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **MC COY TYNER**—a pianist who gives listeners more bang for their buck—will be in residence with his big band Nov. 20-25. The **RICK MARGITZA** quartet performs Nov. 26, and the venerable **ILLINOIS JACQUET** big band starts a week-long gig Nov. 27. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—*finally a club where they don't force* you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. **BUSTER POINDEXTER**, who's all pompadour and circumstance, brings his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** in on Nov. 23-24; **DOC WATSON** performs on Nov. 25; and the spirited and, of late, ubiquitous trio known as **BETTY** will be here Nov. 27. Musically, Betty are postmodernist scramblers—part Laurie Anderson, part Frank Zappa, part Parliament/Funkadelic, part Bill Murray as a schlock lounge lizard. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things *to make your heart beat faster.* Closed Thanksgiving.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. The fiery Memphis saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads a trio here through Nov. 25. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

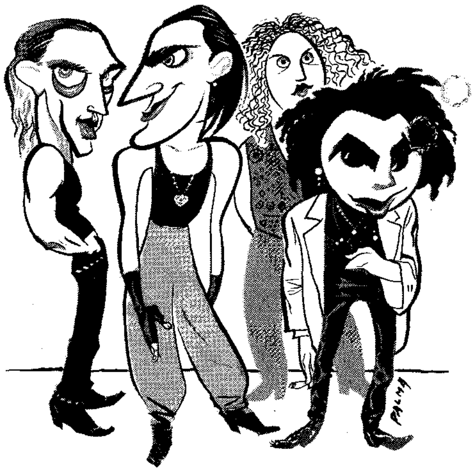
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **BOBBY SHORT.** Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ *Across the hall,* in Bemelmans' Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffiti-covered walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. The late Art Blakey, who was a hard-bop drummer and a jazz talent scout of the first order, will be honored here Nov. 20-25 by **BOBBY WATSON**, among others. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "take no prisoners" atmosphere. Show times are Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays at midnight, and Saturdays at eleven.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. The place also features a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine.



Jane's Addiction at the Ritz

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **MOSE ALLISON**, a jazz-blues singer and a snappy lyricist, performs in a trio through Nov. 25. **ASTRUD GILBERTO**, the First Lady of Bossa Nova, begins work on Nov. 27. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businessmen and a lot of hanging plants. *In the middle of the main dining* room, you'll also find a Steinway grand. A trio chaired by trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** begins a two-week stint on Nov. 20. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

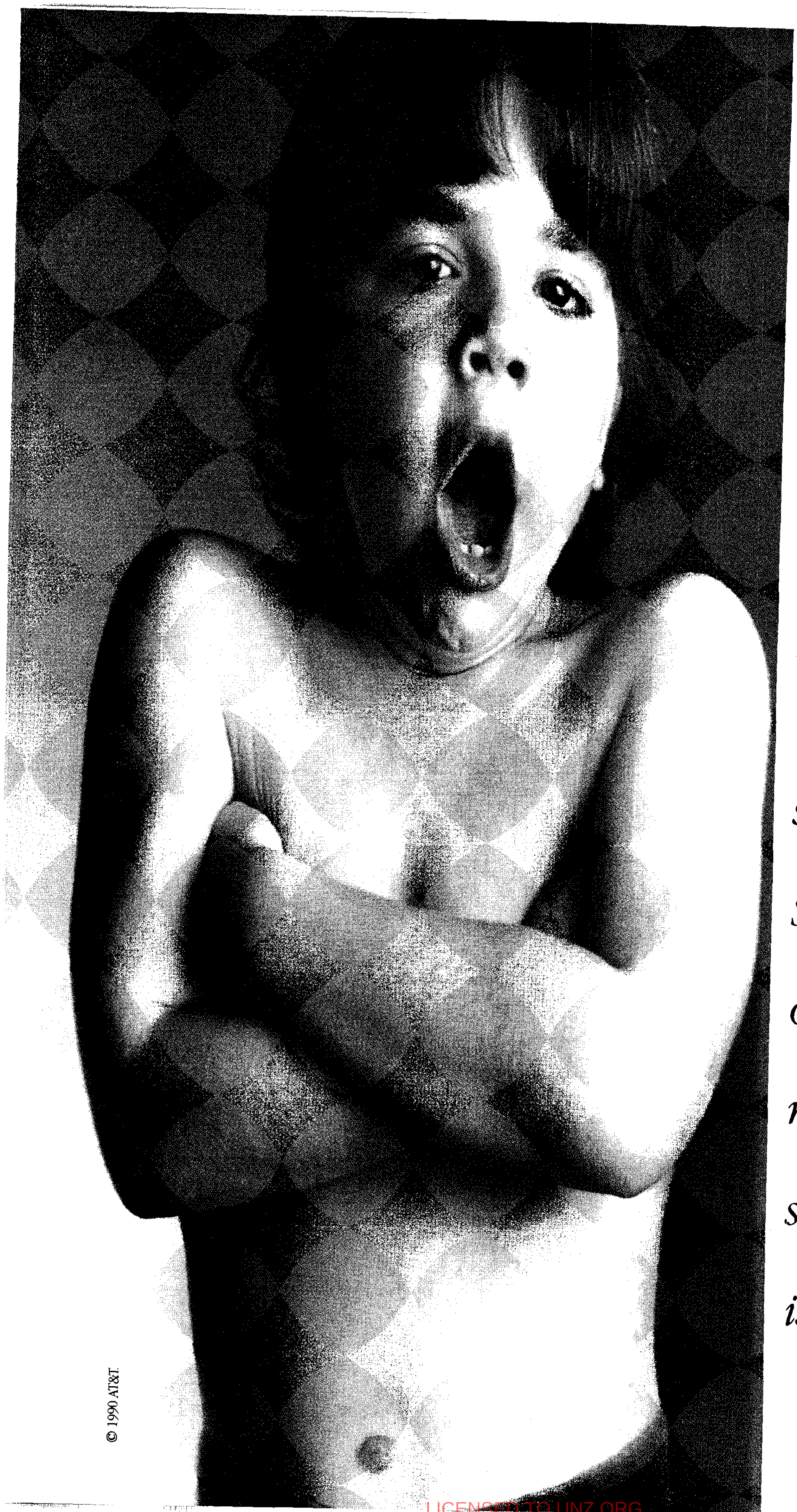
Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and red-chili clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. Dining. Closed Nov. 22-24 for Thanksgiving.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A mirror-walled burgundy room that gives one the not unpleasant sensation of sitting in a giant glass of red wine. This week's schedule includes **JUDY KRESTON** and **DAVID LAHM** (Nov. 24), and **COURTENAY DAY** and **PAUL TRUEBLOOD** (Nov. 28). Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. The piano-bass team of **BILL MAYS** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** will be here Nov. 21-

enheit.
DeBeers



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

24. Music from nine-thirty. No music on Thanksgiving.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—An upstairs space for fusionist hoedowns. The **DON BYRON** quartet, which includes **BILL FRISELL, LONNIE PLAXICO,** and **RALPH PETERSON,** performs Nov. 21-22. **CHUNK** comes in on Nov. 23. Music after nine.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap Ecuadoran food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities. Sets at eleven. Closed Thanksgiving.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. **LEE ROY REAMS,** who's billed as "Broadway's quintessential song-and-dance man," is here through Nov. 24. Singer **LORNA LUFT** starts up Nov. 27. Ms. Luft's upbeat shows usually include some cabaret standards, some more contemporary material, and some nice, wistful, there's-no-business-like-show-business stories. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you can usually find some worthwhile bands. **JANE'S ADDICTION,** who come in Nov. 20-21, recently released an album, "Ritual de lo Habitual," that sweats and grunts in an effort to prove that thrash-metal dressed up in new clothes and a new attitude can be fresh and exciting. Nov. 23 belongs to three different acts: the **DEAD MILKMEN,** an artless and irreverent alternative-rock group that sings songs like "Bitchin' Camaro," "Beach Party Vietnam," and "Nitro Burning Funny Cars"; **MOJO NIXON,** a jokey singer-songwriter who has recently got a lot of attention for writing nasty songs about famous people, such as "Debbie Gibson Is Pregnant with My Two-Headed Lovechild" and "Don Henley Must Die"; and the **CAVE DOGS,** a promising young band whose recent major-label début, "Joy Rides for Shut-Ins," is a bracing slap of power pop, with nods to, among others, the Beatles, the Who, and the Jam. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. **TABOU COMBO SUPER STARS** perform Nov. 23. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **NAT ADDERLEY** sextet will be here through Nov. 25. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (8[illegible]3-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. acts. Music begins at nine (at ten on Thanksgiving).

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's like an urban Disneyland (Chelsea Billiards, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is a lot bigger and a lot slicker than the old Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **AVERAGE WHITE BAND** will be here Nov. 23-24. Closed Thanksgiving.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The **DON PULLEN** trio will be here Nov. 20-25, and the **TONY WILLIAMS** quintet starts up on Nov. 27. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calender. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **BLUES TRAVELER** will be here Nov. 21.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** performs with bassist **JAY LEONHART** through Nov. 24; Nov. 25 belongs to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA;** and pianist **PETE MALINVERNI** works with bassist **PETER WASHINGTON** from Nov. 26. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"YOU gotta come," implored our fashion friends at a cocktail party. "It'll be fun." "Who's the party for?" we asked. "It's for Brad—What's Brad's last name?" asked a red-headed editor. "It's Brett, and I don't know," replied a successful young designer. "Anyway," the editor continued, "he's going to Los Angeles to become Quincy Jones' producer." "Quincy Jones *is* a producer," the designer interrupted. "Brett's going there to be a vice-president in charge of promotion. Or publicity. But come to the upstairs at Flamingo East after ten. Lots of good people. Dress fall."

As we got to the top of the steps, ready to enter the whitewashed, indirectly melon-lit club (219 Second Avenue, at 14th Street), a model by the nearest couch screamed to her best friend, "I love your anorak. It's so suède." (For all those who don't come from Greenland, or who missed Mizrahi's last two shows, an anorak is a parka is a car coat *avec* hood.) As we walked through the room, we ran into a designer friend. "Chet's over there if you want to meet him. We first met him last Thursday at that place on West 14th Street that has a euphemistically named ladies' night on Friday and a euphemistically named men's night on Saturday. Chet can really dip and swing. I guess that's why Quincy made him a producer." We walked through the crowd, past the model's best friend hugging her boyfriend's boyfriend while whispering, "It's fox? I want your anorak!" (Additional fall-fashion facts: everyone downtown is back to dark hair; loves crushed velvet; wears everything perched on the outer edges of their shoulders; smokes; and, though black is forsaken, except for leather, considers deep, sombre colors a must—good luck to Calvin Klein's white spring collection next March.)

Further on, we passed twin artists offering their theory that head-bobbing is cooler than dancing. ("Hearing James Brown makes my head rock," one of them claimed, as his feet stayed resolutely immobile.) We breezed by a stylist agreeing with a photographer that "there is something special about a man in Alaïa wearing heels," and got to where the focus of the evening was supposed to be standing. Spinning around, our guide was filled in by a friend. "If you're looking for Chad," she said, "he went downstairs to use the phone." By then, it was time to go, Monday and all that. So we said our goodbyes, grabbed our coat—"I didn't know you had an anorak," the editor exclaimed as we kissed her on both cheeks; we hadn't known either—and, exiting with a minimum of flourish, ran into two latecoming friends. "Is Brent still here?" they asked. We wonder what Quincy calls him.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Susan Marshall & Company in a new evening-length dance work with a score by Pauline Oliveros. (Nov. 27 at 7 and Nov. 28 at 8. Through Dec. 9.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 9.)

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top run through Jan. 6 in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 268-3030.

"The Christmas Spectacular"—Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course—runs through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

"Walt Disney's World on Ice"—In which Huey, Dewey, and Louie get lost. Featuring Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Pluto, Goofy, Sebastian, and Ursula, all on skates. (Meadowlands Arena. Nov. 20-25. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-201 935-3900.)

Stuart Sherman—In a performance piece that uses hundreds—two suitcases full—of household objects, including a toothbrush, a monacle, a rubber mouse, giant playing cards, and a bar of colored soap. (Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Nov. 25 at 2. No charge beyond museum admission.)

P.S. 122—Nov. 23-25 at 8: James Adlesic, Dennis Cooper, Anne Iobst, Keith Levy, and John B. Walker in "Knife/Tape/Rope," a performance piece about heavy metal and Satan worship. . . . ¶ Nov. 23-25 at 9:30: Final performances of John O'Keefe's new work, "Vid." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

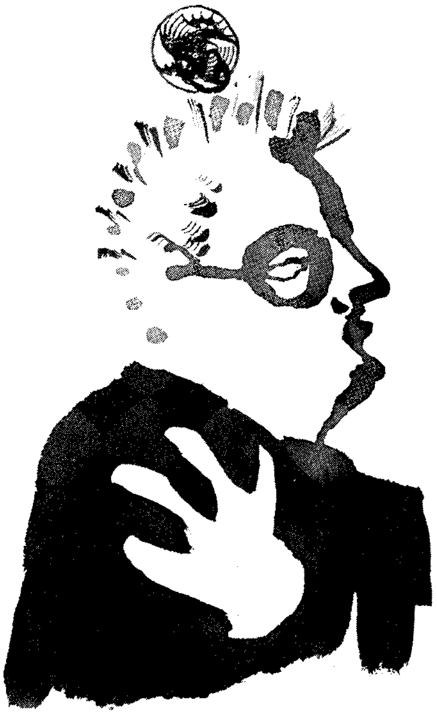
Bobby Watson at Condon's

ART

THE painters Howard Hodgkin, the English laureate, and the Texas-bred New Yorker Stephen Mueller have a couple of things in common. There's the sensuality and optical dazzle of two brilliant colorists. Also, each of these artists casts his line in the direction of a fibrillating point on the compass where so-called formalist abstraction and a subjective, illusion-loving form of representation are most likely to meet. Each sets a lyric eye to subjects that have to do not only with painting itself but also with nature, voyage, culture, and romance—at least insofar as such themes inhabit the often opulent ambiance of their highly considered surroundings. Hodgkin, who is fifty-eight, and Mueller, who is forty-three, at times indeed suggest latter-day aesthetic colonialists, heirs apparent to nineteenth-century fantasists and Orientalists like Delacroix, Redon, the Pre-Raphaelites, Whistler, Gauguin, or van Gogh. Apart from this, however, they have travelled different routes starting from different ports.

Hodgkin (Knoedler, 19 East 70th Street; through December 1) considers himself a figurative painter. An upper-class Englishman with the requisite collection of Mughal miniatures, he occasioned resentment at home among those at odds with the motives or conceits of the British establishment. Yet Hodgkin's painting has grown ever more unfussy, and more abstract in a Matissean sense—far from the rather bleary realm of so much English representation. Little painted sketches whose means are oh-so-minimal, such as "Venice in the Autumn" or "Indian Sky," leave us to marvel at the artist's power to transport. In front of more ambitious works like "Discarded Clothes," with comic abandon in every flamboyant stroke, or "In the Black Kitchen," with its more Proustian aura of seduction, we can but envy the precision of Hodgkin's sensory recall.

Mueller, who calls himself an abstract painter and is steeped in the Greenbergian canon, has all but eliminated traces of his hand in recent work (Nosei, 100 Prince Street; through November 28). The quasi-alchemical mysteries of emulsion are now an element in his painting, as Warhol and Sigmar Polke have joined the Nabi, theosophist painters, and the color-field school in Mueller's well-blended compost. A painting such as the seemingly gentian-and-sap-stained "In the Vale of Health," which was in part inspired by a stroll near London's Hampstead Heath, suggests an epic postcard from some wondrous, if etherized, vacation.



Self-portrait by Stephen Mueller

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Mexico: Splendors of Thirty Centuries" includes four hundred works of art from the pre-Columbian era through 1950. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ "Wright of Derby," a retrospective of portraits, landscapes, and paintings with scientific themes by Joseph Wright (1734-97). Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ A new skylit sculpture court has opened on the main floor, and it is home to several large French and Italian works from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, including Sarrazin's "Leda and the Swan" and Rodin's "The Burghers of Calais." . . . ¶ The recently acquired "Evening: Landscape with Aqueduct" by Théodore Géricault (1791-1824) is the focus of a small exhibition of his landscapes and related works. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian drawings, including works by Francesco Guardi, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, and others. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Fifteen American quilts and coverlets, made between 1803 and 1930, are on view. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ More than two hundred American portrait miniatures, most of them in watercolor on ivory, and none larger than six inches in size. Among the immortalized sitters are George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Abraham Lincoln. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" is divided into four themes (graffiti, caricature, comics, advertising) and includes more than two hundred and fifty works. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Twenty-one new photographs by Paul D'Amato, Carl Pope, and JoAnn Verburg. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Kiki Smith's installation includes such objects as cast-glass spermlike forms on a black rubber mat and twelve water-cooler bottles inscribed with the names of life-sustaining fluids. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A video installation by Gary Hill, consisting of body images displayed through several stripped cathode-ray tubes. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; closes at 5 on Thanksgiving Day.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Mind Over Matter" attempts to delineate a youngish "third generation of idea-oriented" artists—Liz Larner, Ronald Jones, Tishan Hsu, Nayland Blake, Ashley Bickerton, and Annette Lemieux. Their works move away from what in today's climate may seem like the indulgences of commodification to an interest in socially relevant issues. The effort is laudable, the installation exquisite, the selections often quite thoughtful—but the show is a mess. It circles around some potentially interesting thoughts without ever taking off, largely because of the mediocrity of the work. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Ninety-five paintings, constructions, and drawings by Burgoyne Diller (1906-65). Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Several animal sculptures from the museum's collection are on view in the lobby, including works by Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, and Alexander Calder. Through Jan. 6. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A lobby installation by Joseph Kosuth, who has selected works from the museum's collection that at one time or another may have been deemed offensive. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sixty paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917). Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Milton Avery in Black and White" is a display of eighty drawings in pencil, ink, and crayon, made by Avery between 1929 and 1959. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Forty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu river basins in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fishhooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm, raffia, and bamboo. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints. Among the fifty-six artists represented this year are Eric Fischl, Joan Nelson, Jane Dickson, and Theophilus Brown. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

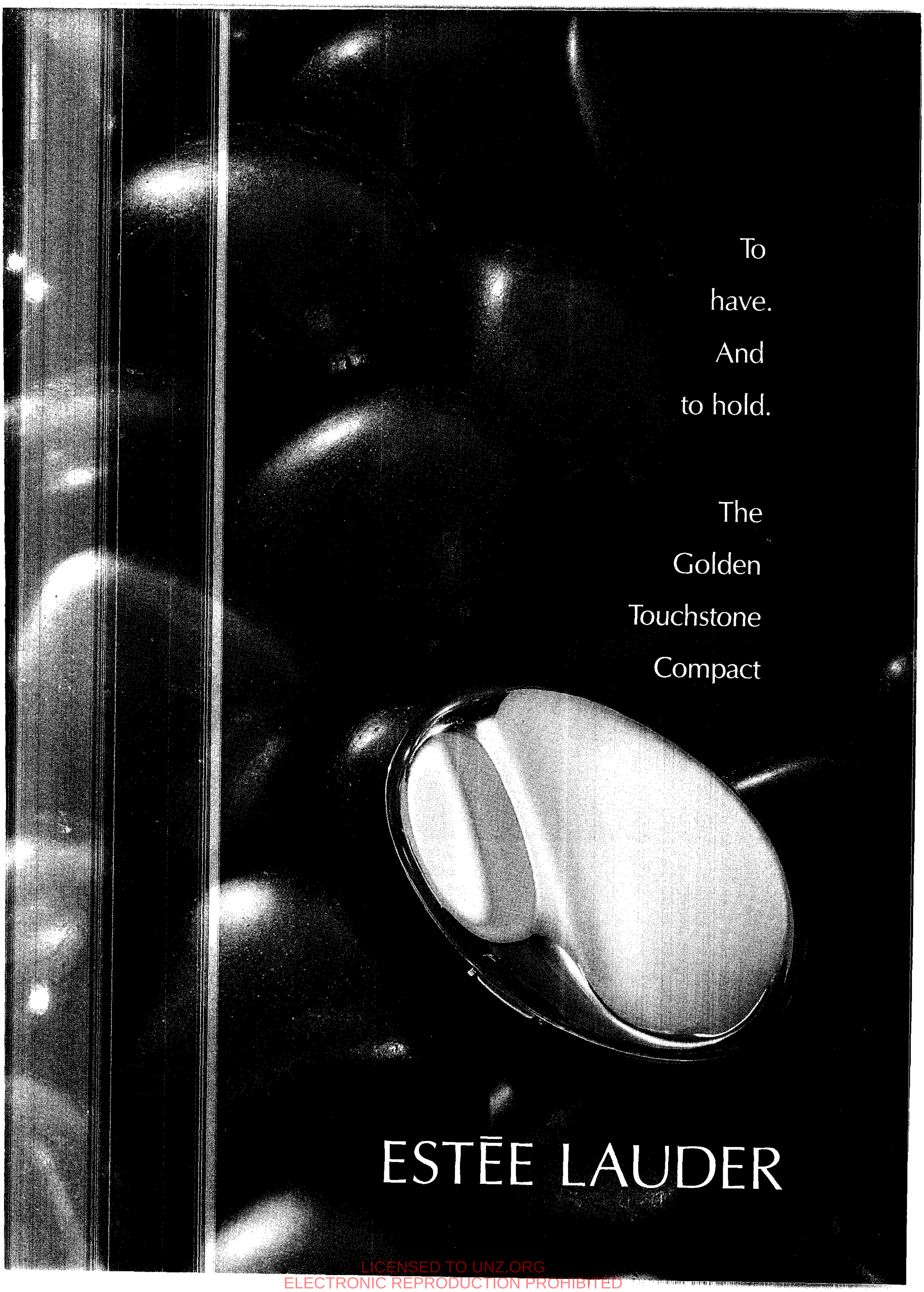
Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Court Arts of Indonesia" is a meticulously selected and exquisitely installed show, with just the right number of pieces to titillate but not overwhelm. Extraordinary detail abounds, especially in numerous ceremonial lances, which were symbolic expressions of power; very delicate gold jewelry; woven fabrics; and shadow puppets. There are also some curiosities, including a belt of human hair; a Javanese scroll depicting a royal procession, with a perspective that is part Eastern, part Western, and as wacky as Uccello; and a modesty plate, which is a kind of Indonesian fig leaf. Through Dec. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Eccentric Painters of Yangzhou" presents thirty works by eleven unorthodox, innovative artists who lived in southern China in the eighteenth century. Through Dec. 15. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures of Eton College Library," a selection, from the five-hundred-and-fifty-year-old institution, of more than two hundred manuscripts, rare books, drawings, and watercolors. Included are the first edition of Thomas Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and the manuscript of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" is a hundred years old, but the autograph manuscript, on display here, doesn't look a day over twenty-five. Through Dec. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Through maps, paintings, photographs, and prints, "Within Bohemia's Borders" documents the turbulent history of Greenwich Village from 1830 to 1930. . . . ¶ Forty-five oil paintings, by the hundred-year-old Theresa Bernstein, depicting the urban scene in New York City from 1914 to 1930. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at [illegible]th St.—While the title "Women in Mexico" suggests an enormous and ferociously dramatic tapestry, this exhibition is in essence a sampler. This is not a complaint: the show is fast-paced and a lot of fun. We begin with the unfettered and varied Surrealism of the astonishing Frida Kahlo, and of Leonora Carrington and Remedios Varo. And we're brought up to the present with work by artists now in their thirties, for example the spooked still-lifes and gritty ex-voto mythologies of a wonderful photographer named Flor Garduño. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibition of a hundred and thirteen master drawings, from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, by such artists as Poussin, Boucher, Fragonard, Delacroix, Degas, and Cézanne. From the Louis-Antoine Prat collection, in Paris. Through Jan. 20. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission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charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"From Receiver to Remote Control: The TV Set" features serpentine banks of virtually every TV model ever made and meticulously reconstructed period rooms that attempt to define a sociology of family life as it has revolved around the ever-present television set. Through Nov. 25. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Manuscript fragments, letters, first editions, photographs, and illustrations are all part of "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." (Berg Collection. Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"Keith Haring: Future Primeval." The operative word in this survey of works from the first half of Haring's brief but loaded career is diversity. Even his earliest student works (1979) display a simultaneous interest in Expressionism and illustration, abstraction and representation, shock and fine design. In the mid-eighties, when he was a rising worldwide media star, Haring experimented with color, asymmetrical compositions, a more scenelike narrative. These post-pictographic works are generally considered inferior, but the few included here are gems and suggest, as a show like this should but rarely does, that further study is in order. Through Nov. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

American portrait miniatures at the Met

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957)—Once again the Gagosian gallery has mounted a museum-quality show, this time of six early works (1904-09) by perhaps this century's most enigmatic sculptor. Two of these works have not been seen outside the artist's native Romania. One of the three earliest pieces, in bronze, is a bit unformed, but the centerpiece of the show is another matter. It is the first version of the artist's masterpiece, "The Kiss," a carving in stone that is a blissful merger of figuration and abstraction. Also of prime interest is the exquisite little 1909 marble carving titled "Trunk," which is a very sexy representation of a woman's torso. The piece is half innocent and half naughty: one side of the marble is as supple and smooth as adolescent skin, the other is unarticulated and raw. There is also a fine work, titled "Sleep," of a rapturous head in a state of perpetual rest, carved out of a chunk of raw marble. Through Dec. 15. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joan Mitchell—Five large paintings and four smaller works in a show that gives an excellent sense of the consistency of Mitchell's vision, as well as of her growth. The focus is on paintings, from the late fifties and early sixties, that are expressions of deeply internalized states, like black holes of agitated, often violent energy. Their darkness suggests that you may not want to know the maker too well. Also included in the exhibition is a large painting from the mid-eighties, executed in a fairly similar manner but with an entirely different spirit—it's lyrical, looking outward toward nature, and its color is luminescent. Mitchell's recent work is quite Monet-like, and she is one of the few artists to paint in a way that conjures the master Impressionist without seeming weaker for the comparison. Through Dec. 15. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Jules Olitski—This retrospective of sorts includes a number of "dot" paintings from the early sixties—sprightly, buoyant works with a flattened pictorial space, a lot of visible raw canvas, several heavily saturated dots, and an unerring color sense—and three pieces from the late sixties and the seventies. From there the show moves on to a group of recent canvases that could be parodies of gestural paintings. Consisting of gargantuan, megathick paint strokes in dark, opalescent colors coated in a splattered black mist, these are very ugly but nonetheless funny works. Through Dec. 1. (Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**piero manzoni,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 1); **maryan,** Claude Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through Dec. 22); **joan thorne,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through Nov. 24); **andrew wyeth,** Marcelle, 996 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 15); **jamie wyeth,** Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 1).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Georg Baselitz—With this impressive twenty-panel painting of women, intended as a commemoration of the fire-bombing of Dresden, Baselitz establishes himself as one of the most forceful painters of our time. The images, characteristically upside down, range from fairly detailed to nearly abstract, and they have a frenzied energy that begs comparison to de Kooning, who also depicted women in a particularly violent way without in the end seeming to be misogynistic. The panels are made of wood, and the artist has carved chaotic grids into them, which when combined with the crusty painting technique results in a work of symphonic proportions. Through Dec. 1. (Pace, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ The carving in Baselitz's recent work places him in dialogue with Cubism, a dynamic even more fully explored in a series of wood sculptures, titled "Women of Dresden," at Pace's midtown space. The eleven sculptures are quite large and are painted a particularly acidic yellow. They look as if they have been hacked with an axe in a Johnsian crosshatch technique, leaving many of their features mutilated and their faces caved in. But somehow the mood of the series manages to be surprisingly tame and, when compared to that of the panel painting, a bit disappointing. Through Nov. 24. (32 E. 57th St.)

Al Held—Over the years Held has become one of the most sophisticated colorists around. These new paintings are of triangles, tubes, cubes, and rings floating through a celestial space. Held renders irrational perspective quite rationally, with a wonderful sense of disjunctive scale, and he works with a luscious combination of bright colors and rich, dark tones. Through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—The most spectacular early canvas in this exhibit is a mysterious 1944 painting that displays a frenetic kind of Surrealism on the edge of abstraction. It is somewhat evocative of Pollock's "She-Wolf" and Gottlieb's pictographs. There is an even earlier painting (1939), of a skull, executed when the artist was just twenty-three years old. While it has a certain awkwardness, it is a fascinating work, one that may remind some viewers of Jean-Michel Basquiat. Although by age and social affiliation Pousette-Dart is often counted among the first generation of Abstract Expressionists, a handsome work here from 1959 seems more closely aligned stylistically with the second generation. The show goes downhill when it turns to works from the past few decades, which depict solar and celestial light with a programmatic Pointillist technique. The artist proves that he can create a glowing, internal light, but the imagery is lacking. Through Dec. 1. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**milton avery,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 28); **jean-michel basquiat,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **fernando botero,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 24); **troy brauntuch,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 15); **jean dubuffet,** Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 22); **lucio fontana,** Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **leon goldin,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 28); **morris graves,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 24); **philip guston,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 24); **david hammons,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 28); **rebecca horn,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 8); **william king,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 20); **wifredo lam,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 22); **clement meadmore,** Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 15); **robert motherwell,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 24); **george negroponte,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 15); **victor pasmore,** Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 17); **katsuhisa sakai,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 12); **egon schiele,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 12); **david smith,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **francisco toledo,** Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 24).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Walter Darby Bannard—Color-field painting is currently undergoing a reconsideration, and there's something aggressively compelling about this practitioner's new works. Like recent work by Jules Olitski, these pieces are profoundly ugly and composed of mammoth paint strokes. But whereas Olitski's paintings are as thick as tar frosting, Bannard's are transparent and rolling, gestural in the way of Chinese landscapes. Through Nov. 24. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Alan Belcher—New works that are among the artist's silliest, most pun-filled, and most resonant. The show consists of packed rows of splayed animal skins, each of which has a photograph at its center. Perhaps the strongest pieces are the "Beached Seals," which consist of sealskins, several of them with pictures of syringes and other medical refuse, and one "Baby Seal," with a photo of a human fetus. Through Nov. 24. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Scott Burton (1939-89)—A few key early sculptures make up this show, which is a pleasure to see. The earliest of them—conceived in 1972 and executed in 1975—is a Chippendale chair cast in bronze. It is no exaggeration to say that this ghostly, even haunting piece was the cornerstone of Burton's ideas: it is all about the body and the absentee body. It was also a pivotal work for the development of recent American art, serving as an inventive reintroduction of the human form at a time when figuration seemed doomed to the nostalgia pile. The show also includes a child's table and chair, which deals with ideas about childhood, scale, and mobility, and two luxurious early tables, one made of ivory, the other of the unlikely but highly soothing combination of galvanized steel and mother-of-pearl. Through Dec. 1. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Vincent Desiderio—The most startling image in this show of heroically painted grand narratives depicts the artist's model collapsed on the floor, and the artist, straitjacketed and in a stupor, being interrogated on a sofa behind her, as the police stand by. This is but one panel of a huge neo-neoclassical triptych, entitled "The Progress of Self-Love," that also takes on history painting, in the form of a body-littered battle scene, and literature, in a retelling of "Moby Dick." But even this narrative tour de force does not fully reveal the artist's talents. A single-panel work shows a couple on a bed in a glorious compositional conundrum of windows and frames, checks and checkmates that might have given Whistler a chuckle. There are also some small, exquisitely painted panel works. Through Dec. 8. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Stephen Ellis—Incredibly beautiful abstract paintings. Some are most appealing for their odd color juxtapositions: one work has bright yellow interrupting bands of deep rust with deep-green accents. Others are characterized by a resonant combination of horizontal and vertical, which in one instance gives the impression of a forest of trees viewed during a storm. Through Dec. 1. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Michael Joaquin Grey—The most recent in a long line of artists who make quirky, near-enigmatic objects utilizing scientific materials and processes. The works include a large, shiny, spidery sputnik lying on its side; a pair

JOHN CAMPBELL *stopped preparing tax returns for a living in 1978, when he got into the car business. Now president of the Campbell Automotive Group in Southern California, John is one of the leading car dealers in the country. Here, John talks about a new challenge—becoming a Saturn retailer and building four new Saturn stores. Which should keep his accountant very busy.*

"...Going from being a Certified Public Accountant to a car dealer, now that was a switch. I mean, being an accountant is a respected profession, generally. It's right up there on the 'people you trust' list.

And car dealers? Well, you can guess. You know, I'd go to a party, and people would ask what I do, and I'd say, 'I'm a car dealer,' and they'd change the subject. I guess it just comes with the

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territory. But it sure took some getting used to.

When I first heard about Saturn, I had my import stores, and I thought, well, Saturn's going to be another small car, and there're already too many of those, so why bother?

Then I heard something that really surprised me. Usually, if you have the money and the right location, you can get a dealership.

I've never known a car company to reject dealer applicants because of their customer service records.

Not the way Saturn did. Something like three thousand people applied to be Saturn retailers. And I think only around two hundred will actually make it.

If these guys didn't meet their retailer standards, Saturn flat turned them down.

I'll tell you what, that got my attention.

Southern California is a very tough market and I'm opening four Saturn stores.

I can't say anything stronger than that...."

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of plastic dogs under a Plexi box; and an unseen light bulb encased in an aluminum capsule reminiscent of Woody Allen's orgasmatron. There are also a number of "non-works," or scientific objects, such as air captured in silicon gel. Although the ideas here may seem a little too familiar to those who have been tracking the course of chaos theory in the visual arts, some of the work suggests great potential. Through Dec. 1. (Petersburg, 130 Prince St.)

Eugène Leroy—The traditionalist who hungers for paint need look no further than these glorious oil-encrusted works—they have passages so thick you could grab them with your hand. The artist's great gift is for the kind of complicated color wars one might associate with de Kooning's landscapes. But here the over-all tones are dark and murky, with bright highlights of white, yellow, green, red, or—*more likely—all of the above*. Through Nov. 24. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Erik Levine—This exhibition consists of three large and very elegant sculptures, made of wood, spackle, and glue, that look like immense pencil tips. They have the humble but strong presence of Joel Shapiros, the workmanlike integrity of Donald Judds, and the somewhat organic form of Richard Deacons. Through Dec. 5. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Tom Otterness—All of the works in this show *are in bronze, and many of them are part of* a commission in progress for Battery Park City. They are reminiscent of garden statuary, the sort inspired by children's fables that seem written for adults. Among the pieces are a water fountain with a bulldog chained to it, a street lamp with the Grim Reaper atop it, and a number of small Brueghelian allegories—frog-footed rats transporting a bound cat, for example. All the forms are worked in Otterness's commanding W.P.A./doughboy style. The artist has never been afraid to think of his sculpture as decoration, and these works are the stronger for it. They are a pleasure to behold. Through Nov. 30. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Joel Shapiro—In the seventies, Shapiro established himself as the master of tiny objects that commanded a great deal of space. His newest works are large, figurative sculptures formed by piecing together beams of wood or bronze. These new figures are on the move: one glides like Fred Astaire; another is awkward and chunky, like a jointless, lumbering oaf. Whereas his earlier work was self-contained and had a low center of gravity, the six pieces in the main gallery are so gymnastic in the way they fill space that the room looks jammed. The show is a bit scattered in selection, but these are fine works by one of our most consistently compelling artists. Through Dec. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Myron Stout (1908-87)—Paintings and drawings from the artist's estate. Stout is a sur*prising artist. Best known for his neoplastic* abstractions, he was nonetheless a brilliant representational draftsman—not unlike his younger colleague Ellsworth Kelly in this respect. Stout seems also to have been more of a spiritualist than is commonly acknowledged, rather in the tradition of theosophist painters such as Mondrian and the turn-of-the-century Swedish mystic Hilma af Klint. These varied, subtler currents in the Stout oeuvre are particularly apparent in a beautiful group of delicate and traditional landscape drawings that suggest a latter-day Ruysdael. Through Dec. 15. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St.)

May Wilson (1905-86)—A startling and disturbing exhibition of work that was created over a twenty-year period by a woman who learned about modern art through correspondence courses and did not start making her assemblages until she neared retirement age. She is a Cornell of sorts, but aggressive and violent where he was restrained and meek. Her pieces consist of such things as discarded mementos shoved into children's shoes; matted dolls bound with string, rope, and gauze; a teacup stuffed with umbrella handles; and a doll strapped tightly to a box, one of her arms left loose. Most works are spray-painted a deadly silver, copper, or bronze. A saner hint of humor is revealed in a series of collages in which the artist has glued goofy photo-booth pictures of her face onto postcards of nudie girls and high-art works ranging from a Parthenon metope to a Gauguin native. Through Dec. 8. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

David Wojnarowicz—No artist has been more angrily eloquent about AIDS and societal neglect of those who have it than Wojnarowicz. His catalogue for a recent group exhibition dealt frankly with his own HIV infection and his bitter frustration with the current state of AIDS education. Its publication resulted in the first of the recent wave of rescindments of N.E.A. grants and in the subsequent mutilation and distortion of his work by a political group. Every aspect of his new work—which spans painting, photography, and sculpture—is now stronger, more complex, and more incisive. A staged photo of a shaman, fully outfitted like a skeleton, with a gloriously fearsome expression and an exaggeratedly large phallus covering the real thing, is a celebration of the self, one that equates homophobia with anthropocentrism. A globe in which maps of various regions around the world have been cut into the shape of the United States is a concise representation of American imperialism. The artist's writings, which appear primarily in his paintings, are stirring and poetic. One story, about sex in an abandoned warehouse, articulates the depth of the artist's passion and loneliness: "In loving him, I saw men encouraging each other to lay down their arms. . . . I saw a hand in prison dragging snow in from the sill." The artist's eloquence is not limited to the works themselves but extends to the actual flow of the *exhibition. The first piece is a photograph of* a deadly-looking spider bearing the face of Jesse Helms and a swastika painted on its body. Initially, the work may seem unnecessarily sensationalistic, but by the time you reach the end of the show it seems appropriately charged. One of the final images contains an impassioned, chillingly familiar quote from Adolf Hitler encouraging people to quash troubling art. Through Dec. 1. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway. . . . ¶ Exit Art, 578 Broadway, has a retrospective of the artist's works from 1979 to 1989. Through Jan. 5.)

Michael Zwack—Paintings that include images of faces, done in a murky, foggy style. They tend to dissolve at the bottom into drippy smears, and the over-all impact is of mirages that might disappear in the blink of an eye. Through Nov. 24. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Short List—**DONALD BAECHLER** and **FORD BECKMAN,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through Dec. 8); **DAVID BATES,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 24); **ERIC FISCHL,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **SAM FRANCIS,** Foster Goldstrom, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **KEITH HARING,** Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. (through Dec. 22); **MICHAEL LOEW,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 24); **VINCENT LONGO,** Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St. (through Nov. 24); **ROBERT MASON,** Katzen, 475 Broome St. (through Dec. 31); **MCDERMOTT AND MCGOUGH,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 5); **JOSEPH RAFFAEL,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway *(through Dec. 12).*

PHOTOGRAPHY

WHO wouldn't be fascinated by a book that is dedicated to "Isis and Siris Rumble-Thump, and in memory of Max Barkins, BazmaBoo, and Baron Bruno Bach"? From this homage, through the hundred and three photographs that follow, and on to its essays, Sally Eauclaire's latest publication, "The Cat in Photography," had us transfixed. (Little, Brown; $29.95.) Don't be deceived by the book's simple title, or by its cover, which veers toward calendar kitsch: this publication reveals more about photography than most impressive-sounding studies of the medium. And it's got killer pictures to boot.

We were introduced to cats in photography by someone who was both passionate and informed about the topic—the collector Sam Wagstaff, who lived to overturn prejudice. He would pull out pictures of cats to prove the silliness of rules about what constitutes "serious" photography. Wagstaff once showed us a picture of a white cat by Martin Munkacsi, for example, that oozes glamour as brilliantly as do George Hurrell's portraits of Greta Garbo.

Although Eauclaire's book does not include that image, it does feature work by many greats in the field. *Their cat pictures were apparently* not considered reflective of their eminence, and remained largely unseen. Eauclaire remedies all that. For example, we get to view some of Edward Weston's shots of gangs of cats, and a 1936 print, by Walker Evans, that includes a peek at a feline. The latter is the original version of a picture that *later lost its cat—the animal was* thought to make the image too cute. But the photo is much weaker without those eyes peering out over a sign that reads "FISH Co." Evans' snobbery is the exception in this book, which all in all is an antidote to formalist thinking that excludes a subject like cats from art. No one expresses the volume's essence better than George Balanchine, who, in reference to his cat Mourka, exclaimed, "At last! A body worth choreographing for!"

New Photography at MOMA—There is not a speck of glamour to be found in any of these photographs by Carl Pope, Paul D'Amato, and JoAnn Verburg. Instead, there's fat, sweat, dirt, poverty, alienation, self-defense. None of the pictures try to seduce the viewer. *But D'Amato's photo of rosebushes covered* in plastic is particularly haunting. It's a lyrical, beautiful image, breaking through the pessimism that characterizes the rest of the show. Through Jan. 8. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Short List—**ANSEL ADAMS,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Tuesdays, noon to 8; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6; through Feb. 3); **SID AVERY,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 8); **ILSE BING,** Min-Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (through Dec. 29); **LOUIS FAURER,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 1); **SHEILA METZNER,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 15); **WILLIAM NOLAND,** Prats, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **OLIVIA PARKER,** Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through Dec. 1); **ANDRES SERRANO,** Stux, 155 Spring St. (through Dec. 8).

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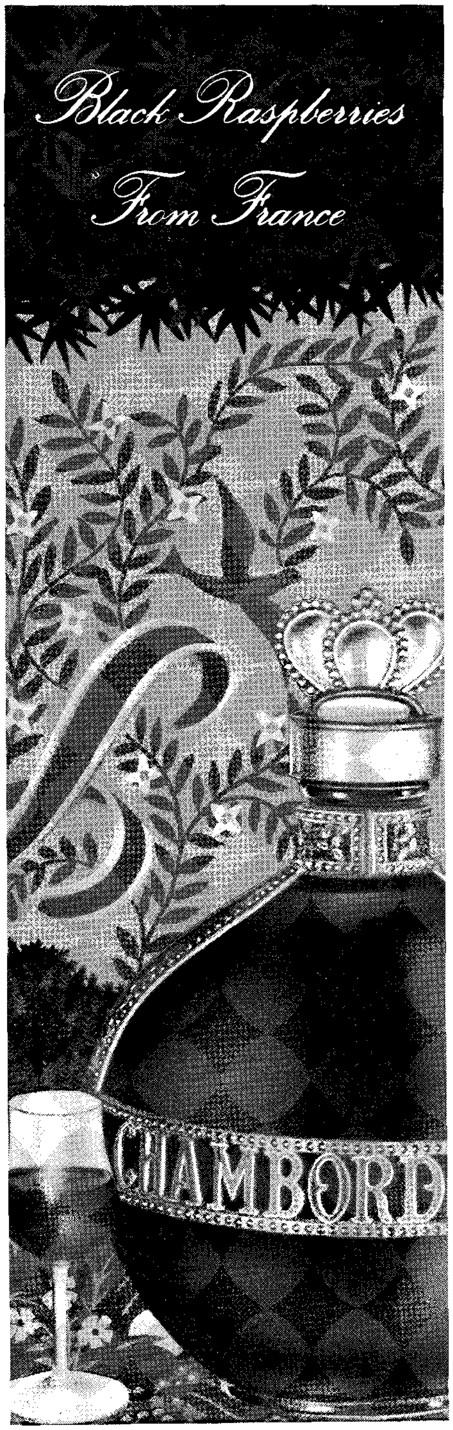

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MUSIC

THE week of Thanksgiving, traditionally devoted to domesticity and travel, is not a time for special musical events, but it affords us a chance to think about unremarked elements of "ordinary" musical life for which gratitude is in order. When we glance back over the past few weeks in this frame of mind, one moment comes into focus. It is in City Opera's jewel-like production of "The Mikado," when the formidable Katisha is winding up her lament at having been cheated of her Nanki-Poo just as his education in her charms was at the point of completion. "Oh, where," she cries, "shall I find another?" Poor Ko-Ko knows what he must say, but the word sticks in his throat: "Here" comes as a voiceless rasp that carries through the theatre.

The throat was James Billings', and he was reaching the high point of a splendidly acted Ko-Ko. Now, in the large view of things, a good enactment of a standard Gilbert and Sullivan comic part is neither rare nor of great cultural moment. But Mr. Billings' level of command, variety of tone and pacing, eschewal of gags that do not arise from Ko-Ko's situation, and zest for the role after many, many performances must surely count as rare; and what he represents—the corps of players who can do ordinary and necessary things really well—is all the more important in the traditional branches of musical theatre as we are gradually forced to do without it. City Opera has been wise to keep Mr. Billings and three of his bass-clef colleagues (Richard McKee, Joseph McKee, and Dominic Cossa) together in the show through successive revivals; they are a true ensemble.

As it happens, we may have to do without Mr. Billings as Ko-Ko; after more than a hundred roles at City Opera since 1972, he has declared his intention to retire and devote himself to producing opera in his native Missouri. The production, which has remained delightfully free from much of the staleness that can afflict comic opera at the State Theatre, may still be a gem without its Ko-Ko. But where, we wonder, shall they find another?

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—SALOME, with Hildegard Behrens, Helga Dernesch, Richard Cassilly, and Ekkehard Wlaschiha; conducted by James Conlon. (Nov. 19 and Nov. 23 at 8:30.) . . . With Hildegard Behrens, Mignon Dunn, Graham Clark, and Ekkehard Wlaschiha; James Conlon. (Nov. 27 at 8:30.) . . . **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Alexandrina Milcheva, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Paul Nadler. (Nov. 20 at 8.) . . . With Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Elena Obraztsova, Taro Ichihara, and Juan Pons; Paul Nadler. (Nov. 24 at 8.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Marilyn Mims, Jerry Hadley, and Juan Pons; Rico Saccani. (Nov. 21 at 8.) . . . With Diana Soviero, Jerry Hadley, and Brian Schexnayder; Rico Saccani. (Nov. 26 at 8.) . . . **PORGY AND**

Earl Wild at Carnegie Hall

NEW LAMPLIGHTERS

The ornate, sea-green metalwork of the Pershing Square Viaduct, the ramp that elevates Park Avenue at 40th Street and then swings it around Grand Central Terminal, has been illuminated since 1985 by the skimpiest of modern fixtures: teardrop-shaped lights that jut out from thin steel poles. The present lights are much less suitable than the eight original lamps, installed when the structure was completed in 1919. These fixtures—made of cast iron, twelve feet tall, with embossed foliage on their thick bases and six-inch spears sprouting from their hexagonal heads—were allowed to rust on the viaduct's granite bases until they were removed for road-paving work five years ago. In the last week of November, they will begin to return: the Grand Central Partnership will hoist the first of eight freshly restored fixtures onto the pier closest to the Philip Morris Building, at 42nd Street. (The partnership's long-term goal is to reopen the viaduct's clogged archways and install a glass-walled café.)

Before replacing the remaining seven fixtures, the partnership will experiment with this one; for the next few months, the group will try out different bulbs—metal halide and high-pressure sodium—in search of maximum illumination for this sometimes crime-ridden spot. But, even by day, the new lamps will have an effect on the neighborhood. "Lampposts may seem like a small detail," says Joseph Bresnan, vice-president of Remco, the restoration's contractors, "but the long, dark, horizontal shape of the viaduct needs a very strong vertical component, for balance. These lights will do just the right thing; they'll uplift anyone who looks at them."

BESS, with Myra Merritt, Marvis Martin, Camellia Johnson, Michael Forest, and Terry Cook; Robert Duerr. (Nov. 24 at 1:30.) . . . With Myra Merritt, Marvis Martin, Camellia Johnson, Michael Forest, and Andrew Smith; Robert Duerr. (Nov. 28 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Erich Leinsdorf conducts Copland's "Orchestral Variations," Beethoven's Third Symphony, and Ravel's Piano Concerto, with Cecile Licad. (Nov. 20 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Charles Dutoit conducts Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes," Debussy's "La Mer," and (with pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet) Liszt's "Totentanz" and Szymanowski's "Symphonie Concertante." (Nov. 21 and Nov. 23-24, all at 8, and Nov. 27 at 7:30.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall. Nov. 25 at 3: Peter Tiboris conducts Liszt's "A Faust Symphony," and David Willcocks directs the orchestra, a chorus, and soloists in Mozart's "Coronation" Mass and his own "Ceremony of Psalms." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: Joseph Flummerfelt directs Haydn's "Lord Nelson" Mass and Will Kesling directs Mozart's "Requiem," with soloists Melody Kielisch (soprano), Carol Andrews (mezzo-soprano), Frederick Urrey (tenor), and John Ostendorf (baritone).

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet conducts four new works: Morton Gould's "Diversions" (a concerto for tenor saxophone and orchestra), with James Houlik as soloist; Christopher Rouse's "Concerto per Corde"; Ned Rorem's "Schuyler Songs," with soprano Lucy Shelton; and Samuel Zyman's "Concerto for Cello and Orchestra," with Carlos Prieto. A benefit for the Manhattan School of Music. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 28 at 7:30.)

"JUDAS MACCABEUS"—Gerard Schwarz directs Handel's oratorio, first performed in 1747, which recounts the Chanukkah story. With the New York Chamber Symphony, the Y Chorale, and soloists Roberta Alexander (soprano), Patricia Spence (mezzo-soprano), Walter MacNeil (tenor), and Jan Opalach (bass-baritone). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 24 at 8.)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR—James Litton directs the choir and the Fairfield Orchestra (performing on period instruments) in Haydn's "Lord Nelson" and "St. Nicholas" Masses; and William Trafka performs as soloist in a Haydn organ concerto. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 227. Nov. 28 at 8.)

RECITALS

SYLVAN WINDS—The wind nonet performs music by Giuseppe Maria Cambini, Mozart (who allowed that Cambini's music was all right, though he didn't much care for the man), Schubert, Franz Lachner, and Bruce Adolphe. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 19 at 8.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—The violinist, who began studying his instrument in 1903 as therapy for a broken arm, performs music by Nardini, Respighi, and Brahms (with assisting artists). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Nov. 19 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 874-7515.)

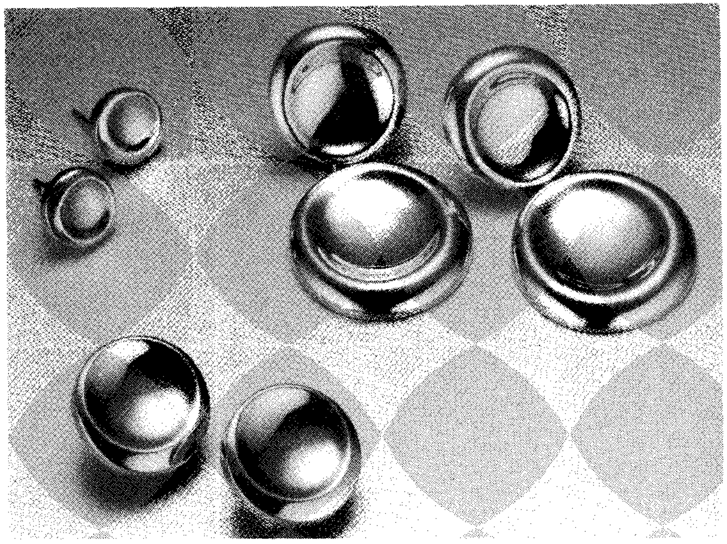
GARY DRANCH—Clarinet, with a chamber ensemble, performing Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio. *Kegelstatt* is the Austrian equivalent of a bowling alley—the piece was reputedly composed during a game of ninepins. Also, music by Bartók ("Contrasts"), Martinů, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 19 at 8.)

TAMMY LUM—The pianist, winner of the 1990 Leschetizky Competition, performs music by Haydn, Scriabin, Balakirev, and Elliot Carter, as well as two tours de force by Leschetizky: his "Intermezzo in Octaves" and "Andante Finale of 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' for Left Hand." (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. Nov. 20 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANUEL ENRÍQUEZ AND MAX LIFCHITZ—The two distinguished Mexican composers perform each other's works—Mr. Enríquez playing the violin and Mr. Lifchitz the piano—as well as music by such compatriots as Carlos Chávez and Manuel Ponce. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 20 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Chamber music by Haydn, Brahms, and Dvořák. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 22 at 7:30 and Nov. 25 at 4.)

KRONOS QUARTET—Performing New York premières of works by seven composers, includ-



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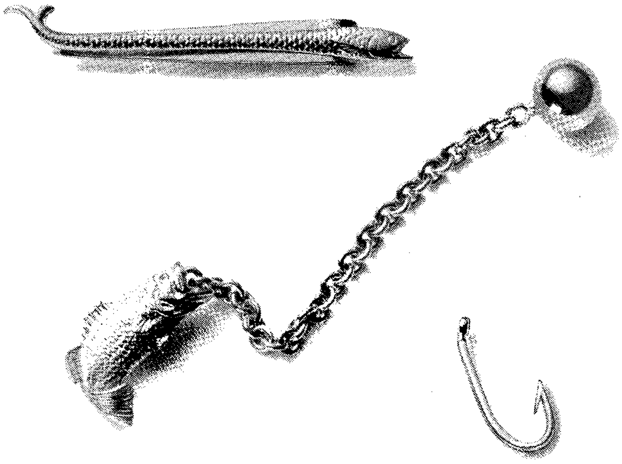

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MUSIC—Cont'd

ing Foday Musa Suso (a Gambian Mandingo drummer and *kora* player, as well as a *griot*—a hereditary transmitter of regional lore). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 24 at 8.)

Richard Gresko—Piano, performing music by Haydn, Chopin, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 24 at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra play Brahms' Clarinet Trio, Debussy's "Danses Sacrées et Profanes," and chamber works by Bloch and Martinů. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 25 at 3.)

Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist, plays the New York première of Joan Tower's "Clocks," as well as music by Bach, Walton, Rodrigo, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 25 at 3.)

Mozartean Players—Stanley Ritchie (violin), Myron Lutzke (cello), and Steven Lubin (fortepiano) perform a trio of trios by Mozart, and Mr. Lubin goes it alone in the B-Flat Sonata, K. 333. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Nov. 25 at 4. For information about tickets, call 666-0675.)

James Litton and William Trafka—The two organists perform a program of works by César Franck. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Nov. 25 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Artek Ensemble—The early-instrument group, directed by Gwendolyn Toth, performs instrumental music by Handel and Vivaldi (his G-Minor Cello Concerto, with Loretta O'Sullivan), and, with countertenor Drew Minter, arias written by Handel for the legendary castrato Senesino for his roles in the operas of "Riccardo I," "Orlando," "Giulio Cesare," and "Floridante." (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Nov. 25 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Musica Antiqua Köln—The period-instrument quintet plays music by Bach, Handel, and Telemann. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 25 at 8.)

Earl Wild—The pianist celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday by playing Beethoven's "Thirty-two Variations on an Original Theme," Chopin's four ballades, and several works by Liszt. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 26 at 8.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Performing Schoenberg's "Quartet in D Major" (1897), his Third Quartet (1927), and Bartók's Fifth Quartet (1934). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 26 at 8.)

Grace Bumbry—Soprano, sings arias from "Tannhäuser," "Don Carlos," "Adriana Lecouvreur," and other operas; with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Daniel Nazareth. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 27 at 8.)

New York University Contemporary Ensemble—In conjunction with the New York University Percussion Ensemble, the group plays recent compositions, including Dinu Ghezzo's "Freedom," featuring Esther Lamneck playing the *tárogató* (a clarinetlike Hungarian reed instrument). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 27 at 8.)

Guadalupe Parrondo—Piano, performing music by Mexican composers, including Manuel Ponce, Manuel Enríquez, and Alicia Urreta. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Nov. 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—As violinist Arnold Steinhardt is indisposed with tendonitis, the quartet's remaining members—violinist John Dalley, violist Michael Tree, and cellist David Soyer—play Beethoven's String Trio, Op. 3. Two guests, clarinettist Harold Wright and pianist Seymour Lipkin, perform trios by Mozart (with Mr. Tree) and Brahms (with Mr. Soyer). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 28 at 8.)

McDermott Trio—The three-sister ensemble (violinist Kerry, cellist Maureen, and pianist Anne-Marie) performs trios by Mendelssohn (his Op. 66), Schumann, and Shostakovich. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 28 at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Performing two trios in C minor (Beethoven's Op. 3 and Mendelssohn's Op. 66), as well as Nathan Currier's "A Musical Banquet." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 28 at 8.)

Jan Henrik Kayser—In his New York début recital, the pianist performs works from his native Norway—Grieg's "Holberg Suite" and G-Minor Ballade, and Arne Nordheim's "Listen"—as well as Beethoven's "Tempest" Sonata. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 28 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Millie Jackson—Justly notorious for her foul mouth, Millie Jackson sings gospel-inflected soul and funky ballads a lot better than Luther Campbell raps. She was born in Georgia and made her professional début at the Club Zanzibar in Hoboken in 1964, had a string of middle-of-the-chart records in the seventies, sang on the "Cleopatra Jones" soundtrack, and did a duet album with Shaftmeister Isaac Hayes. The experience shows, and her voice is deep-dyed in the tradition of Aretha, Tina Turner, and Gladys Knight. You have to wade through the gutter to hear it, however, so be prepared for the girls'-locker-room scatology and for excruciating safe-sex instructions that leave women whooping and men mopping their brows. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Nov. 24 at 7 and 11.)

Millie Jackson

Harry Connick, Jr.—"If I played rock and roll, I'd be revered as the greatest rock-and-roll musician in the world. It's music that requires very little knowledge and not much talent." Whoa, there. . . . Yes, he's here again: another charming, witty musician high on his own accomplishments. Still, at only twenty-three, Harry Connick, Jr., should be forgiven for his jazzy prejudices. This smokin' New Orleans pianist and vocalist fronts his big band with such panache and writes his tunes with such meticulous devotion to detail that it's easy to see how he falls for himself. His songs-for-swinging-lovers approach to music—sweeping strings and muted horns—is the perfect counterpoint to his precocious world-weary crooning that conjures up images of a bygone era. This is not, however, just an incredible simulation of the past. Connick is not worried about correctness of attitude: he has an honest enthusiasm for the music he is making. He's cute, too—great hands. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. Nov. 23-25 and Nov. 27-28 at 8. Through Dec. 8. For information about tickets, call 247-4777.)

The Waterboys—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 19-20 at 8.

Dead Can Dance—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 20-21 at 8.

New Kids on the Block—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 20-21 at 7:30.

Poison—With Warrant. (Nassau Coliseum. Nov. 23 at 8.)

The Residents—Beacon Theatre. Nov. 23 at 8.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 23-24 at 8.

Konrad Kinard and James Lo—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 26 at 8.

"Folk Masters: Traditional Music in the Americas"—Nov. 20 at 8: Cuerdas de Borinquen, José Quesada y los Cinco Diablos, and Irvan Perez. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: The Menhaden Chanteymen, Lonnie Pitchford, and the White Cloud Hunters Mardi Gras Indian Tribe. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. The series runs through Dec. 15.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Away until Dec. 9, when they face the Minnesota Vikings.

Jets—Vs. the Pittsburgh Steelers, Nov. 25 at 4.

Rangers—Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 28. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Nov. 22 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Nov. 24 at 2:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 27 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 28 at 7:45.

Knicks—Vs. the Houston Rockets, Nov. 20 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Nov. 24 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Nov. 27 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Nov. 27 at 7:30.

(The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands; for information about tickets, call 421-6600. The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time on Thanksgiving Day is 11. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8, a[illegible] Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

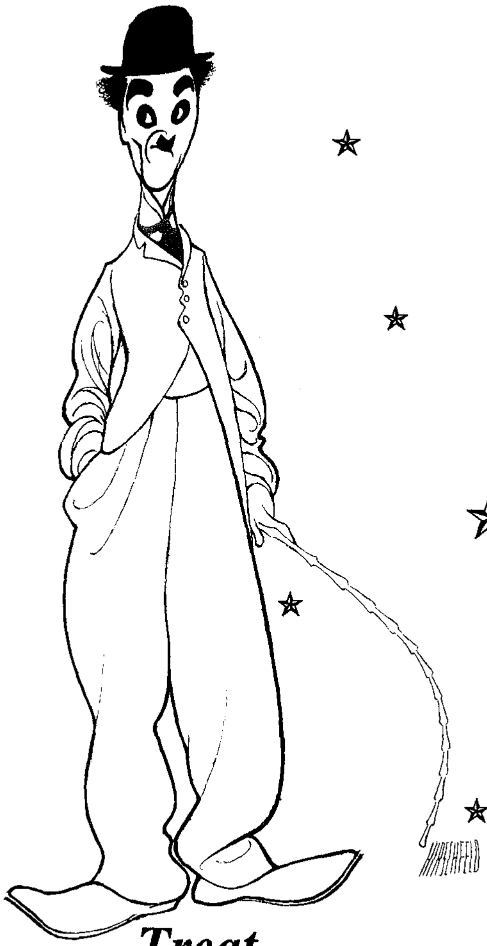
Thanksgiving Traditions—The big day this year is Nov. 22, and the parade, sponsored by the balloon-loving folks at Macy's, starts at 9 A.M. from Central Park West and 77th St. and ends at Broadway and 34th St. The enormous (sixty-foot-high) inflatables, depicting heroes and villains from comic strips, will be blown up near the Museum of Natural History on the evening of Nov. 21—one of Manhattan's eerie and fantastical annual events. . . . ¶ A five-mile run before dinner—familiarly known as the Turkey Trot—is sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club. The race starts at 10:30 at the Circle in Prospect Park. . . . ¶ A fourteen-mile walk on Nov. 24 is sponsored by the Shorewalkers. Meets at 9:30 at the hot-dog stand in front of the Staten Island Ferry Terminal and continues along the West Side to the George Washington Bridge. For rain-date information, call 663-2167.

Singing Tree—Green-clad choristers will mount a fir-tree-shaped scaffold and belt out carols and other holiday-inspired tunes at the South Street Seaport, starting Nov. 23. For information about the performance schedule, call 732-7678.

Crafts Fairs—Two sites teeming with gift ideas: raku ceramics, crocheted dresses, ocean-bubble paperweights, and stained-glass lamps, for example. Nov. 23, from noon to 7, and Nov. 24-25, from 11 to 6: Uptown, at the Universalist Church, Central Park West at 76th St. Downtown, at the Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl.

Readings—Nov. 26 at 8: Don DeLillo and Paul Auster read from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 7:30: Cynthia Zarin, Jacqueline Osherow, and Campbell McGrath read from their own poetry. (Dia Cente[illegible]or the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the [illegible]or on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 7: Bella Akhmadulina reads from her own poetry in Russian, and F. D. Reeve reads the translation. (High School for the Humanities, 351 W. 18th St. For information about tickets, call 627-4035.) . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 7: Carolyn Forché and Stanley Plumly read from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—Nov. 26 at 6: Ned Rorem will give a talk about his career, and will possibly play one of his own compositions. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 7:30: Judith Jamison will talk about her role as the new artistic director of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)



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25	26	27	28			

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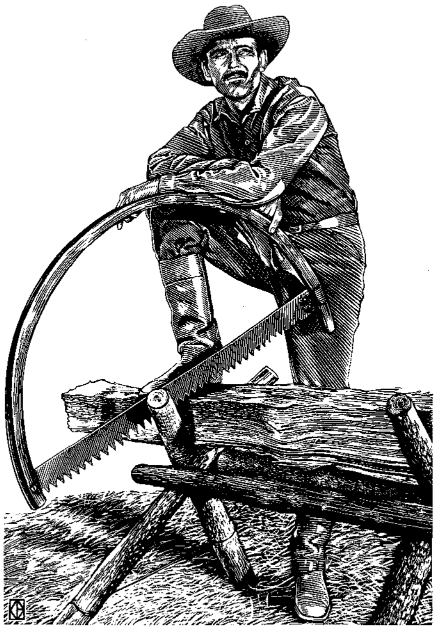


At the Biograph Cinema, Henry Fonda in "The Return of Frank James"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "To Sleep with Anger" (†).

Theatre 2: "Metropolitan" (directed by Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.

Theatre 3: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).

Theatre 4: "Leningrad Cowboys Go America" (Aki Kaurismaki; in English and Finnish).

Theatre 5: "C'est la Vie" (Diane Kurys), with Nathalie Baye and Richard Berry.

Theatre 6: "Tune in Tomorrow. . . ." (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Nov. 19: Theatre closed.

Nov. 20-25: "Lola" (1961, Jacques Demy; in French), with Anouk Aimée.

Nov. 26: Theatre closed.

From Nov. 27: "Stavisky" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 2: "Avalon" (†).

Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (Kevin Costner), with Costner.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 20: "Dances with Wolves." From Nov. 21: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.

Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Theatre 5: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.

Theatre 6: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Nov. 20: "Fantasia" (†).

From Nov. 21: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Rocky V." From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Theatre 3: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Nov. 20: "Listen Up; The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary.

From Nov. 21: "The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Fantasia" (†). From Nov. 21: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Tune in Tomorrow . . ." (†). From Nov. 21: "GoodFellas" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Nov. 20: "Pacific Heights" (†).

From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.

Theatre 2: "Ghost" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).

Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "GoodFellas" (†). From Nov. 21: "Mr. and Mrs. Bridge" (James Ivory), with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward.

Theatre 2: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.

Theatre 3: "My Twentieth Century" (Ildiko Enyedi; in Hungarian).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Avalon" (†).

Theatre 2: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Gary Kemp and Martin Kemp.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Rocky V." From Nov. 21: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Dances with Wolves" (Kevin Costner), with Costner.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal, Joanna Pacula, and Keith David. From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Theatre 2: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through Nov., 20: "GoodFellas" (†). From Nov. 21: (Matinées only) "The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film; and (evenings only) "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Postcards from the Edge" (†). From Nov. 21: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 27: "Baxter" (1988, directed by Jerome Boivin; in French), with Lise Delamare. From Nov. 28: "Berkeley in the Sixties" (Mark Kitchell).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "Akira" (Katsuhiro Otomo), a Japanese animated science-fiction film.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Theatre 2: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Gary Kemp and Martin Kemp.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent. From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "My Twentieth Century" (Ildiko Enyedi; in Hungarian). From Nov. 21: "Three Men and a Little Lady," (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.

Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).

Theatre 4: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine. From Nov. 21: "The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Henry & June" (†).

Theatre 3: "Miller's Crossing" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 20: "Postcards from the Edge" (†). From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Theatre 5: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner).

Theatre 6: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Theatre 7: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia).

Theatre 8: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 9: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Gary Kemp and Martin Kemp.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.

Theatre 3: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).

Theatre 2: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia).

Theatre 3: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Theatre 4: "Avalon" (†).

Theatre 5: "Mr. Frost" (Philippe Setbon), with Jeff Goldblum, Kathy Baker, and Alan Bates.

Theatre 6: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

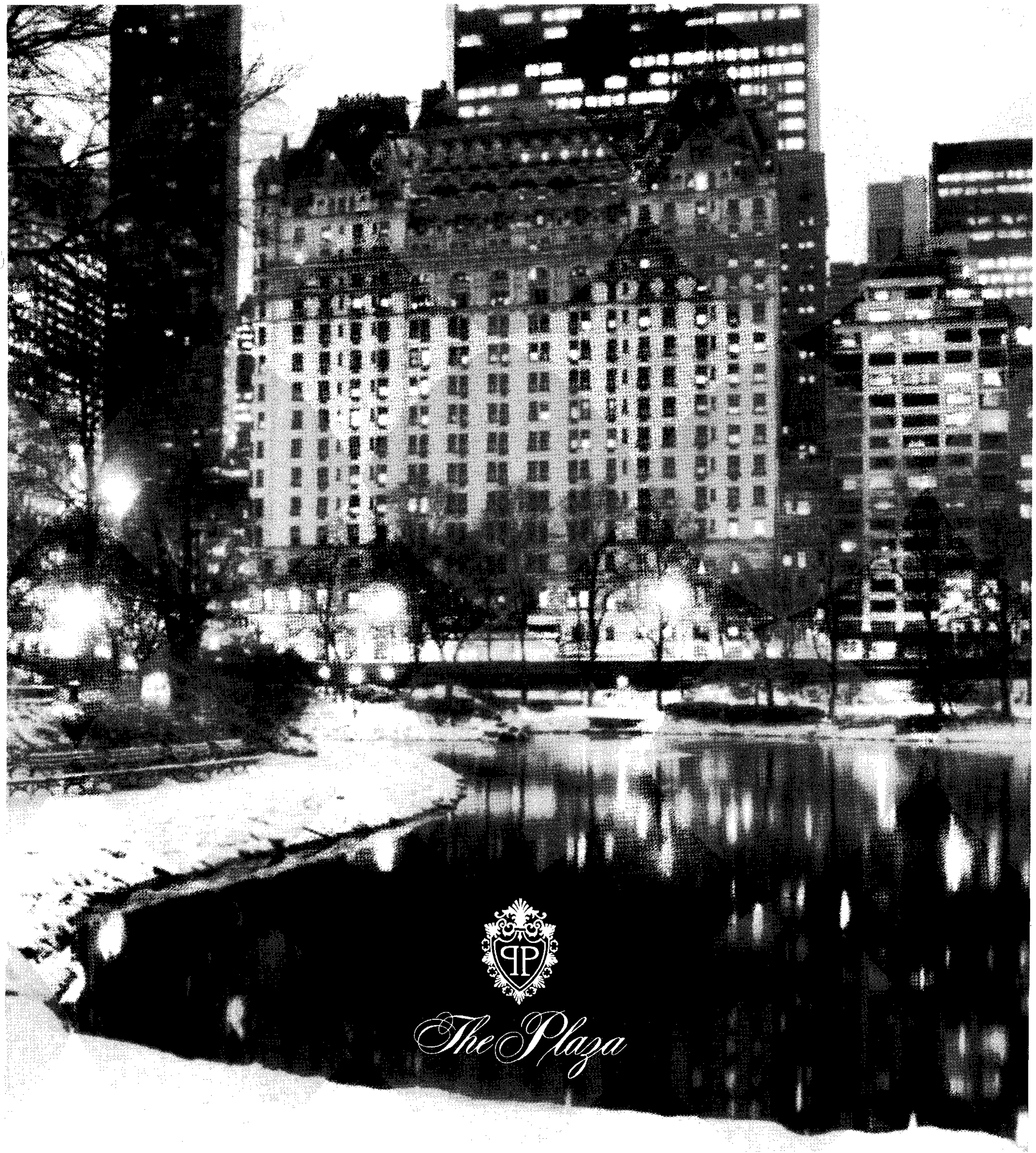
"C'est la Vie" (Diane Kurys).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Vincent & Theo" (†).



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*Holiday rate applies to select number of rooms, subject to availability. Advance registration is required. Tax, service and gratuities not included.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Miller's Crossing" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dances with Wolves" (Kevin Costner), with Costner.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2 and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 2: "Tilaï (The Law)" (Idrissa Ouedraogo).
Theatre 3: "L'Atalante" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 20: "Postcards from the Edge" (†).
From Nov. 21: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins.
Theatre 2: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Gary Kemp and Martin Kemp.
Theatre 3: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 20: "Avalon" (†). From Nov. 21: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.
Theatre 6: "GoodFellas" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Henry & June" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader. From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "GoodFellas" (†). From Nov. 21: "The Nutcracker Prince" (directed by Paul Schibli), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "The Return of Superfly" (Sig Shore), with Nathan Purdee. From Nov. 21: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 20: "King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken. From Nov. 21: "Predator 2."
Theatre 4: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins.
Theatre 5: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Gary Kemp and Martin Kemp.
Theatre 6: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Nov. 20: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi.
From Nov. 21: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Death Warrant" (Deran Saradian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Tune in Tomorrow . . ." (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 19: "Irene" (1940, directed by Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Ray Milland, Roland Young, Alan Marshall, Billie Burke, and May Robson; and "Little Nellie Kelly" (1940, Norman Taurog), with Judy Garland, George Murphy, and Charles Winninger.
Nov. 20-21: "Phantom Raiders" (1940, Jacques Tourneur), with Walter Pidgeon, Florence Rice, and Joseph Schildkraut; "Murder in the Air" (1940, Lewis Seiler), with Lya Lys, Ronald Reagan, John Litel, and Eddie Foy, Jr.; and "Murder Over New York" (1940, Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.
Nov. 22-24: "The Shop Around the Corner" (†) and "Our Town" (†).
Nov. 25-26: "The Letter" (1940, William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, and Gale Sondergaard; and "Strange Cargo" (†).
Nov. 27-28: "The Return of Frank James" (1940, Fritz Lang), with Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney, Jack Cooper, and John Carradine; and "Northwest Passage" (1940, King Vidor), with Spencer Tracy, Walter Brennan, Robert Young, and Ruth Hussey.

With a rugged but never hulking torso, and a shock of white hair sitting atop a slablike face marked by a mashed nose and piercing eyes, Lee Marvin was a startling, wired big-screen presence. He tears through John Boorman's 1967 gangster film, "Point Blank" (playing November 24 and 26 at the Museum of Modern Art), with all the violence, speed, and sheen of a silver bullet. This is from Marvin's prime—when he was routinely described as a hundred and eighty pounds, six feet two and a half inches of "catgut muscles." Playing a character named Walker, he has a surefooted, leopardlike walk that resembles a stripped-down, tuned-up version of John Wayne's. Walker is a Hemingway hero tossed into a credit-card universe. All he wants is to get paid for a heist that ended with his wife and best friend betraying him and leaving him for dead. The whole movie is made up of Walker striding through inhuman sixties settings (a garish night club, gleaming corporate offices) and confronting Organization bigwigs who never carry cash.

Boorman's virtuoso modernist style—full of flash and fragmentation—is an ideal counterpoint to Marvin's inspired simplicity. The movie has classic, jolting scenes, such as Walker shooting a telephone. Angie Dickinson plays Walker's sister-in-law, who helps him get to John Vernon, his traitorous friend. There's a unique mixture of passive sadism and slapstick in the way Marvin just stands there and allows Dickinson to pound against his rocklike frame. She ends up slapping herself silly. Marvin conquered the fine points of movie sadism, and personalized it. As Boorman said after Marvin's death in 1987, "When he fought in World War Two, when he was seventeen, he was brutalized. . . . He was war-wounded. He had this compulsion toward violence but he also had, at the same time, a horror of war and violence. This tremendous conflict is what I was exploring in 'Point Blank.' "

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through Nov. 20: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (1990, Uli Edel), with Stephen Land and Jennifer Jason Leigh; and "The Handmaid's Tale" (1990, Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Nov. 21-24: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987, Berri; in French), with Montand, Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Nov. 25-27: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988, Philip Kaufman), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche.
From Nov. 28: "Babette's Feast" (1988, Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French), with Stéphane Audran; and "Chocolat" (1989, Claire Denis; in French), with Giulia Boschi and Isaach de Bankolé.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 22: "Kiss Me Kate" (1953, George Sidney), with Kathryn Grays[illegible] Howard Keel, Ann Miller, Keenan Wynn, James Whitmore, Bobby Van, Tommy Rall, Carol Haney, and Bob Fosse.
Nov. 23-27: "Muhammad Ali, The Greatest" (1964 and 1974, William Klein), a documentary.
From Nov. 28: "Zazie dans le Métro" (†); and "Broadway by Light" (1958, William Klein), a documentary.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 19: "Alphaville" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968, Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Nov. 20: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938, Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, Jane Bryan, and Ruth Donnelly; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944, Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
Nov. 21: "Marathon Man" (1976, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, William Devane, and Marthe Keller; and "The Boys from Brazil" (1978, Franklin J. Schaffner), with Gregory Peck, Olivier, James Mason, Lilli Palmer, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, and Uta Hagen.
Nov. 22: "It Happened One Night" (1934, Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentieth Century" (1934, Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.
Nov. 23-24: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979, Allen), with Allen, Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Nov. 25: "Meeting at Midnight" (1944, Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939, Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938, William Nigh), with Boris Karloff as Mr. Wong.
Nov. 26: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987, Berri; in French), with Montand, Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Nov. 27: "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Nov. 28: "The Red House" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1950, Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Nov. 19 at 2:30: "The Strawberry Statement" (1970, directed by Stuart Hagmann), with Bruce Davison, Kim Darby, and Bob Balaban. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: "The New Centurions" (1972, Richard Fleischer), with George C. Scott, Stacy Keach, and Jane Alexander. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6:30: A program of films by Warren Sonbert, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "Rocky" (1976, John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 3: "Our Daily Bread" (1934, King Vidor), with

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Karen Morley and Tom Keene. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Gambler" (1974, Karel Reisz), with James Caan, Paul Sorvino, and Lauren Hutton. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 3: "Evergreen" (1934, Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, and Bette Balfour. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "True Confessions" (1981, Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall, and Charles Durning. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "Following Through" (1930, Lawrence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan), with Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll, and Jack Haley. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: "Point Blank" (see blurb on page 28). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Follow Through." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: "Nickelodeon" (1976, Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, and Tatum O'Neal. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: "Evergreen." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "The White Sheik" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5: "The Gambler." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5: "A Summer to Remember" (1960, Georgy Daniela), with Sergei Bondarchuk. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969, Sydney Pollack), with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, and Gig Young. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6: "Point Blank" (see blurb on page 28.). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The New Centurions." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3: "A Summer to Remember." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: " 'Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. Nov. 20-21 and 23-24: Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde" (1980, PBS), with Sally Kellerman. . . . From Nov. 27: Wendy Wasserstein's "Uncommon Women and Others" (1978, PBS), with Swoosie Kurtz, Meryl Streep, Ann McDonough, Jill Eikenberry, and Ellen Parker. *Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6*, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ Programs about contemporary comedians, and people who influenced them. Joe Piscopo: Nov. 20-21: "The Joe Piscopo Special" (1984, HBO); and thirty minutes of highlights from shows that influenced Piscopo. Nov. 23-24: Excerpts from Piscopo's television work; and "The Bensonhurst Bomber" (1956, CBS), an episode of "The Honeymooners." . . . Garry Shandling: Nov. 27-28: "The Graduate" (1986, Showtime), an episode of "It's Garry Shandling's Show"; and "The Woody Allen Special" (1969, CBS). Showings Tuesdays at *12:15 and 5:30* and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Courthouse Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Nov. 19-21 at 5: "Border Radio" (1988, Allison Anders, Kurt Voss, and Dean Lent). . . . ¶ Nov. 19-21 and 23-25 at 7, 8:30, and 10: Three different programs of European videos. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 4:30 and Nov. 25 at 1:30: "Mother, Sibling, Child" (1979, Lino Brocka). . . . ¶ Nov. 23-25 at 7 and 9 and Nov. 26 at 7: "Roadkill" (1989, Bruce McDonald). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 10:30: "Insiang" (1976, Brocka). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30 and Nov. 25 at 4: "Fight for Us" (1989, Brocka). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 10:30: "My Country" (1984, Brocka). . . . ¶ Nov. 27-28 at 7: "The House of Life" (1989, David Byrne), "Fishing with John" (1990, John Lurie), and "Thanksgiving Prayer with William Burroughs" (1990, Gus Van Sant). . . . ¶ Nov. 27-28 at 8:30: A program of short films by Louis and Auguste Lumière.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160) —Nov. 21 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "L'Etat Sauvage" (1978, Francis Girod; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, *Claude Brasseur, Jacques Dutronc, and* Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Hail Mary" (1985, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Myriem Roussel and Thierry Rode; and "The Book of Mary" (1985, Anne-Marie Miéville; in French).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Nov. 20 at noon: "Nosferatu" (1921, F. W. Murnau; silent), with Max Schreck. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Tangos, the Exile of Gardel" (1985, Fernando Solanas; in French and Spanish). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 1: "Faust" (1926, F. W. Murnau; silent). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3: "The Official Story" (1985, Luis Puenzo; in Spanish).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, *Fifth Ave. at 81st* St. (879-5500)—Nov. 24 at 4 and 6:30: "The Pearl" (1945, Emilio Fernández; in Spanish), with Pedro Armendáriz.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In either the Riklis Theatre or the Warner Communications Screening Room: "Red Scare! Soviet Communism in American Film and Television, 1909-88." Nov. 21 and 23 at 2: "Rendezvous in Prague" (1952), an episode of "The Hunter," with Barry Nelson; "Tanya Tamar" (1955), an episode of "The Man Called X," with Barry Sullivan; and "The Camp" (1956), an episode of "The Crusader," *with Brian Keith. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:* "Dangerous Hours" (1920, Fred Niblo; silent). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 4: "I Was a Communist for the FBI" (1951, Gordon Douglas), with Frank Lovejoy. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "The Iron Curtain" (1948, William Wellman), with Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 4: "Walk East on Beacon" (1952, Alfred Werker), with George Murphy. . . . ¶ Nov. 24-25 at 1 and 3 and Nov. 28-30 at 2: "The First Moscow Purge-Trial" (1953), an episode of "You Are There"; and "Atomic Attack" (1954), an episode of "Motorola TV Hour."

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Nov. 19 at 1: "Swing" (1938, Oscar Micheaux), "Ten Minutes to Live" (1932, Micheaux), "Girl from Chicago" (1939, Micheaux), and "Harlem Rides the Range" (1939, Spencer Williams). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: "Fields of Endless Day" (1978, Terence McCarthey-Filgate) and "Glory" (1989, Edward Zwick), with Den[illegible] Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Matthew Broderick. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 1: "Go Down Death" (1944, Spencer Williams), "Dirty Gertie from Harlem" (1946, Williams), "Lying Lips" (1939, Oscar Micheaux), "God's Stepchildren" (1938, Micheaux), and "Juke *Joint" (1948, Williams). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at* 6:30: "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary," a documentary; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cook. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 1 and 4:45: "House Party" (1990, Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Robin Harris; "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee); and "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, St. Clair Bourne), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 7: "Drop Squad: the Session" (1989, Butch Robinson, Eric Payne, and David Johnson) and "House Party." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 1 and 4:20: "The Police Sell Drugs Too" (1990); "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary"; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "Brightness" (1987, Souleymane Cisse); and "Glory." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 1 and 4:30: "Brightness"; and "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Palcy), with Garry Cadenat. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6:30: "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey), with Arnold Johnson and Antonio Fargas; and "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (1988, Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Jim Brown, Isaac Hayes, Antonio Fargas, Bernie Casey, and Wayans. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Place of Weeping" (1988, Darel Roodt), with James Shyle; and "Brightness." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5:30: "Glory"; and "Frederick *Douglass: An American Life*" (1989, William Greaves), a documentary.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

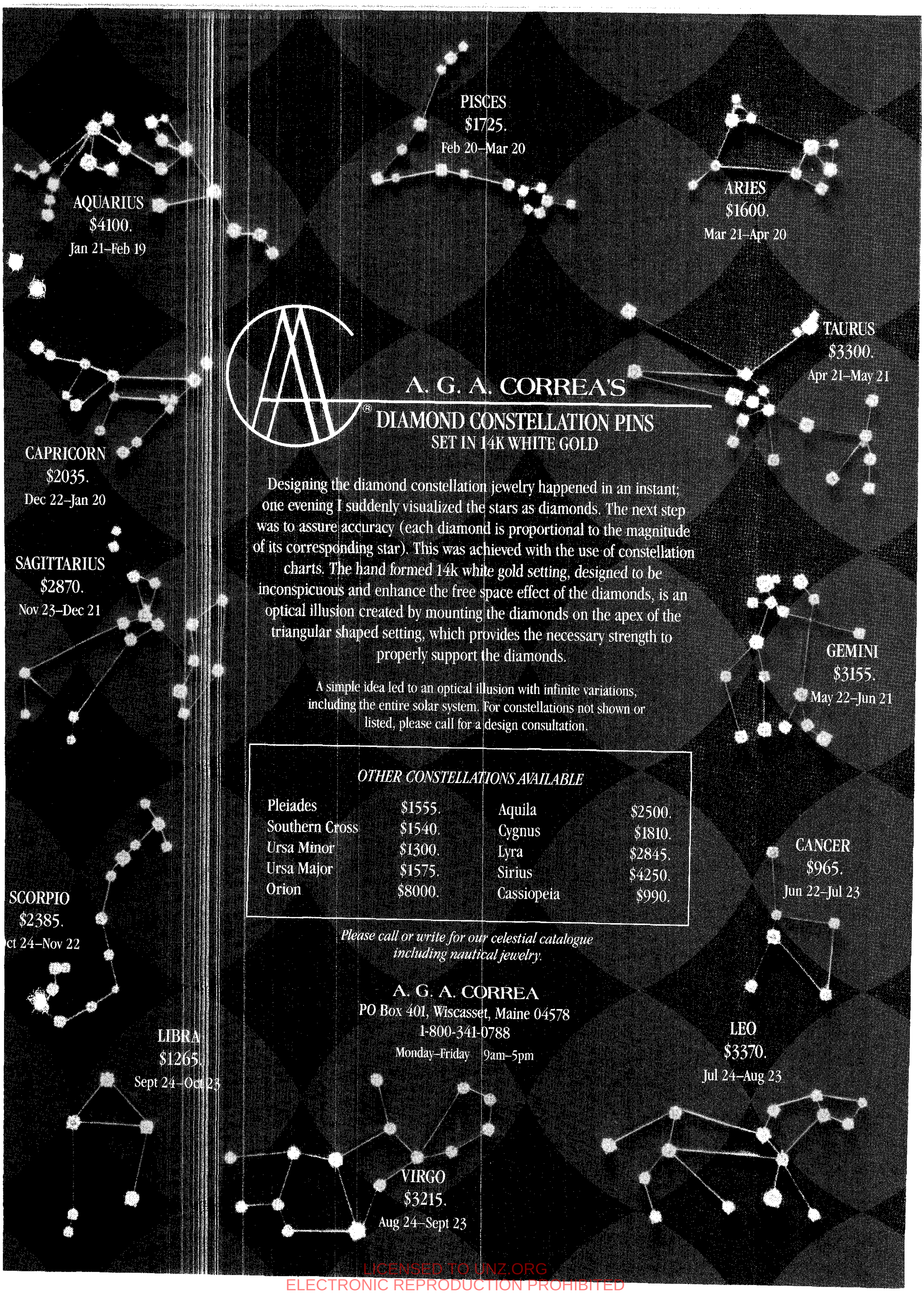
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Akira Kurosawa's Dreams—Not one of its eight segments feels like a real dream. The kind of power that Kurosawa aims for, and intermit*tently achieves, in this picture is less oneiric* than ceremonial. The film is a succession of sweeping dramatic gestures and lofty incantations performed in an atmosphere of hushed solemnity. The second half of "Dreams" is weak: the fifth episode, "Crows," about a fantasy encounter with van Gogh, is a thin conceit; and the remaining three segments are all static, self-conscious, and didactic. But there's greatness in the film's first hour. The opening segment, "Sunshine Through the Rain," is the vision of a small child who wanders into a forest and witnesses a wedding procession of foxes; the sequence has a wholly original sense of the *rapturous fear and awe we feel when we first* come upon the wonders of the natural world. The second episode, "The Peach Orchard," is also lovely (though its mood and pace are too similar to those of the first). The third segment, "The Blizzard," about four men trapped in a snowstorm, is all snow, howling-wind effects, and bleak, undifferentiated vistas of despair, until Kurosawa pulls a miracle out of the white void: a woman in long black hair and diaphanous robes appears to the party's leader as he battles sleep. It's a transcendent image, perhaps the most piercing ever made of the desires that keep people from surrendering to death. And the fourth episode, "The Tunnel," about a man returning from war and encountering his dead comrades, is a brilliant, hypnotic piece of filmmaking. With Akira Terao, who plays the dreamer in six of the segments; Mieko Harada as the Snow Fairy; Martin Scorsese as van Gogh; and Chishu Ryu. Cinematogra*phy by Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda. In* Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/10/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)

L'Atalante (1934)—This extraordinary film was the only full-length feature directed by Jean Vigo, who died (at the age of twenty-nine) just three weeks after its première in 1934. The movie had been drastically cut by the distributor for that first release; it was partially restored in 1940, and it has now been given another major renovation. This version, prepared by Pierre Philippe and Jean-Louis Bompoint, adds about nine minutes of footage, and the restorers discovered a pristine nitrate print of a cut of the movie *which obviously preceded the distributor's* intervention: Vigo's film now looks and sounds better than ever. The screenplay, rewritten by Vigo and Albert Riéra from an original scenario by Jean Guinée, tells the simple story of a pair of newlyweds named Jean (Jean Dasté) and Juliette (Dita Parlo): he's the captain of a river barge called L'Atalante, and she's a girl from one of the villages on his route. As they travel down the river, they become impatient with each other; they are separated, then find each other again, and life resumes its intended course. Vigo treats the story the way a jazz musician treats a popular song, improvising on the *melody by plunging into its carefully se*quenced chords and predictable rhythms and taking them apart to see what they're made of. He is the most playful and the least rigid of the great film artists: his images seduce us with the promise of a larger, richer world and unbounded freedom to roam in it—the prom*ise, that is, of endless stimulation, inexhaust*ible sensations. The best thing about this new version is that, for all the restorers' diligence, the film is still messy, imperfect, defiantly incomplete; it's a collection of inspired fragments, the sketchbook of an artist whose imagination was, and will forever remain, gloriously immature. Michel Simon plays a rambunctious old salt called Père Jules, who is the presiding spirit of the movie. Also with Louis Lefèvre and Gilles Margaritis. The stunning cinematography is by Boris K[illegible]fman; Maurice Jaubert wrote the lovely score. In French.—T.R. (11/5/90) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Avalon—In legend, Avalon is an earthly paradise. The writer-director Barry Levinson uses the name as his Rosebud: it's carved into the façade of the castlelike Baltimore apartment house where the five Krichinsky brothers, Jews who immigrated from Eastern Europe before the First World War, make their first American home. In Levinson's view, those early years were a golden age. The film is set mostly during his own childhood, in the late forties, when his parents move to the suburbs, and TV breaks up the clan's social patterns, and the surviving brothers have divided into feuding factions. The scattered fine comic moments don't make up for the wide streak of fuddy-duddyism in the notion that the family used to be the bulwark of the nation's value system. The movie is an elegy



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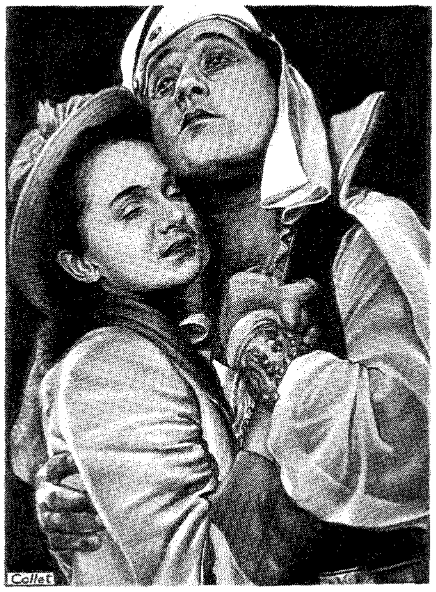
to a mythical past, and people emerge from the theatre sniffling. They've been told they're suffering from soul-sickness—the loss of unity, harmony, family music. With Elizabeth Perkins, Aidan Quinn, Kevin Pollak, Armin Mueller-Stahl, and Joan Plowright.—P.K. (10/22/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Worldwide Cinemas . . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 20.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from the "Nutcracker" Suite, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film, because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during the "Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy.—P.K. (Gramercy, and Sutton; through Nov. 20.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays onscreen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the goofier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Manhattan Twin, and Embassy.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, and Criterion Center; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Sutton; starting Nov. 21. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; starting Nov. 21, evenings only.)

Henry & June—Philip Kaufman's wonderful new film shows us the writers Henry Miller (Fred Ward) and Anaïs Nin (Maria de Medeiros) in the first year of their acquaintance, the period of their brief, intense love affair. It's the love story of two people who are making themselves, and each other, up as they go along; Miller and Nin are at once real people and the products of their own imaginations—collaborators in a matched pair of literary myths. And the action unfolds in and around a city that seems both itself and a figment of itself: the Paris of the thirties. Kaufman brings out the bizarre, almost monstrous comedy of their odd literary/sexual love affair; he presents it as a kind of parody image of relationships between men and women. The third major character, Miller's wife, June (Uma Thurman), is the most mysterious presence here. She seems to represent a demonic, annihilating sexual force, but by the end she's almost a tragic figure. The actors are splendid: Kaufman gets miraculously intelligent performances from Ward and de Medeiros, and Thurman—uninhibited yet also weirdly delicate—gives the picture a jolt every time she appears. The movie creates a world, and Kaufman is both affectionate toward and clear-eyed about the people who live in it: he's concerned more with *enjoying* his characters, in all their contradictions, than with explaining them. The material plays as rich, dark erotic farce—a comedy about the duplicity of writers. Also with Richard E. Grant (as Nin's husband), Kevin Spacey, Jean-Philippe Ecoffey, Bruce Myers, Jean-Louis Bunuel, and Feodor Atkine. The screenplay, by Kaufman and his wife, Rose, is based on Nin's diary. Superb cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—T.R. (10/8/90) (Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)



Brunella Bovo and Alberto Sordi in "The White Sheik"

Miller's Crossing—A cold, clever period gangster movie by the Coen brothers. (Ethan produces and Joel directs, from a script they've written together.) Essentially, it's an academic exercise, a pastiche of the intricately plotted, morally ambiguous crime fiction of Dashiell Hammett: the screenplay incorporates large chunks of "Red Harvest" and "The Glass Key," with a notion or two from "The Maltese Falcon" thrown in. The Coens have certainly done their homework: their movie is a brilliant reading of Hammett. But that's all it is. The picture seems to have no life of its own, and the Coens' formal control and meticulously crafted ironies become, after a while, rather depressing. This is not so much a gangster movie as an extended, elaborate allusion to one. With Gabriel Byrne, Marcia Gay Harden, John Turturro, Jon Polito, J. E. Freeman, and Albert Finney (who is, by a long shot, the most entertaining performer in the movie).—T.R. (Chelsea Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

Our Town (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—the movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats h[illegible] stage performance; she didn't take the camera well, and her readings are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 22-24.)

Pacific Heights—It's supposed to be a thriller, but it's more like an executive decision to make a thriller. The director, John Schlesinger, has his professionalism—it shows in the clean, efficient staging. But the fun is missing; he scares you only by making you nervous. Melanie Griffith and Matthew Modine are the San Francisco lovers who fix up a Victorian house (on Potrero Hill); Michael Keaton is the sicko scam artist who takes over one of their two rental units and calls the police when they try to evict him. It's a drag that we're expected to identify with the dull young couple; the tenant with the perverted legalistic mind and the fiendish cupid's-bow smile provides the only gleams of interest. A promising cast—it includes the uncredited Beverly D'Angelo, and Laurie Metcalf, Dorian Harewood, Carl Lumbly, Mako, Tracey Walter, Dan Hedaya, Luca Bercovici, Guy Boyd, and Tippi Hedren as rich Florence—is all but thrown away. The screenplay is by Daniel Pyne.—P.K. (10/22/90) (Gotham Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Postcards from the Edge—This tale of a sorrowful, wisecracking starlet (Meryl Streep) whose brassy, boozing former-star mother (Shirley MacLaine) started her on sleeping pills when she was nine is camp without the zest of camp. It's camp played borderline straight—a druggy-Cinderella movie about an unformed girl who has to go past despair to find herself. The director, Mike Nichols, is a parodist who feigns sincerity, and his tone keeps slipping around. What's clear is that we're meant to be enthralled by the daughter's radiant face, her refinement, her honesty. Nichols keeps the camera on Streep as if to prove that he can make her a popular big star—a new Crawford or Bette Davis. (She remains distant, emotionally atonal.) The tacky, bright-colored film—a near-plotless version of a woman's picture—is weightless, yet it's watchable. Its jadedness appeals to the narcissism of show-biz insiders and to the would-be insider in the rest of us. (Nichols is acclaimed for being hip to the Zeitgeist.) There are a lot of people to look at: Gene Hackman, Dennis Quaid, Richard Dreyf[illegible], Annette Bening, Robin Bartlett, C[illegible]H Pounder, Oliver Platt, Gary Morton, Mary Wickes, Rob Reiner, Simon Callow, Michael Ontkean, Pepe Serná, and Dany Ivey. The screenplay, by Carrie Fisher (with Nichols' uncredited collaboration), is based on her novel.—P.K. (10/22/90) (86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency; through Nov. 20.)

Reversal of Fortune— An entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his super-rich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a pop conception of a decadent aristocrat, and the crowd-pleasing satirical subtext is that the heirs and heiresses of the great fortunes are useless, bored, unloving, and

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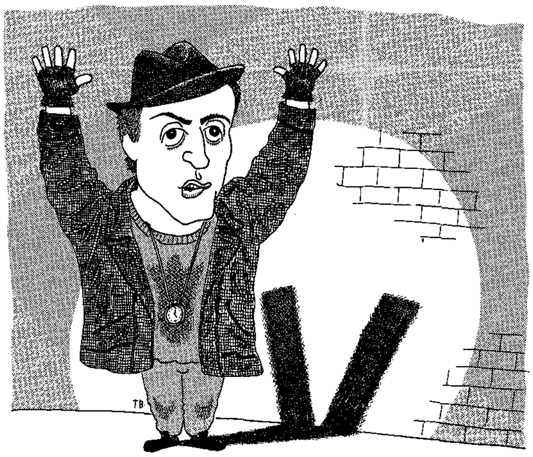


Sylvester Stallone in "Rocky V"

unloved. The fun here is that Irons' performance is a masterly conceit. His von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo; he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) The direction, by Barbet Schroeder, is assured but often impersonal and emptily energetic. With Glenn Close (very effective as Sunny von Bülow, the comatose narrator), Christine Baranski as Andrea Reynolds, Julie Hagerty (uncredited) as Alexandra Isles, and Stephen Mailer, Annabella Sciorra, Uta Hagen, and Fisher Stevens. Music by Mark Isham.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, 68th Street Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive, pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretenses believable, lyrical, and funny. The script by Samson Raphaelson is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, Sara Haden, Edwin Maxwell, and Inez Courtney.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 22-24.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, a white plane with a red circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the international king of crooks, the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), who lives secure in the protection that class provides. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is also balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau. But Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. Each shot, each camera movement, is thought out in design terms; Resnais has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun, the cinematography by Sacha Vierny. With Anny Duperey, François Périer, Michel Lonsdale, Claude Rich, and Gérard Depardieu as a young inventor. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; starting Nov. 27.)

Strange Cargo (1940)—Strange is putting it mildly. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the amorous stars of this hilariously steamy melodrama set in a French penal colony. Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas are the cut-throat villains. There's also a Mysterious Stranger. You might as well know the worst: right in the middle of a convict's escape, with his girlfriend bustling along, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise (Ian Hunter), leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms; even the most hardened mystics may blush. Frank Borzage directed Lawrence Hazard's adaptation of the Richard Sale novel "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." Well, not too deep, anyway. With Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, Eduardo Ciannelli, Victor Varconi, and John Arledge.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 25-26.)

To Sleep with Anger—A domestic comedy with an unusually dense texture. It's shot straightforwardly, in a style that appears realistic almost to the point of banality, and yet right from the start there's something unsettling about its plainness: Charles Burnett, who wrote and directed, keeps hinting that things are not necessarily what they seem. Gideon (Paul Butler) and Suzie (Mary Alice) are a middle-aged black couple who live in Los Angeles; their roots, however, are in the rural South, and they've retained quite a few of the customs, values, and superstitions of the culture they were brought up in. The story gets going when a friend of theirs from back home appears on their doorstep; they invite him to stay with them a while, and he does. This unexpected guest, Harry (Danny Glover), turns out to be a gifted confidence man, with a sharp eye for human weakness: he's a grinning, honey-tongued demon. He uses his backcountry wisdom with sinister, obscure intent, for purposes that Burnett, cunningly, allows to remain ambiguous. The presence of Harry gives the realistic surface of the movie a vibrant strangeness: he seems to transform everything that happens in these clean, comfortable living rooms and kitchens into dark rituals performed in the woods in the dead of night. The picture has a risky, complex tone: it's a comedy, because the family's threatened world is set right in the end, but there are moments along the way when the intimations of unseen controlling forces—both in Glover's elegantly suggestive performance and in the eerie, calm precision of Burnett's direction—give us the creeps. Also with Richard Brooks, Carl Lumbly, Ethel Ayler, Sheryl Lee Ralph, Vonetta McGee, Davis Roberts, Sy Richardson, and Devaughn Walter Nixon. There's a brief appearance by the blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, who performs a mournful, robust version of "See See Rider."—T.R. (11/5/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

Tune in Tomorrow . . .—The romantic, surreal farce material is William Boyd's adaptation of Mario Vargas Llosa's "Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter." The director, Jon Amiel, seems to like it so much that he gets carried away just watching the actors. He doesn't set up the jokes, and the movie is a mess, but it's a whimsical, pleasant mess: luckily, we like to watch these people, too. At the center, Peter Falk is the carelessly demented radio-serial writer who interferes in people's lives for the sake of his soapy art. The idea seems to be that the scriptwriter puts real life into soap opera and then the real people imitate soap opera—or something like that. Falk brings a delirium to his role—he fuses high and low comedy. There are amusing bits with radio actors whose faces and voices don't mesh; there are also some neat parodies of the radio listeners' fantasies. The cast includes Keanu Reeves with slicked-down hair and Barbara Hershey chewing gum (as hot-blooded lovers), and Peter Gallagher, Elizabeth McGovern, John Larroquette, Richard B. Shull, Henry Gibson, Dan Hedaya, Buck Henry, Hope Lange, and Irving Metzman. The setting (it's Lima, Peru, in the novel) is New Orleans in 1951, and the happy music is provided by Wynton Marsalis and his band—they appear onscreen. So does Shirley Horn.—P.K. (Angelika Film Center, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Nov. 20.)

Vincent & Theo—The director, Robert Altman, and the screenwriter, Julian Mitchell, give us an interpretation of the bond that helps to keep Vincent alive while it tears Theo apart. Vincent is obsessive about his painting; Theo is obsessive about Vincent and about his own inability to sell Vincent's work and help him—he can give him only a pittance. This double Passion-play movie is very different from the other Altman movies (even allowing for how different they are from each other). The theme—the bitter entanglement of art and commerce—is Altman's lifelong theme, and, staying with it strictly in terms of the van Gogh brothers, he's able to release his own feelings about how an artist's frustrations lead him to acts of self-destructive fury—cutting off his ear to spite his face. It's a movie about two sensualists made by a sensualist, who understands that their bond of love of art is also a bond of shared rage at the world of commerce. This daring film works on its own relentless, celebratory terms; there's nothing else like it. With Tim Roth, whose acting is a form of kinetic discharge, as Vincent; Paul Rhys as Theo; Johanna Ter Steege as Jo; Bernadette Giraud as Marguerite; Jip Wjingaarden as Sien; Jean-Pierre Cassel as Dr. Gachet; and Wladimir Yordanoff as Gauguin. The cinematography is by Jean Lepine, the production design is by Stephen Altman, the score is by Gabriel Yared; all three rise to the occasion.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Loews Fine Arts.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. (Fellini is still clumsy, and the storytelling is rather drawn out.) The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation with the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. (It was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover".) In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 25.)

Zazie dans le Métro (1960)—Movies are said to be an international language, but sometimes a film that is popular in one country finds only a small audience in another. This anarchistic, impudent comedy (from Raymond Queneau's novel), a great success in France in 1960, was hardly heard of in the United States. The film, which is like a Mack Sennett two-reeler running wild, seemed to be peculiarly disturbing for American critics and audiences alike. To Americans, "Zazie" seemed to go too far—to be almost demonic in its inventiveness, like a joke that gets so complicated you can't time your laughs comfortably. The editing, which is very fast, may be too clever; some critics have suggested that for Americans this comedy sets off some kind of freakish, fantastic anxiety. Putting it as squarely as possible, Bosley Crowther wrote in the *Times:* "There is something not quite innocent or healthy about this film." Yet it's like "Alice in Wonderland." Zazie (Catherine Demongeot) is a foulmouthed little cynic, age eleven, who comes to Paris for a weekend with her uncle (Philippe Noiret), a female impersonator, and nobody and nothing are quite what they seem. Louis Malle, who directed, includes satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and other films, and a parody of his own "The Lovers." Many of the modern styles in film editing, which were generally thought to derive from Alain Resnais or Richard Lester, have an earlier source in "Zazie." In French.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Nov. 28.)

calandre
paco rabanne

Saks Fifth Avenue

Underground classic

The year was 1969.

People were tiring of Pop Art, Op Art, psychedelia and the Summer of Love.

The fashion underground was talking about a new fragrance which had just surfaced quietly in Paris. And the knowledgeable few were snapping it up.

It was fresh but not flowery. Utterly clean yet oddly seductive. It had what the French call "presence."

Today, years later, it's still very much with us.

It flourishes in spite of minimal fanfare and an advertising budget that wouldn't keep Colette in stickpins.

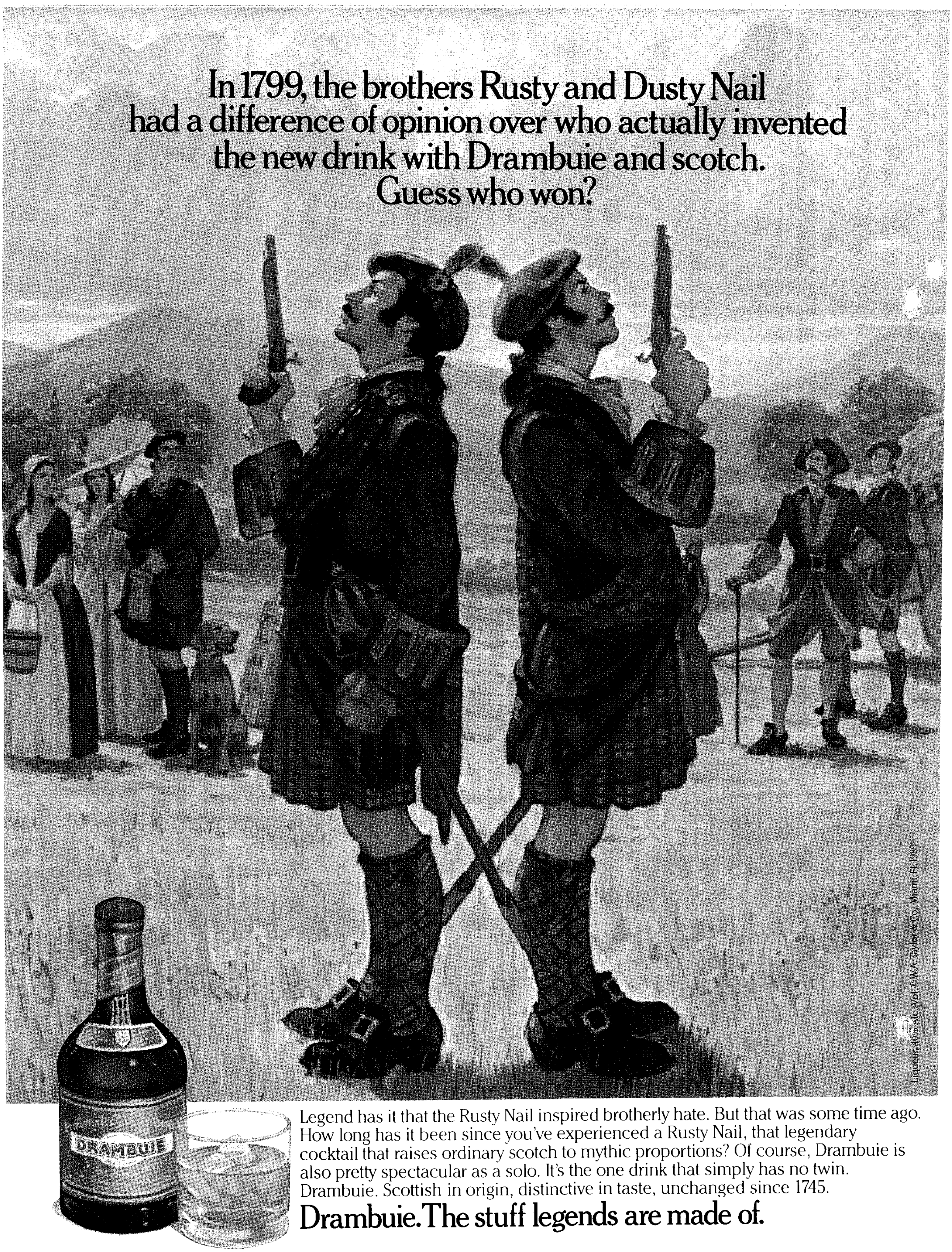
It's a classic, durable as the prose of Proust, the images of Griffith, the cut of a Poiret gown.

And classics don't need million-dollar hype. Just women of impeccable taste.

PARIS

© 1989, COMPAR, Inc.

In 1799, the brothers Rusty and Dusty Nail had a difference of opinion over who actually invented the new drink with Drambuie and scotch. Guess who won?



Liqueur, 40% Alc./Vol. ©W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1989

Legend has it that the Rusty Nail inspired brotherly hate. But that was some time ago. How long has it been since you've experienced a Rusty Nail, that legendary cocktail that raises ordinary scotch to mythic proportions? Of course, Drambuie is also pretty spectacular as a solo. It's the one drink that simply has no twin. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Is it me, or has New York City been producing more than its usual crop of apocalyptic images? I'm not thinking so much of all the recent bad news—the random violence, the municipal cutbacks, the *News* strike, the failure of the Freedom National Bank—as of the things one sees in the streets and subways. My daily commute takes me through Times Square, so I'm used to picking my way past all sorts of portents and squalor, but lately I've been getting stopped in my tracks. There was the guy on Seventh Avenue doing pushups on the sidewalk in the middle of a thunderstorm. These weren't ordinary pushups—he had his feet resting on the lower crossbar of the fence around a subway entrance, making the pushups extra difficult—and it wasn't an ordinary thunderstorm. The rain was falling in frightening, monsoon volume. The guy was going like mad. He was middle-aged, not badly dressed, and had draped an overcoat neatly over the fence. I stood across the sidewalk, clutching my umbrella, and, telling myself that this was some private expiation, none of my business, and yet unable to move. The scene had a folk-religious glow: lurid, piercing, ambiguous. A few minutes before, on the subway platform, I had heard a preacher holler, "Ain't nobody chillin' in Hell!" The man doing pushups was not chillin'. When he finally began to slow down, struggling, and arching his back with effort, his face straining above the streaming pavement, I decided I couldn't face him, and I left.

Then, a few days later and half a block west, there was the guy who suddenly seized a trash can and lifted it over his head. It was morning rush hour, and a whole group of us froze. He was a muscular, unkempt young man, and it looked as if he were going to throw the trash can at us, but then he, too, froze. A milky liquid began pouring through the mesh of the can, onto his head and shoulders. After a few moments, he set the can down. We all scurried on, but I've carried that young man's face, milky liquid trickling through his beard, around with me since. I think some street people are like peacocks screaming about an earthquake that only they feel coming.

My own forebodings got a jolt the other night on the uptown I.R.T. I had boarded a train at Times Square. At the other end of the car I heard raised voices. Two black men in their thirties were shouting at an older white man. They were standing up, he was sitting down. He was wearing a yarmulke. When I heard the word "Hitler," I moved in their direction. The man in the yarmulke was saying nothing. He was thin, pale, and gray-bearded, and he was staring at the floor. His assailants appeared to be Black Muslim street preachers: they had a large sack of books with them, and a folded-up card table, and one of them wore a sort of fez. The other one, who was tall and unshaven, was pointing at the man in the yarmulke and shouting that Israel did not belong to the Jews. I asked him what he thought he was doing. He asked me what it looked like he was doing. I said that it looked like racial harassment. This suggestion seemed to amuse him and his companion. They undertook to explain to me how it was impossible that they could be guilty of racial harassment. They began to pull books, including the Koran and various black-nationalist tracts, from their sack, demanding to know if I had read each volume and, when I said nothing, reflecting unfavorably on my education.

FRESH
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At the train's first stop, the man in the yarmulke darted out the door. The Black Muslims pretended to pursue him, and laughed as he ran down the platform. Then the doors closed and the train moved on. I felt half faint with relief. I had never before seen a Jew abused for being a Jew, and the sight had filled me with violent emotion. The Black Muslims also seemed filled with violent emotion. The one in the fez pulled from their sack H. W. Janson's "History of Art," opened it, and invited me to check out Akhenaten's facial features. He proceeded to lecture me loudly about Sumerian art and the history of Palestine, with his tall companion singing backup on the main points and Janson's providing the illustrations. Their theme was, again, that Israel properly belonged not to the Jews but to black people. The tall one developed this theme until he arrived at the conclusion that everything I owned rightly belonged to him. My shoes, for instance. He deserved to have my shoes, he said, not because I was a Jew (in fact I'm not) but because I was white. Did I have any idea how much the whole world hated me? He listed about twenty countries whose entire populations hated me because I was white. I kept thinking of sharp replies to this harangue, but confined myself to glaring. When we reached my stop, I moved toward the door. One of the street preachers hurled a parting shot. "When you got up this morning, bet you didn't think you were gonna run into a couple of *smart* niggers," he said. Underneath the bravado I thought I heard him pleading for some recognition of his jerry-built erudition.

Two of my fellow-passengers hurried after me as I left the station, wanting to share their opinions of the street preachers. It seemed a little late for that—no one else had said a word during the incident, which had lasted at least ten minutes—and I told them I wasn't interested. Actually, I felt sick. The city looked more ominous than ever. But later, when I started thinking, inevitably, about what I *should* have said and done in that subway car, I was surprised to find that my fantasies ran not to devastating ripostes and unanswerable put-downs but to simple speeches made to the car at large. I wished I had turned to our fellow-passengers and asked them what they thought and felt about what they were hearing. I wished I had asked people why they thought our public spaces had become so sour with the anger of the downtrodden. What was it that drove people in the modern world to revert to claims of tribal virtue? I wished I had offered my own view of what it meant to refuse to take responsibility for the common spaces we inhabit. Did they understand that they had been allowing an anti-Semitic incident to take place before their eyes? I even wished I had quoted Frederick Douglass, who said, in 1886, "Where justice is denied, where poverty is enforced, where ignorance prevails, and where any one class is made to feel that society is in an organized conspiracy to oppress, rob, and degrade them, neither persons nor property will be safe."

"It was a day spent foraging, such as one can have on upper Madison Avenue."

I'll never make that speech, of course. But I keep getting brought up short by strange visions in the streets and subways. For instance, I just saw, on the same I.R.T. platform where the Jew ran from his tormentors, two angels. He was thin and black and was playing the ukulele. She was short and very blond and was playing some kind of funny-looking electric guitar. They were extremely young, and they were playing a little reggae love tune. He sang lead, quite beautifully, she sang backup, and the chorus of their song went, "You're running, running from my love." By the time my train came, I was a mess.

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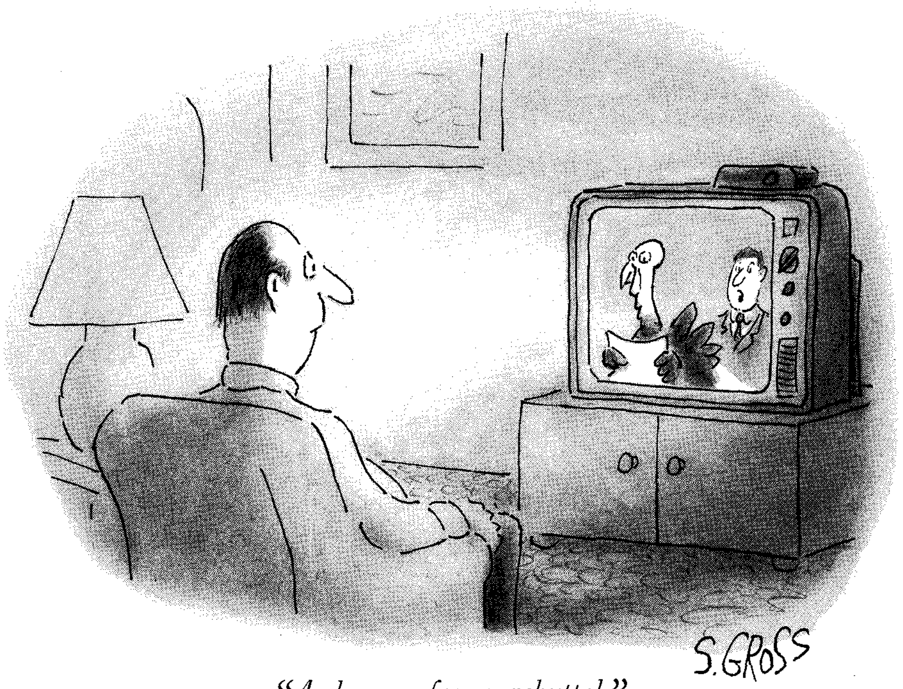
Good Use

WE'VE also heard from a man who lives in London:

A friend from Las Vegas called up last week asking if I would like to meet the Grateful Dead, who were in town at the end of a European tour that had taken them to Sweden, Germany, and France. I am not much interested in pop or rock and roll, but the Grateful Dead are special. As Keats might have said, the very name is like a bell to toll me back to my youth and that wild vanished time. I found it hard to imagine those mellow, spaced-out San Franciscans in gloomy London, but the opportunity was not one to pass up.

The backstage of the vast Wembley auditorium looked like a combination of Houston Mission Control and a shantytown: towering banks of electronic consoles with digital readouts and flickering lights, and behind the consoles a row of little shelters cobbled together from the metal-bound travelling cases in which the group's gear is transported from gig to gig. The shelters had folding chairs and trestle tables, and the members of the band and the crew used them, between numbers, for R. and R. The space between the high tech and the shanties swarmed with technicians, stagehands, wives, girlfriends, and an astonishing number of small blond children, most of them wearing earmuffs to protect them from the overwhelming din of the amplified music.

The performance was set to start at seven-thirty, and a couple of hours before that Bob Weir, the rhythm guitarist, and Phil



"And now for a rebuttal."

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Lesh, the bass guitarist, were out on the front of the stage playing riffs and fiddling obsessionally with the controls of their instruments. Jerry Garcia, the lead guitarist, was lounging in the back, beside one of the consoles. "I always have bad nerves before a show," he said. "How would you like to get up there in front of ten thousand people and make a fool of yourself? What we do is kinda precarious, and we don't always succeed. In fact, many times we fail. Maybe that's what keeps the audience interested. They know we're taking a chance, and no matter how many times they come to a show it's never going to be the same twice in a row. I mean, I've been to every show we've done—right?—and I can't say I'm bored. I can never predict what anyone else in the band is going to play. They always surprise me. We surprise each other. It's like throwing logs on the fire. I guess we're still developing, still working at it. In that sense, we're all students of the same phenomenon. It has the effect of permanently renewing youth."

As it happened, Garcia did not look nervous, but neither did he look youthful. He looked, instead, like a benign, slightly raffish college professor: white beard and thick white hair, spectacles, expansive waistline. He is forty-eight years old—two years younger than Phil Lesh, and five years older than Bob Weir, who is the youngest of the five musicians who got together in 1965 and became the Grateful Dead. Four of them are left—the fifth, Ron (Pigpen) McKernan died of drink in 1973—and apart from Weir, who has a ponytail and a face with a lot of mileage on it, none of them look much like pop stars. Lesh looks as if he would be more at home with a soldering iron in his hand than with a bass guitar: he has a clever, bespectacled face, a receding chin, and the vaguely puzzled air of what the English call a "boffin"—a backroom scientist. One of the two percussionists, Bill Kreutzmann, with silver hair, a silver mustache, and a spreading belly, might have stepped out of a Western movie. The other, Mickey Hart, joined the band in 1967; he is small and intense, with a deep chest and heavy forearms. The only one in the band who looks the part is the pianist, Bruce Hornsby, but he's a recent recruit, and still in his thirties. "I'm trying to bring some of that teen-age-idol thing to the Dead," he said.

"I'd be glad to be teen-age anything at this point," Garcia replied. "I've got to where things are beginning to fall apart, but what's comforting about age is everyone's falling apart with you. I don't see anyone getting any younger."

"Yeah, but some are falling apart slower," Hornsby said.

Garcia did not seem disconcerted. "It's a matter of use, man—good use," he said. "I enjoyed it when I had it, whatever it was. It all went to a good cause."

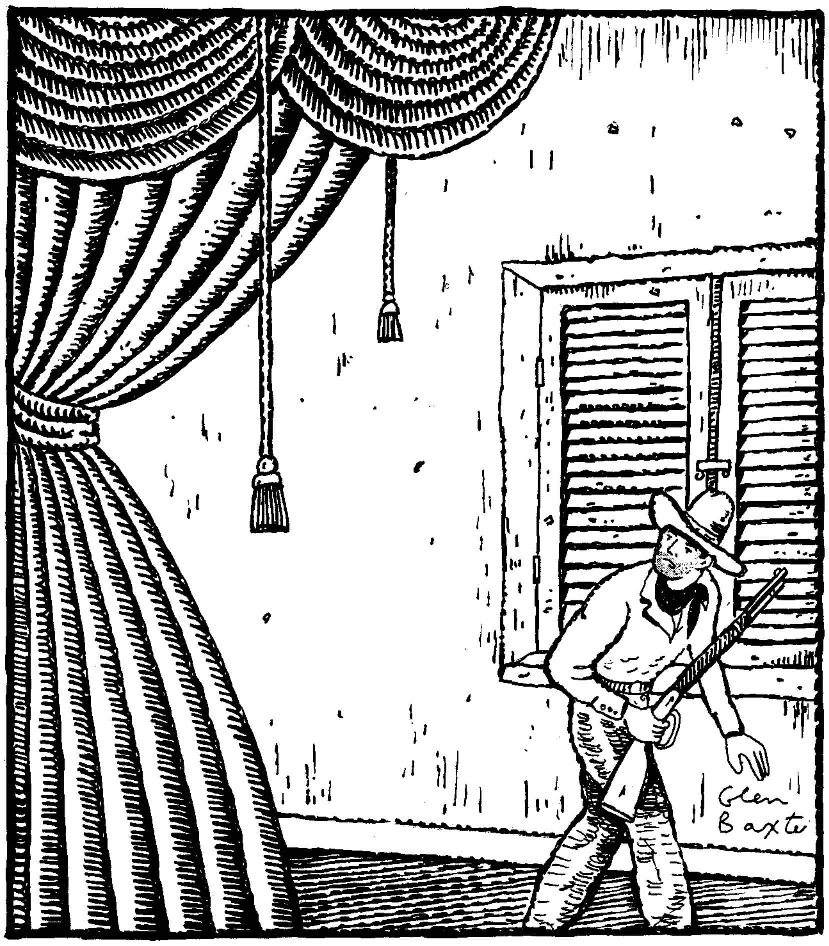
The Dead have been playing together for a quarter of a century—an eternity in the pop-music business. Back in the sixties, the Dead were kids playing to other kids. Now they are middle-aged and they are still playing to the kids. That is what is most remarkable about them—even more than the music. The Dead are a touring band—they play seventy or eighty concerts a year—and everywhere they go their fans, who call themselves Deadheads, go with them. A few of the Deadheads are relics of the sixties (there are said to be perhaps a thousand people who catch forty or fifty shows a year), but most of them are in their teens or twenties. What unites the Deadheads is not nostalgia for a period when few of them were alive but companionship, fervor for the band, and a sense of shared adventure. Before each concert, they set up a bazaar outside the auditorium and barter or sometimes sell memorabilia, tie-dye clothing, psychedelic T-shirts, tapes, drugs, and, above all, tickets. (The concerts sell out in advance, and, although the Dead try to cut out the scalpers by running their own ticket-sales office, not all Deadheads are lucky with their applications.) But the real purpose of the bazaars is sodality: they are places where the fans can meet and exchange Grateful Dead arcana and talk about what has happened along the way.

"The people who are our audience now are the same sort of people who were our audience originally," Jerry Garcia said. "They are looking for something different, something to enlarge their own personal myth. Touring with us becomes, like, their war stories: 'Remember that time we were travelling with the Dead and had three flat tires in Des Moines and had to wake up a farmer in the middle of the night?' That kinda thing. It's part of the adventure of finding yourself, of moving through life. It used to be there were a lot of ways of finding out about yourself: join the circus, hop a freight train, hit the road with Jack Kerouac. Now there are only a few ways left, and we're one of them."

When the concert starts, the sense of community is overwhelming. "The audience is a nation unto itself," Bob Weir had said, and what a large segment of that nation does is dance. That night, the Dead played for four hours, with only one break, and the audience danced with them from start to finish. I noticed one figure in particular, who swayed and gyrated, coiled and uncoiled himself ecstatically and without pause. He looked like a blond John the Baptist—tall and gaunt, with his hair down to his shoulders, and a straggly beard. But the oddest thing about him was that he was wearing a printed cotton skirt. "A lot of Deadheads do that," I was told. "It's not a sexual statement. They just prefer dancing in a skirt."

An Oxford undergraduate I know told me later that he had gone along to the concert expecting to meet a lot of middle-aged hippies and to be bored. "But it was nothing like what I expected," he said. "Sure, there were plenty of beards and long hair and tie-dyes. Also huge numbers of Americans. You could pick out the English types: they were the spotty guys in glasses, wearing parkas. But no one was there to see pop stars. What counted was the atmosphere, the friendly attitudes, the good humor. The guy next to me, whom I'd never set eyes on before, swung round to me in the middle of it with a beatific smile and said, 'I'm going bald, man. I feel genuine at last.' "

From where I sat, in the shadows at the back of the stage, where the technicians monitored the winking control panels and the vibrations from the giant speakers came up from the floor, I could see the band in the dazzling spotlights and, beyond them, the huge, packed auditorium. The Dead were singing "Truckin'," one of the songs that have made them famous, and the audience was singing along with them. They were not quite in unison, yet the understanding and the flow of affection between the kids out front and the aging, genial figures onstage was unmistakable. Despite the decibels, the Dead seemed curiously relaxed. They smiled at each other, or to themselves, when the music really got to them; they smiled at the smiling faces beyond the lights. "What a long, strange trip it's been," they sang.

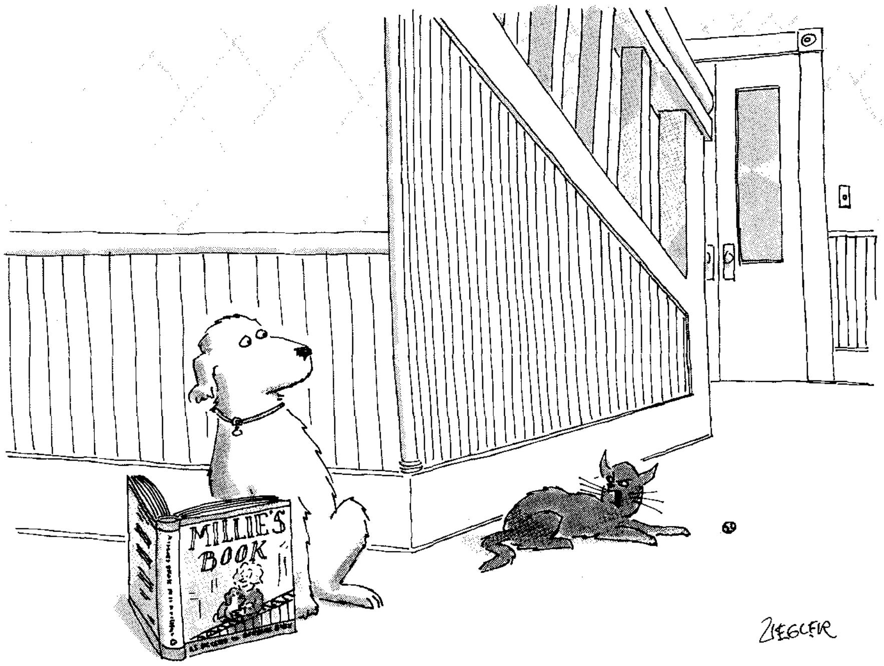


A WIND OF CHANGE WAS SWEEPING THROUGH THE OLD BUNKHOUSE, AND ZEKE DIDN'T CARE FOR IT ONE LITTLE BIT.

Envy

EVERYONE at the Long Island Custom Car Show, at the Nassau Coliseum last week, had a more awesome car than we do. Their cars were chopped; they were channelled; they were painted with glossy Frost Beige lacquer; they had low-profile ground effects; they had Edelbrock Hi-Rise Victor Junior manifolds; they had vanity plates; they had names like Pink Lady and Ole Red and Copper Dreams; they embodied the Junior Supercar concept; they had 454 Chevy Big Block engines; they had Turbo 400 trannies; they had rolled-and-pleated trunks; they had full 1976 Monte Carlo chassis; from their rearview mirrors dangled handmade fuzzy dice with felt—not paper—dots. Even the beaters in the parking lot had, at the very least, those remote devices that make a tweedly noise and unlock your car at fifty paces. As we were parking our completely functional, uncustomized Honda at the Coliseum, we heard a car with a talking theft alarm say, in a firm electronic voice, "Excuse me, you are too close to this Thunderbird."

Among the highlights of the Custom Car Show were appearances by the car customizer/cartoonist Ed (Big Daddy) Roth, the former wrestler Killer Kowalski, and the *Penthouse* Pet Kimberly Taylor. Big Daddy, who had his own booth, is more famous than we are. In fact, while we were talking to him a young man walked up and asked us if we knew that Big Daddy was the most famous person in the world. "I'm telling you, he *is*," the young man said. "He invented custom cars, and he started the whole T-shirt-printing business. I love him, and I envy him." Big Daddy cuts a large, shambling figure. He has sleepy eyes, a trim white beard, and gigantic hands and feet. He seemed to be embarrassed at being identified as the most famous person in the world. He started to say something modest that would more or less challenge this assessment of his fame, but a nearby car named Bad Attitude was just then showing off its enormous custom sound



"No, I do not want to borrow it when you're finished!"

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system by blasting a ballad by Aerosmith, and Big Daddy's remark was lost in the eruption.

Big Daddy has more trademarks than we do. His business card says "Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth—'Rat Fink® Stuff, Custom Cars and Toy Designer.' " Rat Fink is a cartoon character who looks like a juvenile-delinquent Mickey Mouse—he has hairy ears, bulging eyes, scissor teeth, a fat stomach, and a five-o'clock shadow all over his body. At the car show, Big Daddy was wearing a tiny gold Rat Fink lapel pin and was selling Rat Fink shirts and key chains. He told us that until he began airbrushing Rat Fink on undershirts, in 1959, all undershirts were plain white. "I made them into a form of graphic expression," he said. "People don't consider them fine art, but they are. Just like customizing a car. It's communication. That's why cars are a maximum-obsession hobby. If a car person marries a non-car person, it can be a catastrophe. A custom car will take up all the family time as well as most of the room in the garage." He said that he desired, but didn't have, a huge Rat Fink painting in his living room. "It's part of the deal I have with my wife," he explained. "She's willing to support my car hobby if I support her interior-decorating hobby. She's from New Jersey."

Killer Kowalski, who was sitting at the far end of Big Daddy's booth, has been retired for twelve years. Killer Kowalski has more fans than we do. At the car show, he was surrounded most of the time by at least half a dozen people, who were saying things like "Killer, thanks for twenty-seven years of pure enjoyment" and "Killer, you big lunk, you were always so mean to the Bruiser, I just *loved* it" and "Killer, oh, man, I'd *love* to have your muscles." Killer's first name is Walter. He lives in Massachusetts, near the Stone Zoo. Many years ago, he considered studying for the priesthood, but he says he had trouble accepting certain teachings about the mysteries of the universe, so he became a wrestler instead. At the car show, he was giving autographs, but he had forgotten to bring a sign indicating who he was and what he was there for. When Big Daddy heard about that, he took a Rat Fink flyer, turned it over, wrote "Free Autographs—Killer Kowaski," and passed it to Killer's assistant, who looked at it for a moment and then said to Big Daddy, "This is very nice, but you left out an 'l.' "

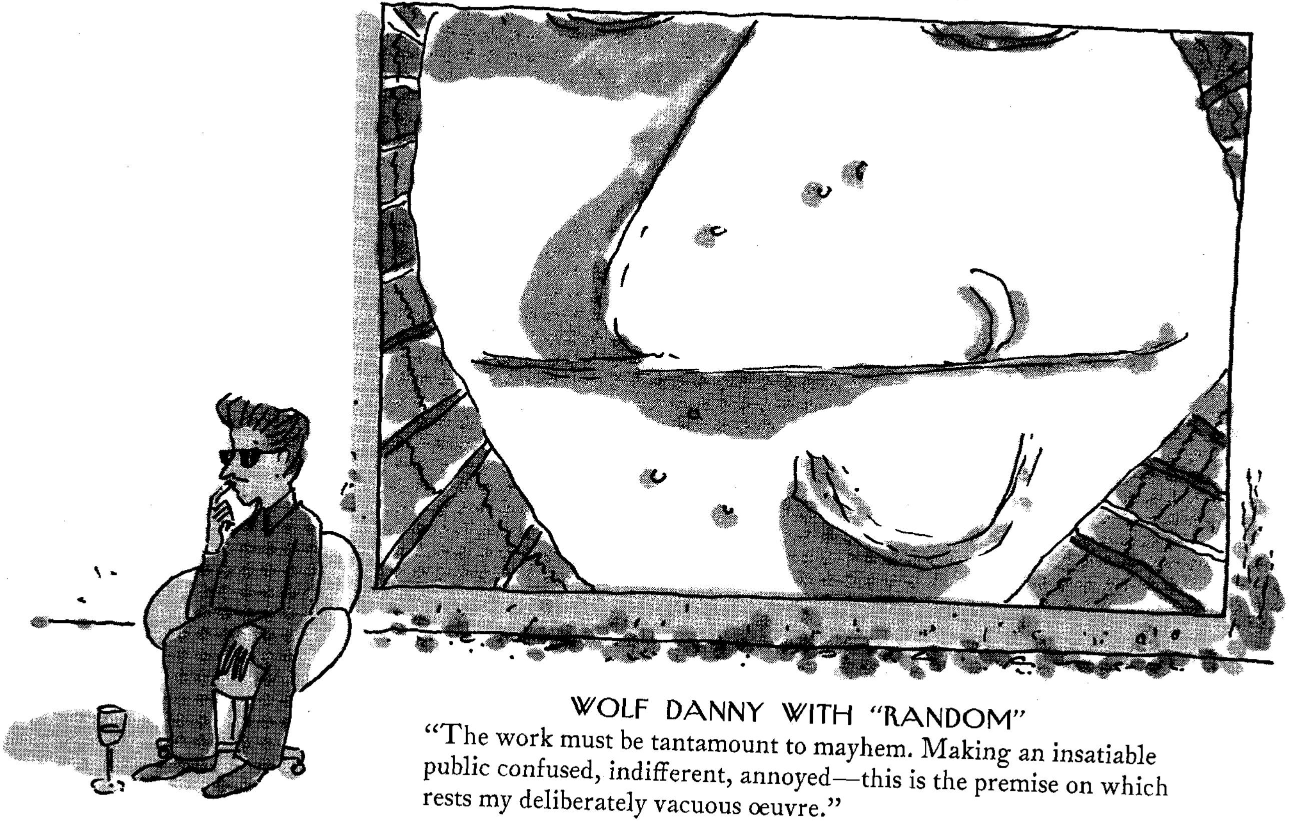
Kimberly Taylor was sitting in front of a twenty-foot-tall inflated tire at the other end of the Coliseum, giving autographs. Kimberly Taylor has access to a better meteorological service than we do. We came to the Coliseum dressed for snow. Kimberly, having been tipped off to the Saharan conditions on Long Island in November, had come dressed for warmer weather. She was wearing a bejewelled black push-up bra, very snug ripped bluejeans, and thigh-high high-heeled boots. A black chiffon bolero was hung over the back of her chair. Behind her, stuck onto the tire, were blown-up copies of her *Penthouse* covers. In front of her was a table holding a stack of eight-by-ten glossies, an empty champagne bucket with a piece of *Penthouse* Inter-Office Memorandum paper taped to it on which someone had written "Help the Needy for Thanksgiving," and a tube of Ultima II lipstick in a shade called Voltage, which she applied to her mouth right before she kissed each glossy. In front of the table was a line of about fifty custom-car fans waiting for her to autograph pictures. We asked her if she minded talking to us while she was giving autographs. "Not at all," she said, in a cheerful way. "I can do both. I'm double-talented." She then signed a picture "To Paul, Love your Dodge! Love and Lust, Kimberly" and kissed it. Paul looked pleased, and told her he appreciated something about her that is standard equipment on most cars. Kimberly said "Aw, come on now!" and shooed him away.

Kimberly Taylor has bigger plans than we do. "I want to be an actress. In the meantime, I'm into promoting everything," she said, and then she signed a glossy "To Slim, Love and Lust, Kimberly," kissed it, and handed it to an immense car fan, who was next in line. "I like car shows, and I like charities, and I did some dumb, embarrassing low-budget comedy films so I could join the Screen Actors Guild," she went on.

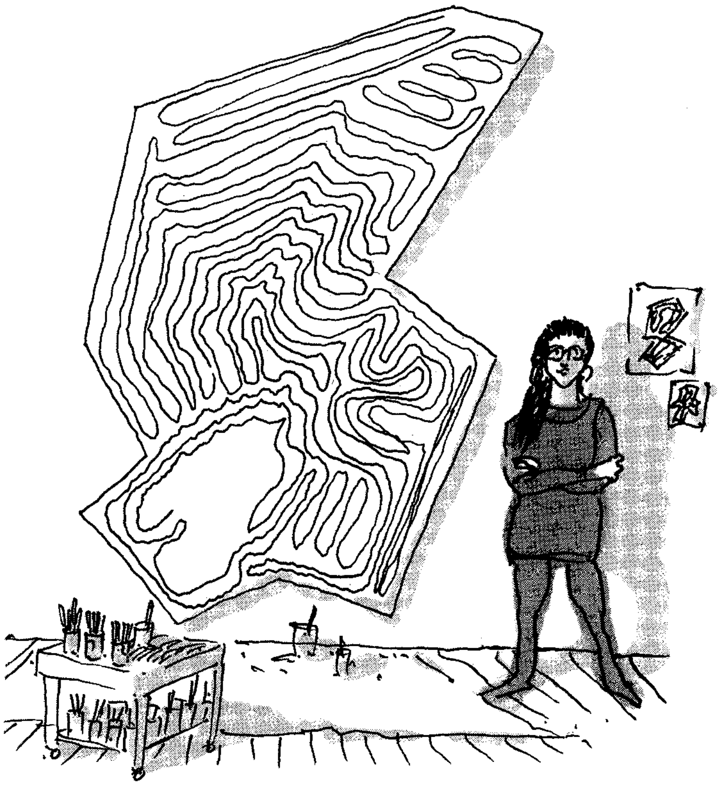
Dorene, a friend of Kimberly's with a very large hairdo, was sitting at the end of the autograph table, and she observed that Kimberly was at this point not unlike a rock star. "People get crazy when they see her," Dorene said.

"For sure," Kimberly said. She took a break to kiss another picture and then said that one of the great things about this car show was that she had run into some old friends, including her sixth-grade teacher. "He was so *mean* to me back in sixth grade," she said. "But now, God, he was so nice. He's become a real fan of mine. He had my centerfold, and everything."

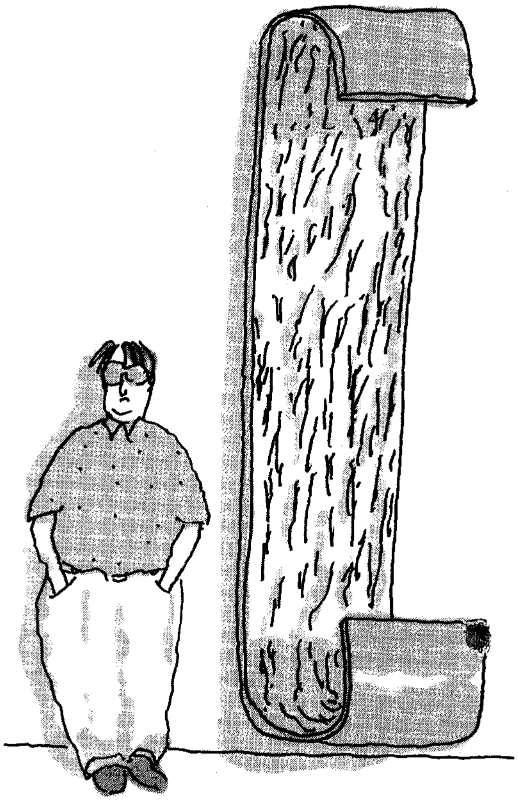
CAUTION: WET PAINT



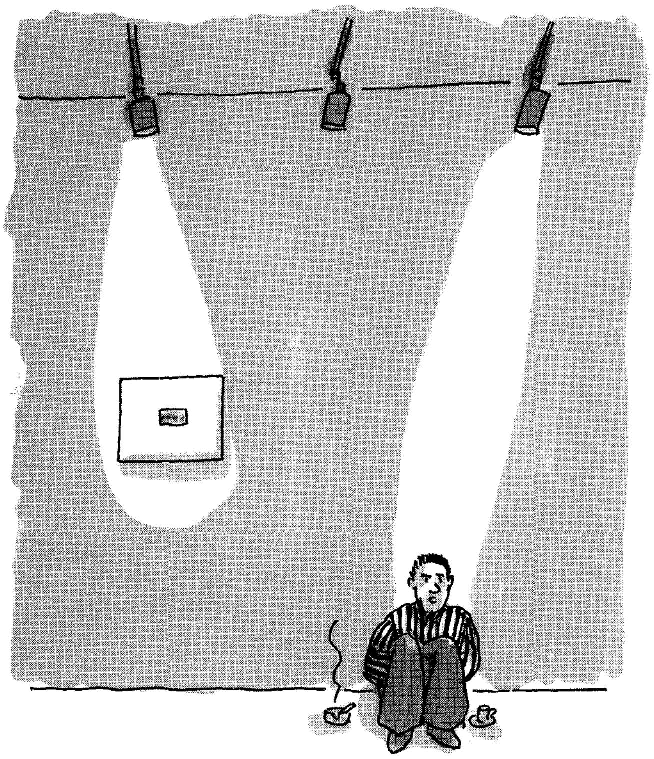
WOLF DANNY WITH "RANDOM"
"The work must be tantamount to mayhem. Making an insatiable public confused, indifferent, annoyed—this is the premise on which rests my deliberately vacuous œuvre."



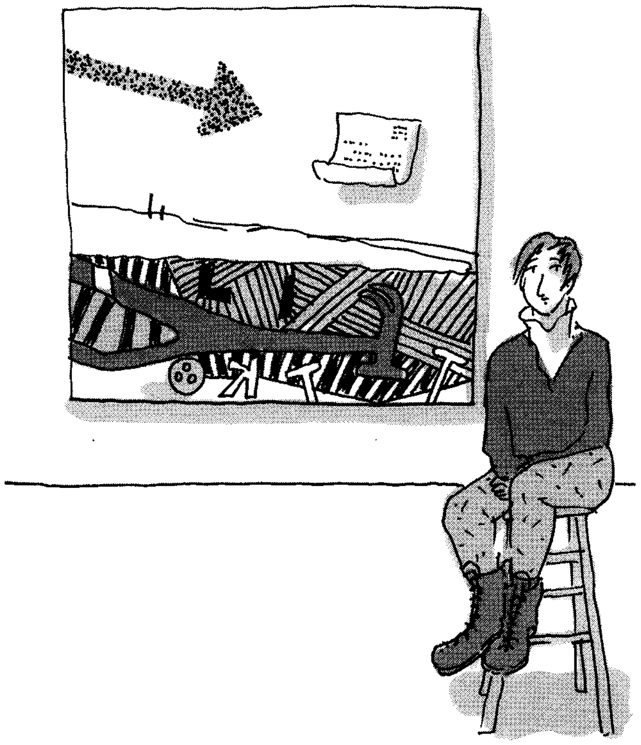
MARY ONE WITH "HORROR SHOW" (IN PROGRESS)
"Placating proponents of, like, a rationalist strategy for postmodern deconstruction runs, like, counter to my recipe for spaghetti con i funghi."



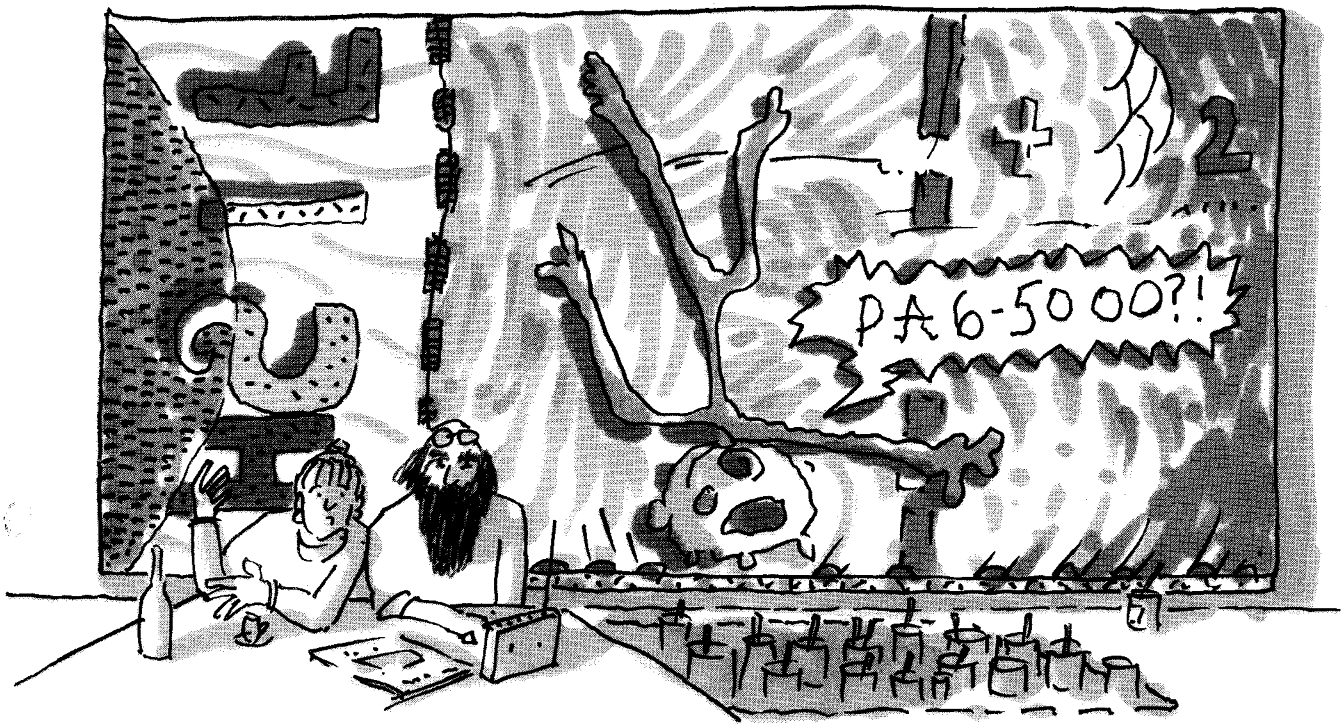
JIMMY MUSSOLINI WITH "LEON"
"Precious I cannot be. One more allusion to Gilgamesh and I'll trash out. I make mistakes, just like you, every day. This may be one of them. I'll take the money and *walk*."



MR. EMPIRICAL WITH "ANTARCTICA"
"Small is hostile. Rage contributes to a shift away from literality. I'm off to True Value Hardware for some more self-reference tools."



ALICE STEDDEMMINGER WITH "STIG"
"Disparate imagery provides the opportunistic appropriationist a surrogate subconscious from which to draw an iconography dripping with that ambiguity thing."



KIKI & ART WITH "CANDIDE"
"Matisse is dead. Beauty is not fit to tie Pepsi's shoes. If the vernacular references are alien to us, we'll sign the work and bill Leo."

CRAWFORD

THE WINDUP BIRD AND TUESDAY'S WOMEN

I'M in the kitchen cooking spaghetti when the woman calls. Another moment and the spaghetti will be done, and there I am whistling the Overture to Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra" along with Tokyo's best FM station. Perfect spaghetti-cooking music.

I hear the telephone ring, but I tell myself, Ignore it—let the spaghetti finish cooking. It's almost done, and, besides, Claudio Abbado and the London Symphony Orchestra are coming to a crescendo. Still, on second thought, I figure I might as well turn down the flame, and I head into the living room, cooking chopsticks in hand, to pick up the receiver. It might be my wife, or maybe a friend with word of a new job.

"I want ten minutes of your time," comes some woman's voice.

"Excuse me?" I blurt back in surprise. "How's that again?"

"I said, just ten minutes of your time, that's all I want," the woman repeats.

I have absolutely no recollection of ever having heard this woman's voice before. And I pride myself on a near-perfect ear for voices, so I'm sure there's no mistake. This is the voice of a woman I don't know. A soft, low, nondescript voice.

"Pardon me, but what number might you have been calling?" I put on my most polite language.

"What difference does that make? All I want is ten minutes. Ten minutes for us to come to an understanding," she says, to clinch the matter.

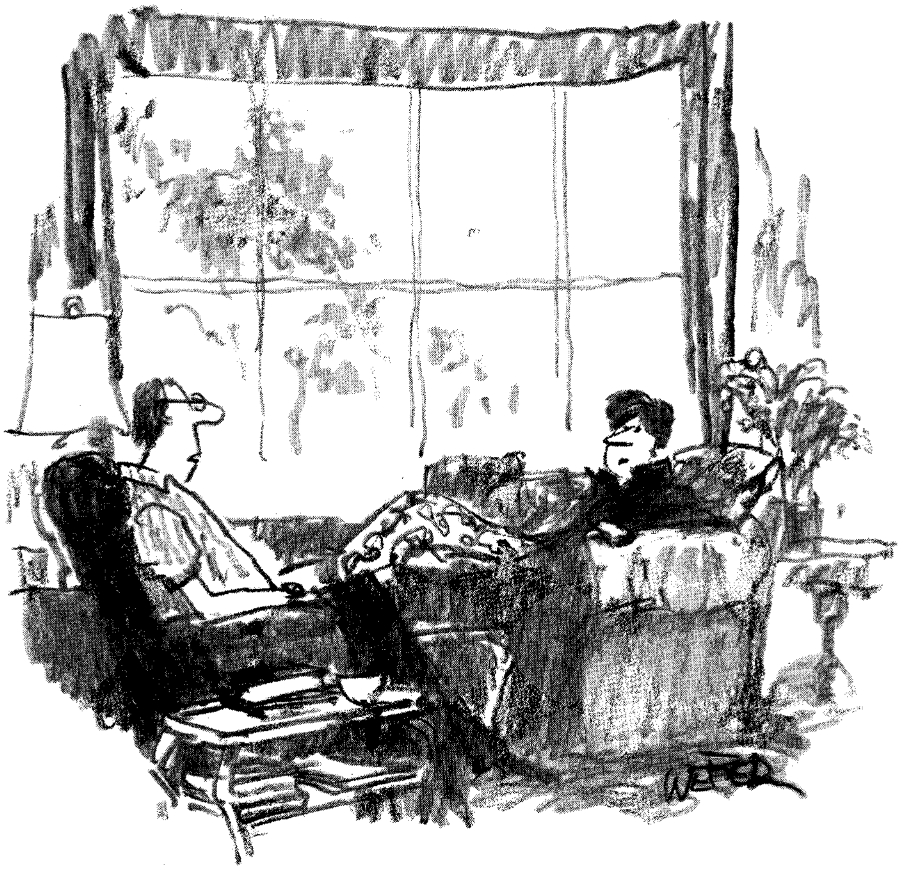
"Come to an understanding?"

"Of our feelings," says the woman succinctly.

I crane my neck back through the door I've left open to peer into the kitchen. A plume of white steam is rising cheerfully from the spaghetti pot; Abbado is still conducting his "Gazza."

"If you don't mind, I've got spaghetti on right now. It's almost done, and it'll be ruined if I talk with you for ten minutes. So I'm going to hang up, all right?"

"Spaghetti?" the woman sputters in disbelief. "It's only ten-thirty in the morning. What are you doing cooking spaghetti at ten-thirty in the morning? Kind of strange, don't you think?"



"Would you care to reconsider that remark before I put it in my journal?"

"Strange or not, what's it to you?" I say. "I hardly had any breakfast, so I was getting hungry right about now. And as long as I do the cooking, when and what I eat is my own business, isn't it?"

"Well, whatever you say. Hang up, then," says the woman in a slow, syrupy trickle of a voice. A peculiar voice. The slightest emotional shift, and her tone switches to another frequency. "I'll call back later."

"Now, wait just one minute," I stammer. "If you're selling something, you can forget right now about calling back. I'm unemployed and I can't afford to buy anything."

"I know that, so don't give it another thought," says the woman.

"You know that? You know what?"

"That you're unemployed, of course. That much I knew. So cook your spaghetti, and then let's get on with it. O.K.?"

"Hey, who the—" I start, when suddenly the phone goes dead. Cut me off. Too abruptly to have set down the receiver; she must have pressed the button with her finger.

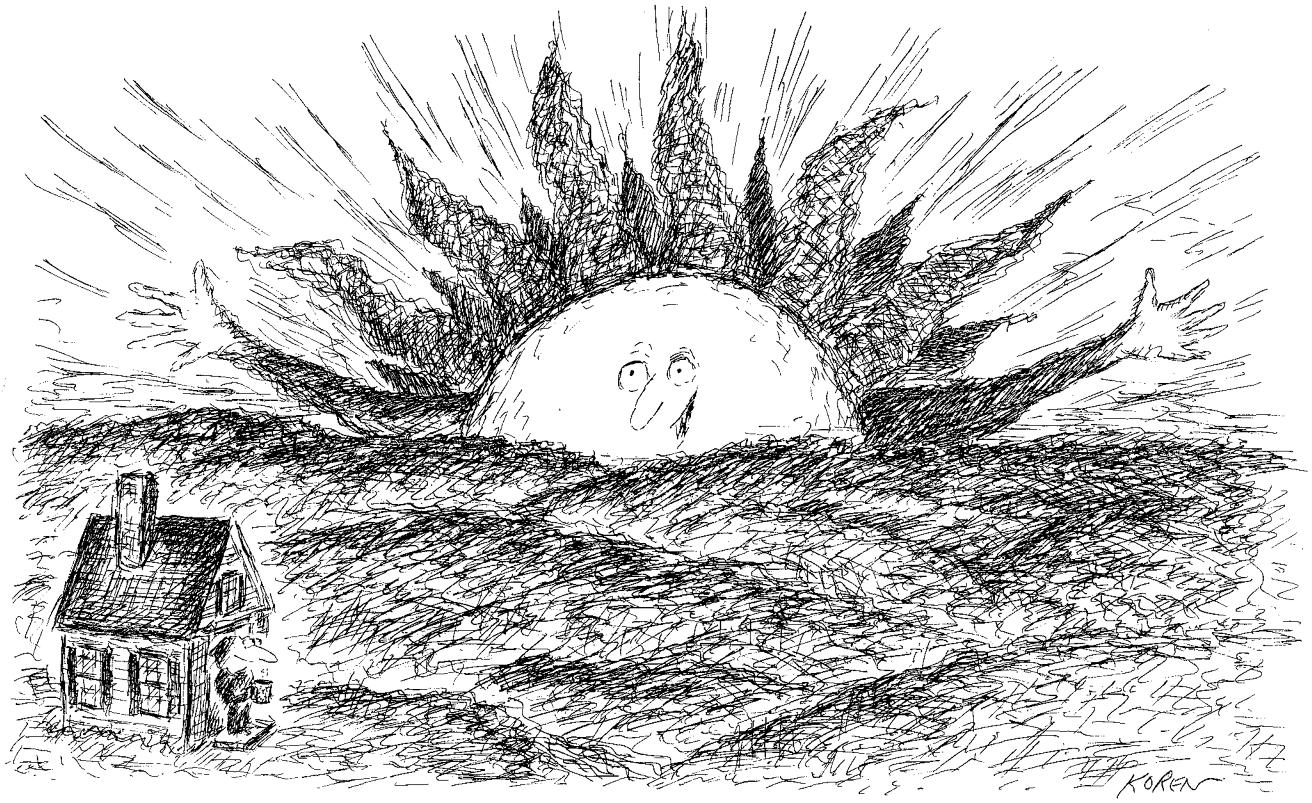
I'm left hanging. I stare blankly at the receiver in my hand, and only minutes later do I remember the spaghetti. I put down the receiver and return to the kitchen. Turn off the gas, empty the spaghetti into a colander, top it with tomato sauce I've heated in a saucepan, then eat. It's overcooked, thanks to that pointless telephone call. Well, it's not a life-or-death matter, and I'm in no mood to fuss over the subtleties of spaghetti—I'm too hungry. I simply listen to whatever music the radio is playing as I eagerly dispatch every last strand to my stomach.

I wash up the plate and pans while boiling a kettle of water, then pour a cup for a tea bag. As I drink my tea, I think about that phone call.

So we could come to an understanding?

What on earth did that woman mean, calling me up like that? And who on earth was she? The whole thing is a mystery.

What the hell, I tell myself. What do I care about understanding some strange woman's *feelings*, anyway? What difference could that possibly make? What matters now is finding a



"Is this beautiful weather, or what?"

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job. Then I can settle into a new life cycle.

Yet, even as I return to the sofa to resume the Len Deighton novel I got from the library, the mere glimpse of the telephone out of the corner of my eye sets my mind going. Just what was it that would take ten minutes to come to an understanding about? I mean, really, *ten minutes to come to an understanding of something*?

Come to think of it, the woman specified precisely ten minutes right from the start. As if nine minutes would have been too short, eleven minutes maybe too long. Just like for spaghetti al dente.

What with these thoughts running through my head, I lose track of the plot of the novel. So I decide to do a few quick exercises, maybe iron a shirt or two. Whenever things get to be too much I iron shirts. A long-standing habit with me.

I divide the shirt-ironing process into twelve steps, total: from (1) Collar (front) to (12) Cuff (left sleeve). Absolutely no deviation from that order. I count off the steps one by one. The ironing doesn't go right if I don't. So there I am, ironing my third shirt, enjoying the hiss of the steam iron and the distinctive smell of hot cotton, checking for wrinkles before hanging each piece up in the wardrobe. I switch off the iron and put it away in the closet with the ironing board.

I'm getting thirsty by now and heading to the kitchen for some water when once more the telephone rings. Here we go again, I think. And for a moment I wonder whether I shouldn't just ignore it and keep on going into the kitchen. But you never know, so I turn back to the living room and pick up the receiver. If it's that woman again, I'll say I'm in the middle of ironing and hang up.

The call, however, is from my wife. By the clock on top of the TV, it's eleven-thirty.

"How're things?" she asks.

"Fine," I answer, relieved.

"What've you been up to?"

"Ironing."

"Is anything wrong?" my wife asks. A slight tension invades her voice. She knows all about my ironing when I'm unsettled.

"Nothing at all. I just felt like ironing some shirts. No particular reason," I say, switching the receiver from right hand to left as I sit down on a chair. "So, is there something you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes. It's about work. I've heard of a job."

"Uh-huh," I say.

"Can you write poetry?"

"Poetry?" I say, startled. "What's this about poetry?"

"A magazine publisher where someone I know works puts out this popular-fiction monthly for young girls, and they're looking for someone to select and brush up poetry submissions. Then they want one leadoff poem each month for the section. The work's easy, and the pay's not bad. Of course, it's only part-time, but if things go well they might take you on as an editor and—"

"Easy?" I say. "Now, hold on just one minute. I've been looking for a position with a law firm. Just where do you get this poetry-brushing-up business?"

"Well, didn't you say you used to do some writing in high school?"

"For a newspaper. The high-school newspaper. The class of such-and-such won the soccer meet, the physics teacher fell down the stairs and had to go to the hospital. That's the kind of dumb little articles I wrote. Not poetry. I can't write poetry."

"Not real poetry, just the kind of poems high-school girls might read. They don't have to be all that good. They're not expecting you to write like T. S. Eliot. Just whatever you can come up with."

"I absolutely cannot 'come up with' poetry," I snap. What an idea!

"Hmmph," pouts my wife. "This legal work, though—nothing seems to be materializing, does it?"

"Several prospects have come my way already. I should hear sometime this week. If those fall through, maybe then I'll consider it."

"Oh? Have it your way, then. But say, what day is it today?"

"Tuesday," I tell her after a moment's thought. "The third."

"O.K. then, could you stop by the bank and pay the gas and phone bills?"

"Sure thing. I was going out to shop for dinner soon anyway. I can take care of that at the same time."

"And what are we having for dinner?"

"Hmm, let's see," I say. "Haven't made up my mind yet. I thought I'd decide when I go to the market."

"You know," my wife starts in with a new tone of voice, "I've been thinking. Maybe you don't really need to be looking for work."

"And why not?" I spit out. Yet more surprises? Was every woman in the world out to shake me up over the phone? "Why don't I have to be looking for work? Another three months and my unemployment compensation will run out. No time for idle hands."

"My salary's gone up, and my free-lance work is going well, not to mention that we've got plenty in savings. So, if we don't go overboard on luxuries we should be able to keep food on the table."

"And I'd keep house?"

"Is that so bad?"

"I don't know," I say in all honesty. I really didn't know. "I'll have to think it over."

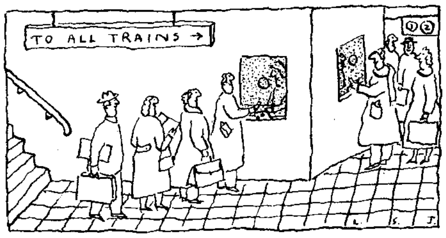
"Yes, think it over," reiterates the wife. "Oh, and by the way, has the cat come back?"

"The cat?" I'm caught off guard; then I realize I've completely forgotten about the cat all morning. "No, doesn't seem so."

"Could you scout around the neighborhood a bit? He's been gone four days now."

I give some noncommittal reply, switching the receiver back to my right hand as she goes on.

"My guess is the cat's probably in the yard of that vacant house at the end of the back lane. The yard with the stone bird statue. I've seen him there often enough. You know where I'm talking about?"



"No, I'm afraid I don't," I say. "And since when have you been snooping around in the lane on your own? Never once have you mentioned—"

"You'll have to forgive me, but I've got to hang up and get back to work. Don't forget about the cat, now." And the telephone cuts off. I sit there looking dumbly at the receiver a second before setting it down.

Now, why would my wife know so much about the back lane? She'd have had to climb over a high cinder-block wall to get there from our yard, but

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STRANGE THANKSGIVING

I don't know anyone at the table except
the friend who's brought me, who knows only
the host and hostess. I perch on my chair
like an egret, snowy and attentive. The man
to my left is the youngest son of an onion farmer.
The crop this year was ruined by rain.
His wrist is speckled blue from painting his
girlfriend's Chevy last night. We talk
about his hobby, building underwater cars. He
drove one off a dock into a lake. Nice
to putt around among the ducks, then wheel
onshore and go for burgers. Our host

draws up a chair, offers three kinds of pie.
He plays vicious squash to stay ahead of his bad
back. His wife will be near dead
on the bathroom floor from swallowing pills
a few short nights away. But things
are holding now. Even that crumb at the edge of
my friend's mouth. I reach up
as if we're man and wife and brush it
away, that unconscious tenderness letting my hand
graze for a moment my own love's face
and so, submerged, fall heavily to sea in the homely
clatter of plates lifted suddenly

away. We're stalled out and anxious
in the chitchat before the hearth. Soon
into our coats and thank-yous. Getting to the car
down a fresh bank of snow, I steady myself
on my friend's sure grip. The ride home is better
than sleep, initialled over with afterthoughts we speak
out loud in that half-heard, half-said way—yet easy
to feel rescued by his debonair steering through
the unacknowledged coma of side streets. His intimacy
to know I'm beyond accompaniment and already
home, dividing myself with approach
like two moon-bright windows, seen after dark, across a field.

—Tess Gallagher

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what possible reason was there to go to all that trouble to begin with?

I go to the kitchen for that drink of water, turn on the radio again, and trim my nails. There's a feature on about Robert Plant's new album. I listen to two songs before my ears start to hurt and I switch the thing off. I go out to the porch to check the cat's food dish, but the dried fish I put in last night hasn't been touched. Guess the cat really hasn't come back.

Standing there on the porch, I look at the bright early-summer sun slicing down into our tiny yard. Hardly the sort of yard to get excited about. The sun hits here only a brief part of the day, so the soil is always dark and damp. Not much growing: just a couple of unremarkable hydrangeas. And I'm not terribly crazy about hydrangeas in the first place.

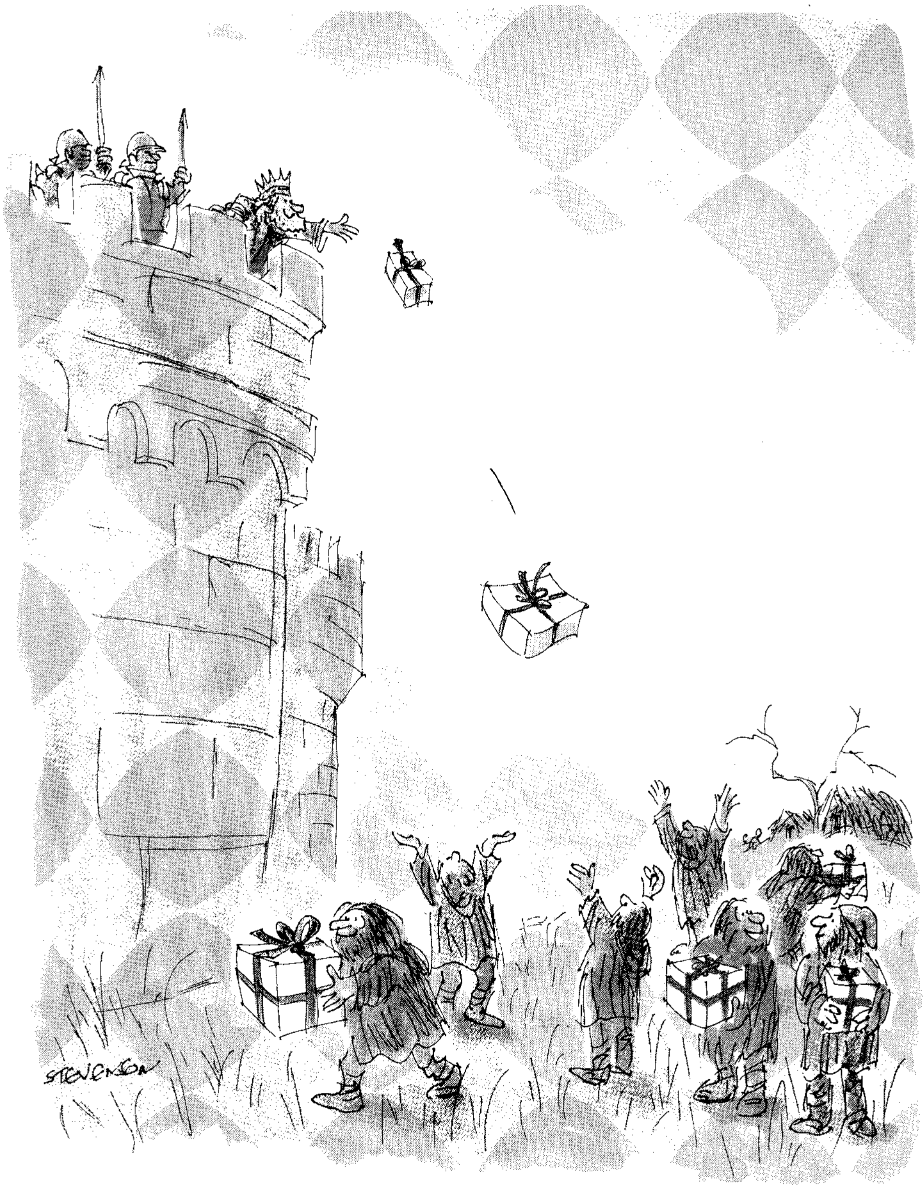
From a nearby stand of trees comes the periodic *scree-ee-eech* of a bird, sharp as a tightening spring. The "windup bird" we call it—my wife's name for it. I have no idea what it's really called. Nor even what it looks like. Nonetheless, this windup bird is there every morning in the trees of the neighborhood to wind things up—us, our quiet little world, everything.

As I listen to the windup bird, I'm thinking, Why on earth is it up to me to go searching for that cat? And, more to the point, even if I do manage to find it what am I supposed to do then? Drag the cat home and lecture it? Plead with it: Listen, you've had everyone worried sick, so why don't you come home?

Great, I think. Just great. What's wrong with letting a cat go where it wants to go and do what it wants to do? Here I am, a man of thirty, and what am I doing? Washing clothes, planning dinner menus, chasing after cats.

Not so long ago, I'm thinking, I was your regular sort of guy. Fired up with ambition. In high school I read Clarence Darrow's autobiography and decided to become a lawyer. My grades weren't bad. In my senior year I was voted runner-up as Most Likely to Succeed. I even got accepted into the law school of a fairly reputable university. So where had I screwed up?

I plant my elbows on the kitchen table, prop up my chin, and think: Where the hell had the compass needle gone out of whack and led my life astray? It's more than I can figure.



"Despots don't come any more benevolent than this."

There's nothing I can really put my finger on—no setbacks from student politics, no disillusionment with school, not much girl trouble, really. As far as I can tell, I've had a perfectly normal existence. Yet one day, when it came time for me to graduate, I suddenly realized I wasn't the same guy I used to be.

Probably the hairline fracture had been there all along, however microscopic. But in time the split widened, and who I had become was a long way from who I was supposed to be. In terms of the solar system, say, I'm now somewhere between Saturn and Uranus; a little bit farther and I ought to be seeing Neptune and Pluto.

At the beginning of this February, I quit my longtime job at the law firm. And for no particular reason. It wasn't that I was fed up with the work. Granted, it wasn't a particularly thrilling job—full-time office boy, in effect—but the pay wasn't bad, and the atmosphere around the office was friendly enough.

And I did a good job, by my standards. I catch on quickly, operate methodically, think practically, don't complain. That's why, when I told the senior partner I wanted to quit, the old man even offered to raise my salary if I'd just stay on.

But I didn't. I don't exactly know why. I had no fresh ideas or clear goals in mind. The prospect of cramming for the bar exam was too intimidating. And besides, by that point I didn't even especially want to become a lawyer anymore.

When I came out and told my wife over dinner that I was thinking of quitting my job, all she said was "Fine." Just what that "Fine" was supposed to mean I couldn't tell. But that was the extent of it; she didn't volunteer a word more.

When *I* then said nothing, she spoke up. "If you feel like quitting, why don't you quit? It's your life, you should do as you like with it." She'd said her piece and went right on boning the fish on her plate with her chopsticks.

My wife does office work at a design school and really doesn't do badly salarywise. Sometimes she gets illustration assignments from editor friends for pretty good money, too. As for me, I was eligible for six months' unemployment compensation. If we were careful, we could even swing a few expenses like eating out and dry cleaning, and our life style wouldn't change all that much from when I was working and getting a salary.

So it was that I quit my job.

AT twelve-thirty I go out shopping as usual, a large canvas carryall slung over my shoulder. I first stop by the bank to pay the gas and phone bills, then shop for dinner at the supermarket, then have a cheeseburger and coffee at McDonald's.

I return home, and am putting the groceries away in the refrigerator when the telephone rings. It sounds positively irritated. I leave a plastic tub of tofu half opened on the table, head into the living room, and pick up the receiver.

"Finished with your spaghetti?" It's that woman again.

"Yeah, I'm done," I say. "But now I have to go out looking for the cat."

"Can't that wait ten minutes? Looking for the cat!"

"Well, ten minutes maybe."

What the hell am I doing? I think. Why am I obliged to spend ten minutes passing the time of day with some strange woman?

"Now, then, perhaps we can come to an understanding," says the woman, nice and quiet. From the sound of it, this woman—whoever she is—is settling back into a chair there at the other end of the line, crossing her legs.

"Hmm, I don't know about that," I say. "Some people, they spend ten years together and they still can't understand each other."

"Care to try?" the woman teases.

I undo my wristwatch and switch on the stopwatch mode, then press the timer start button.

"Why me?" I ask. "Why not ring up somebody else?"

"I have my reasons," the woman enunciates slowly, as if carefully masticating a morsel of food. "I've heard all about you."

"When? Where?"

"Sometime, somewhere," the woman says. "But what does that matter? The important thing is *now*. Right? What's more, talking about it only loses us time. *It's not as if I had all the time in the world, you know*."

"Give me some proof, then. Proof that you know me."

"For instance?"

"How about my age?"

"Thirty," the woman answers without a moment's hesitation. "Thirty and two months. Good enough?"

That shuts me up. The woman apparently *does* know me. Yet, no matter how I rack my brains, I can't place her voice. I simply couldn't have forgotten or mistaken someone's voice. Faces or names, maybe, but voices, never.

"Well, now, it's your turn to see what you can tell about me," she says suggestively. "What do you imagine from my voice? What kind of woman am I? Can you picture me? You're good at that sort of thing, no?"

"You got me," I say.

"Go ahead, try," the woman insists.

I glance at my watch. Not quite a minute and a half so far. I heave a sigh of resignation. It seems I've already taken up her challenge, and now there's no turning back. I did use to have a knack for guessing games. "Late twenties, university graduate, native Tokyoite, upper middle class."

"Amazing," says the woman, flicking a cigarette lighter near the receiver. A Cartier, by the sound of it. "Keep going."

"Fairly good-looking. You yourself think so. But you've got a complex—you're too short, or your breasts are too small, or something like that."

"Pretty close," the woman giggles.

"You're married. But things aren't all that smooth. There are problems. No woman without problems would call up a man and not give her name. But, even putting this much together, I still can't picture you. And I don't know you. At least, I've never talked with you before."

"Oh, really?" says the woman in a hush calculated to drive a soft wedge into my skull. "How can you be so sure? Could it be that you have a fatal blind spot somewhere? Otherwise, don't you think you'd have pulled yourself a little more together by now? Someone with your brains and talent."

"You give me a lot of credit," I say. "I don't know who you are, but I should tell you I'm not the wonderful human being you make me out to be. I

THE STRAW ENTREPRENEUR, THE TIN ACCOUNTANT, AND THE COWARDLY ATTORNEY

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don't seem to be able to get things done. All I do is head off down one detour after another."

"Still, I used to have a thing for you. A long time ago, that is."

"A long time ago, you say?" I prompt.

Two minutes and fifty-three seconds.

"Well, not so very long ago. We're not talking history here."

"Yes, we *are* talking history," I say.

Blind spot, eh? Well, the woman may have a point. Somewhere, in my head, in my body, in my very being, it's as if there were some long-lost subterranean element that's been skewing my life just slightly off.

No, not *slightly* off, *way* off.

"I'm in bed right now," the woman says. "I just took a shower, and I have nothing on."

That does it, I think. *Nothing on?* A real porno tape this is getting to be.

"Or would you rather I put on panties? How about stockings? Do they turn you on?"

"Anything's fine. Do what you like," I say. "But if you don't mind, I'm not that kind of guy. I don't go for this sort of stuff over the telephone."

"Ten minutes, that's all. A mere ten minutes. That's not such a terrible loss, is it? I'm not asking for anything more—just common courtesy. But whatever, just answer the question. Do you want me naked? Or should I put something on? I've got all kinds of things, you know. Garter belts and . . ."

Garter belts? I must be going crazy. What woman has garter belts in this day and age? Models for *Penthouse*, maybe.

"Naked is fine. And you don't have to move," I say.

Four minutes gone.

"My hair down there is still wet," the woman says. "I didn't towel it dry. So it's still wet. And warm . . . "

"Listen, if you don't mind—"

"And you know what position I'm in right now? I have my knee up and my right leg spread out to the side. It'd be around ten-oh-five if I were a clock."

I can tell from the way she says it that she isn't making this up. She really does have her legs spread to ten-oh-five, and she's warming up.

"C'mon, now think about stroking me. Slowly. Your hands are so nice . . . oh, yes."

I hang up without a word. Then I roll over on the sofa, smoke a cigarette, and gaze up at the ceiling, stopwatch clicked off at five minutes twenty-three seconds.

I close my eyes and darkness descends, a darkness thick with colors.

What is it? Why can't everyone just leave me in peace?

Not ten minutes later the telephone rings again, but this time I don't pick up. Fifteen rings and it stops. I let it die, and all gravity is displaced by a profound silence. The stone-chill silence of boulders frozen deep into a glacier fifty thousand years ago. Fifteen rings of the telephone have utterly transformed the quality of the air around me.

A LITTLE before two o'clock, I climb from my back yard over the wall into what we call "the lane" for lack of a better name. This lane has neither entrance nor exit; it leads smack into a cinder-block wall at one end and a chain-link fence at the other. It meanders behind everyone's houses for about two hundred yards. It's three feet something wide for the most part, but, what with all the junk lying around and the occasional hedge slanting in, there are places you can barely squeeze through sidewise.

From what I've heard—this from a kindly uncle of mine who rents us our house ridiculously cheap—the area used to be open at either end, offering a shortcut through the block. But in the postwar boom years new houses were built in any available space, squeezing the common ground down to a narrow path. At the prospect of having strangers walking through what were now back yards, practically under the eaves, the residents surreptitiously blocked one entrance. At first an innocent little bush barely screened the opening, but eventually one resident extended his cinder-block wall to completely seal it over. Meanwhile, the other end was blocked off with a chain-link fence to keep the dogs out. It hadn't been the residents themselves who used the shortcut to begin with, so no one complained when it was closed off at both ends. And, anyway, it had its advantages as a crime-prevention measure. So the path went neglected and untrafficked like some abandoned canal, merely serving as a kind of buffer zone between the houses—the ground overgrown with weeds, sticky spiderwebs strung everywhere a bug could possibly alight.

Now, why should my wife frequent such a place? It was beyond me. I'd set foot in the lane only one time before, myself. And she can't stand spiders.

Yet, when I try to figure it out, my head feels full of some gaseous substance. I didn't sleep well last night, plus the weather's too hot for the beginning of May, plus there was that unnerving telephone call.

Oh well, I think, might as well look for that cat. We'll see what happens. Anyway, it's a damn sight better being out and about than staying cooped up indoors waiting for the telephone to ring.

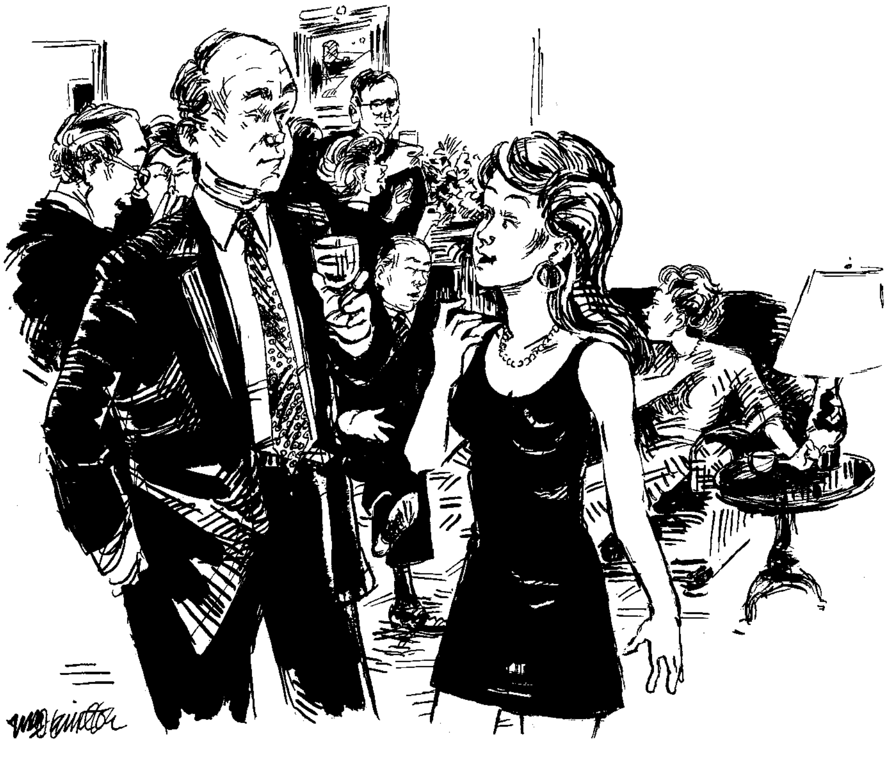
The early-summer sun cuts clean and crisp through the ceiling of overhanging branches, scattering patches of shadow across the ground. With no wind, the shadows stay glued in place like fateful stains. Telltale stains, sure to cling to the earth as it goes around and around the sun for millennia to come.

As I pass under the branches, shadows flit over my T-shirt, then return to the ground. All is still. You can almost hear each blade of grass respiring in the sunlight. A few small clouds float in the sky, vivid and well formed, straight out of a medieval engraving. Everything stands out with such clarity that I feel buoyant, as if somehow my body went on forever. That, and it's terribly hot.

I'm in a T-shirt, thin cotton slacks, and tennis shoes, but already, just from my walking around, my armpits and chest are drenched in sweat. I'd only just this morning pulled the T-shirt and slacks out of storage, so every time I take a deep breath there's this sharp mothball smell, as if some tiny bug had flown up my nose.

I keep an eye out on both sides and walk at a slow, even pace, stopping from time to time to call the cat's name in a stage whisper.

The houses that sandwich the lane are of two distinct types, and they blend together no better than liquids of two different specific gravities. There are the old houses with big back yards, then the newer ones that have no yards to speak of—scarcely enough room to hang out two lines of laundry. In some places, clothes hang right out over the lane, so I have to inch past rows of still-dripping towels and shirts. I'm so close I can hear a television playing or a toilet flushing inside. I even smell curry cooking in one kitchen.



"Did you like Ike and all that?"

The old homes, by contrast, hardly betray a breath of life. Judiciously placed hedges of juniper and other shrubbery guard against inquisitive eyes, although here and there you glimpse a well-manicured spread. The houses themselves are in all different architectural styles: traditional Japanese houses with long hallways, tarnished copper-roofed early Western-style villas, recently remodelled "modern homes." None of them, though, show a sign of any occupants. No noticeable laundry, either.

Propped up in a corner of one back yard is a lone, withered brown Christmas tree. In another yard lie several childhoods' worth of playthings—a virtual scrap heap of tricycle parts, a ring-toss set, plastic samurai swords, rubber balls, a toy turtle, wooden trucks. One yard has a basketball hoop, another a fine set of garden chairs with a rattan table, its top rain-plastered with lavender magnolia petals.

The vacant house my wife told me about is only a little farther along. The place is a fairly new two-story affair, yet the tight shutters are weatherbeaten and the rusted railings around the upstairs windows seem ready to fall off. In the smallish yard stands a stone figure of a bird with spread wings atop a chest-high pedestal, surrounded by a thicket of weeds, the taller stalks of goldenrod reaching clear to the bird's feet.

The yard has little else in the way of decorations. Two beat-up old vinyl chaises are parked neatly under the eaves, next to an azalea blazing with ethereally crimson blossoms.

I lean against the low chain-link fence and survey the yard. Just the sort of place a cat would love, but, search as I may, nothing cattish puts in an appearance.

I take a cigarette out of my pocket, light up, and smoke it, leaning on the fence the whole while. A pigeon on a nearby aerial goes on cooing non-stop. Cigarette finished and stamped out on the ground, I go on staring at the shadow of the stone bird, half asleep, hardly even thinking. Gradually I become aware of something—a voice?—filtering into the shadow. Someone seems to be calling me.

I turn around and there, in the yard

opposite, stands a girl of maybe fifteen or sixteen. Petite, with short, straight hair, she's wearing dark sunglasses with amber frames and a light-blue Adidas T-shirt with the sleeves snipped off at the shoulders. Her slender arms are exceedingly well tanned for only May. One hand in her shorts pocket, the other on a low bamboo gate, she props herself up precariously.

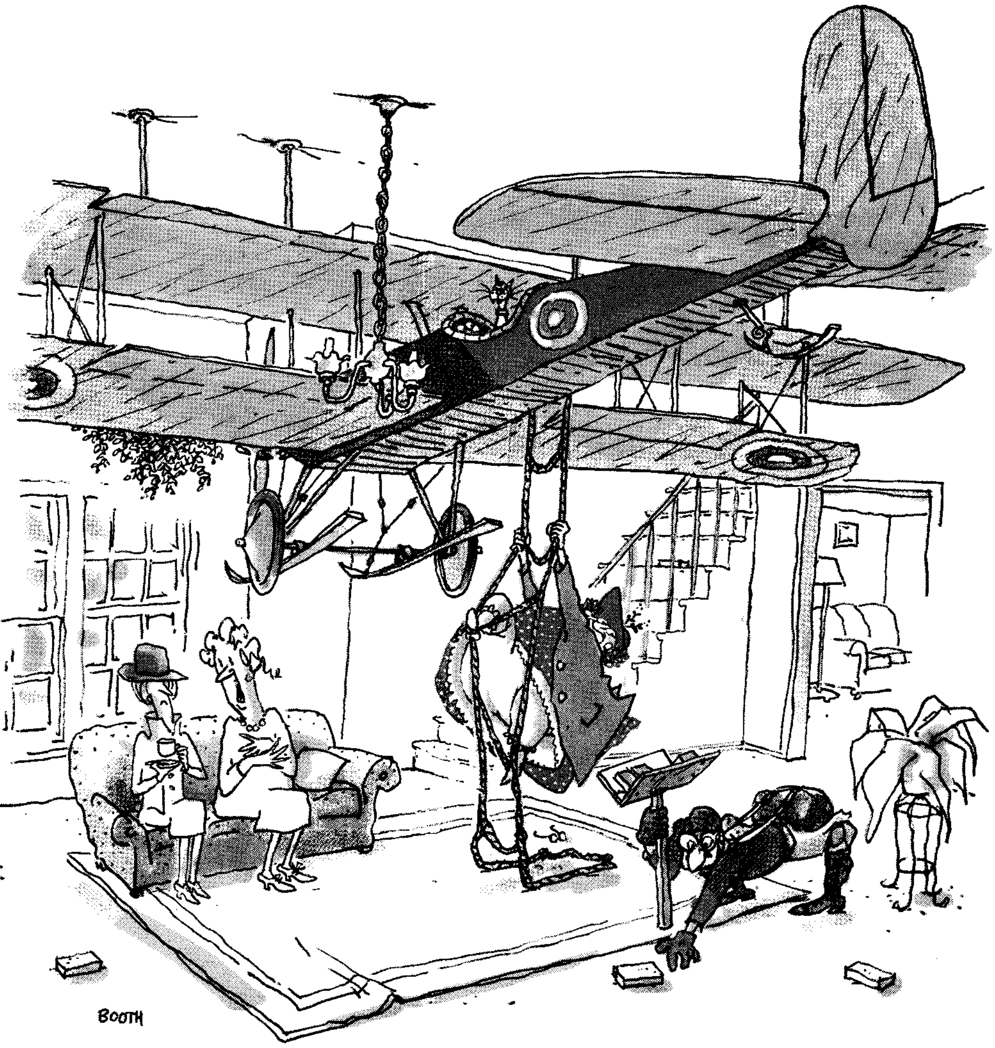
"Hot, huh?" the girl greets me.

"Hot, all right," I echo.

Here we go again, I think. All day long it's going to be females striking up conversations with me.

"Say, you got a cigarette?" the girl asks.

I pull a pack of Hope Regulars out of my pocket and offer it to her. She withdraws her hand from her shorts, extracts a cigarette from the pack, and examines it a second before putting it to her mouth. Her mouth is small, with the slightest hint of a curl to her upper lip. I strike a match and give her a light. She leans forward, revealing an ear. A fresh, well-formed, soap-smooth, pretty ear, its delicate outline glistening with a tracery of fine hairs.



"All Vangundy is or ever shall be he owes to his mother."

She parts her lips in the center with an accomplished air and lets out a satisfied puff of smoke, then looks up at me as if she's suddenly remembered something. I see my face split into two reflections in her sunglasses. The lenses are so hideously dark—and mirror-coated, besides—that there's no way to make out her eyes.

"You from the neighborhood?" the girl asks.

"Yeah," I reply, and am about to point toward my house, only I can't really tell the right direction, what with all those odd turns getting here. So—what's the difference—I simply point any which way.

"What've you been up to over there?"

"I'm looking for a cat. It's been missing three or four days now," I explain, wiping a sweaty palm on my slacks. "Someone said they saw the cat around here."

"What kind of cat?"

"A big tom. Brown stripes, a slight kink at the end of its tail."

"Name?"

". . . Name?"

"The cat's. It has a name, no?" she says, peering into my eyes from behind her sunglasses—at least, I think she is.

"Noboru," I reply. "Noboru Watanabe."

"Fancy name for a cat."

"It's my brother-in-law's name. My wife's little joke. Says it somehow reminds her of him."

"Like how?"

"The way it moves. Its walk, the sleepy look in its eyes. Little things."

Only then does the girl smile. And as she lets down her façade I can see she's much more of a child than she looked at first. The quirky curl of her upper lip shoots out at a strange angle.

Stroking, I could swear I heard someone say. The voice of that telephone woman, not the girl's voice. I wipe the sweat from my brow with the back of my hand.

"A brown-striped cat with a kink in the end of its tail, huh?" the girl reconfirms. "Wearing a collar?"

"A black flea collar."

The girl gives it a cool ten-, fifteen-second think, hand still resting on the gate. Then she flicks the stub of her cigarette to the ground by my shoe.

"Stamp that out for me? I got bare feet."

I conscientiously grind it out under the sole of my tennis shoe.

"That cat—I think I just may have seen it," she says guardedly. "I didn't get as far as noticing the tip of the tail, but yes, there was a brown tiger. Big, probably wearing a collar."

"When did you see it?"

"Yeah, when was that? I'm sure I must've seen it lots of times. I'm out here in the yard nearly every day sunbathing, so one day just blends into the

SMALL MERCIES

From where I stand I can see the chipmunk
scrabbling at dead leaves, the blond girl
reaching to touch, just kissed, her boy's
tilted face, the laboring geese going over
with the south in grain, sparing
no migrant eye for the squashed rabbit, the fox's
broken neck, the wounded deer waiting for snow.

Light brings the baby back, her moonstruck
moans and drowsy humming. The groundhog
fattens into winter, and the lost boy
comes groping to show me again at sunset
on Menemsha Bay how he bends, picks, leans
a little to one side and skips a stone over
blazing water: it dances, dripping fire, hissing
and clicking, sinking into a huge silence.

Here at home gruel-colored sunlight
smears the metal fence, a line of laundry
shines like four November ghosts
hanging out where the neighbors' cats
are killing the springy wind-quick
fallen leaves. When darkness seeps
around the house, I stand on the steps
and see through the lit window mother and child
smile at one another and for a moment
there's a risk that joy will
show my bones up. In plain daylight

I see the winter leaf would fall
as the plummet falls if the bracing air
didn't drive it to distraction, to an afterlife
of plunges and reluctance, second thoughts and
hesitations all the way down. I'm trying
to find a place for the beautiful
evasions of the body: the way

that purple finch, for example, dodges
in open acres of air the falcon's
right hook and talon; or how the crow
shrugs his bones and shakes his feathers
so a jet-black back flashes and
flings off small throbbing splashes
of light. I've seen it all
before, not knowing
what I was seeing: a world of forms
bursting into flames in front of me, sudden espousals
of air and solid matter. And it is there too

in the wavering tall walls of mist
rising off snow in a sudden thaw, the cold
heart of things being taken by surprise: this
is the beginning of bodies and their end—
the way, in spite of solid flesh, we would
dissolve in one another. And is at last
a lonesome gathering of ghosts
in the open: like a dumbfounded
family of refugees they hover
around and around one another, turning and
touching and whispering before they go.

—EAMON GRENNAN

• •

rest. But, anyway, it'd have to be within the last three or four days. The yard's a cat shortcut, all kinds of cats scooting through all the time. They come out of the Kinoshitas' hedge there, cut across our yard, and head into the Miyawakis' yard."

Saying that, she points over at the vacant house.

"Thanks for the tip," I tell her.

"Hey, listen, why not come into the yard here and wait? All the cats pass this way, anyhow. And besides, if you keep snooping around over there, somebody's going to mistake you for a burglar and call the cops. Wouldn't be the first time."

"But I can't just hang around waiting for a cat in somebody else's yard."

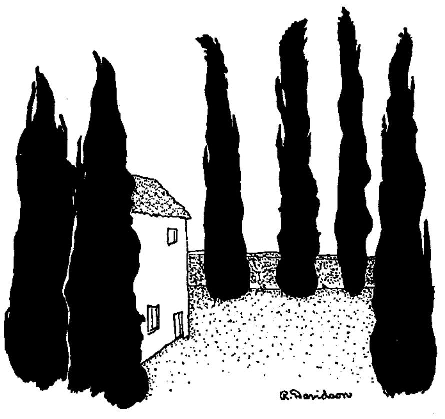
"Sure *you* can. Like, it's no big deal. Nobody's home, and it's really boring without someone to talk to. Why don't we just get some sun, the two of us, until the cat shows up? I've got sharp eyes, I'd be a real help."

I look at my watch. Two-thirty-six. All I've got left to do today is take in the laundry and fix dinner.

"Well, O.K., I'll stay until three o'clock," I say, still not really grasping the situation.

I open the gate and step in, following the girl across the grass, and only then do I notice that she's dragging her left leg slightly. The girl's tiny shoulders sway with the periodic rhythm of a crank grinding mechanically to the left. She stops a few steps ahead of me and signals for me to walk alongside her.

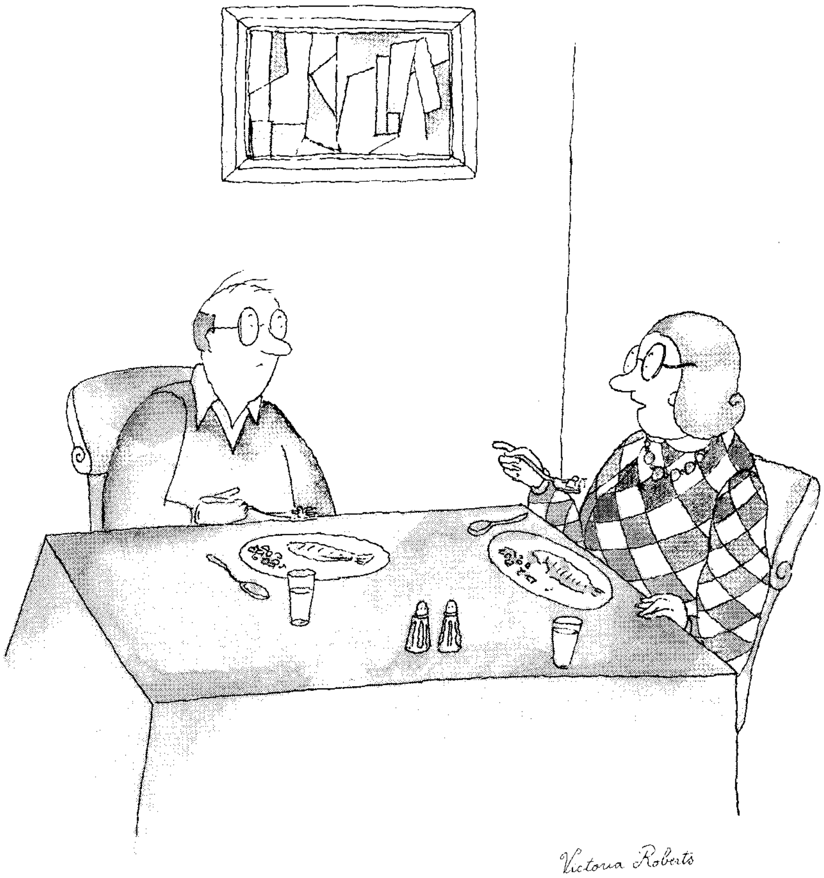
"Had an accident last month," the girl says simply. "I was riding on the back of someone's motorcycle and got thrown off. My luck."



Two canvas deck chairs are set out in the middle of the grass. A big blue towel is draped over the back of one; on the other there's a red-and-white Marlboro box, an ashtray, and a lighter, tossed together with a large radio–cassette player and some magazines. The radio is on low, playing an unidentifiable hard-rock group.

She removes the clutter to the grass and tells me to sit down, switching off the music. From the seat I get a clear view of the passage and the vacant house beyond. I can even see the white stone bird. I bet she's been watching me from here the whole time.

The yard is large and unpretentious. The grass sweeps down a gentle slope, with plants here and there. To the left of our deck chairs is a sizable concrete pond, which obviously hasn't seen much use lately: drained of water, it presents a greenish discolored bottom to the sun, like some overturned aquatic creature. The elegant bevelled-stone façade of an old Western-style house



"Peas and carrots, peas and carrots, always together . . . but are they really happy?"

• •

poses behind a stand of trees to the rear, neither very large nor all that luxurious. Only the yard is of any size or shows any real upkeep.

"I used to work part-time for a lawn-mowing service," I say.

"Oh yeah?" says the girl without much interest.

"Must be hard work maintaining a yard this big," I comment, looking around me.

"Don't you have a yard?"

"Just a little one. Two, three hydrangeas, that's about it," I say. "You alone here all the time?"

"Yeah, you got it. Daytime I'm always alone. Mornings and evenings a maid comes around, otherwise I'm alone. Say, how about a cold drink? There's beer."

"No, I'm fine."

"Really? Like, it's easy."

"I'm not thirsty," I say. "Don't you go to school?"

"Don't you go to work?"

"No work to go to," I confess.

"Unemployed?"

"Kind of. I quit."

"What sort of work were you doing?"

"Lawyer's gofer," I say, taking a slow, deep breath to cut the talk. "Collecting papers from city-hall and other government offices, filing materials, checking case precedents, taking care of court procedures, busywork like that."

"But you quit?"

"Correct."

"Your wife work?"

"She does," I say.

I take out a cigarette and put it to my mouth, strike a match, and light up. The windup bird screeches from a nearby tree. A good twelve or thirteen turns of the mainspring, then it flits off to another tree.

"Cats are always going past there," the girl remarks apropos of nothing, pointing over at the edge of the grass in front. "See that incinerator behind the Kinoshitas' hedge? Well, they come out from right next to it, run all the way across, duck under the gate, and make for the yard over there. Always the same route . . . Say, you know Mr. Kinoshita? College professor, on TV all the time?"

"I hardly ever watch TV," I say.

"Horrible family," the girl sneers. "Stuck up, the whole lot of them. TV people are all a bunch of phonies. Well, I suppose there's some decent ones, but mostly they're not my type. Now, the Miyawakis, they were O.K. people. She was nice. And Mr. Miyawaki, he ran two or three family restaurants."

"What happened to them?"

"Don't know," said the girl, tapping the end of a cigarette. "Probably owed money. Been gone two years now, I guess. Dropped everything and just left. The cats just keep multiplying. Mom's always complaining."

"Are there that many cats?"

She puts the cigarette to her lips and flicks her lighter. Then nods. "All kinds of cats. Some losing their fur, even a one-eyed cat . . . big lump of flesh where the eye was. Gross, huh?"

"Gross," I concur.

"I've got a cousin with six fingers. A girl, a little older than me. She has this baby pinkie right beside her real one. Always keeps it neatly folded under, so you can barely tell. A real pretty girl."

"Hmm," I say.

"You think stuff like that's hereditary? Like, you know . . . runs in the blood?"

"I couldn't tell you," I say.

The girl says nothing for the moment. I smoke my cigarette and train my eyes on the cat path. Not a single cat has shown the whole time.

"Hey, you sure you don't want a drink? I'm going to get a cola," says the girl.

"No thanks," I tell her.

The girl gets up from her deck chair and disappears into the shade, dragging her leg. Meanwhile, I pick up one of the magazines lying by my feet and flip through the pages. To my surprise it's a men's monthly. The center spread has a woman sitting in an unnatural pose, legs wide apart, so you can see her pubic hair through a sheer body stocking. Never a dull moment, I think, and put the magazine back where I found it, then fold my arms across my chest and redirect my gaze toward the cat path.

After what seems like ages, the girl returns, glass of cola in hand. She's shed her Adidas T-shirt for a bikini top. It's a small bra, with strings in back, that shows off the full shape of her breasts.

It's one hot afternoon. Just from my lying there in the sun on the deck chair, my gray T-shirt is blotched dark with sweat.

"Tell me, suppose you found out the girl you liked had a sixth finger, what would you do?" the girl goes on.

"I'd sell her to the circus," I say.

"Really?"

"Just kidding. I probably wouldn't mind."

"Even if there's the possibility of passing it on to your kids?"

I give it some thought.

"I don't think I'd mind. One finger too many's no big deal."

"What about if she had four breasts?"

I think it over awhile. "I don't know," I say.

Four breasts? This conversation's going nowhere fast, so I decide to change the subject.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen," the girl answers. "Just turned sixteen. Freshman in high school."

"But you're taking time off from school."

"Can't walk too much before my leg starts to hurt. Got a gash right by my eye, too. It's a pretty straight school; no telling what kind of trouble I'd be in if they found out I hurt myself falling off a motorcycle . . . which is why I just said I'm out sick. I can take a whole year off if I want. I'm in no big hurry to graduate."

"Hmm" is all I can say.

"But anyway, back to what we were talking about—you said you thought it was O.K. to marry a girl with six fingers, but four breasts turned you off."

"I didn't say it turned me off, I just said I didn't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"I can't quite picture it."

"But you can picture a sixth finger."

"Sort of."

"What's the difference? Six fingers or four breasts?"

Once again, I give the matter some thought, but can't begin to think of how to explain.

"Tell me, do I ask too many questions?" the girl asks, peering into my eyes from behind her sunglasses.

"You been told that?" I ask back.

"Sometimes."

"Nothing wrong with asking questions. Makes the other person think."

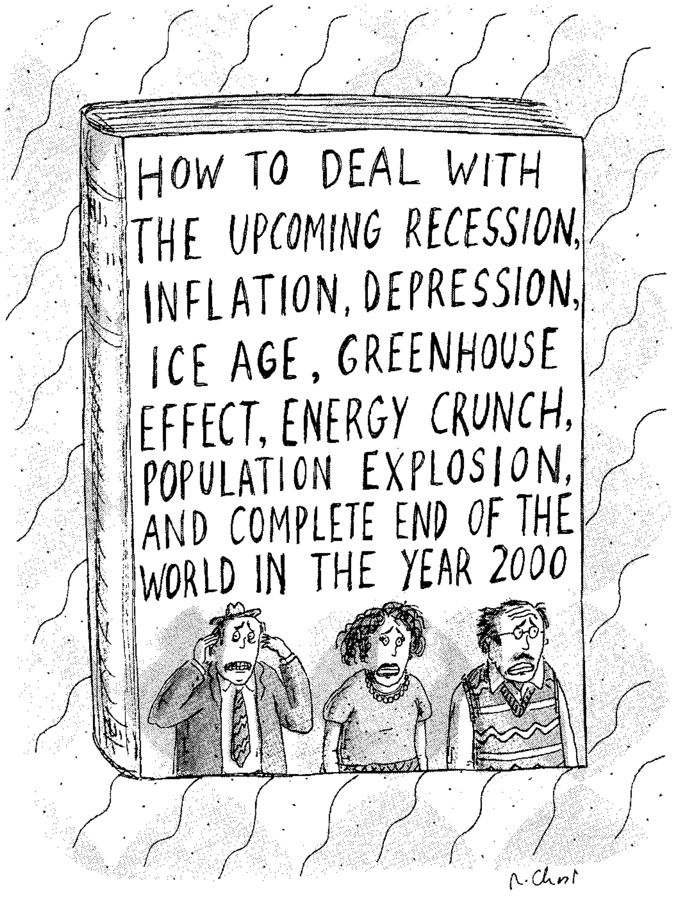
"Not most people," she says, looking at the tips of her toes. "Everyone just gives the usual nothing answers."

I shake my head vaguely, and turn my gaze onto the cat path. What the hell am I doing here? Not one lousy cat has come past here yet.

I shut my eyes for twenty or thirty seconds, arms folded across my chest. Lying there, eyes closed, I can feel the sweat bead up over different parts of my body—on my forehead, under my nose, around my neck. The slightest sensations, as if tiny moistened feathers had floated into place here and there. My T-shirt clings to my chest like a drooping flag in the doldrums. The sunlight has a curious weight as it seeps into me. I can hear the tinkling of ice as the girl jiggles her cola glass.

"Go to sleep if you want. I'll wake you up if I see your cat," the girl whispers.

I nod silently with eyes closed.


HOW TO DEAL WITH THE UPCOMING RECESSION, INFLATION, DEPRESSION, ICE AGE, GREENHOUSE EFFECT, ENERGY CRUNCH, POPULATION EXPLOSION, AND COMPLETE END OF THE WORLD IN THE YEAR 2000

For the time being there isn't a sound. The pigeon and the windup bird must have gone off somewhere. Not a breeze, not even a car starting. The whole while I'm thinking about the voice on the telephone. *What if I really did know the woman?*

Yet I can't recall any such woman. She's just not there or she's long departed from my consciousness. Only her long, long shadow trailing across my path, a vision from de Chirico. An endless ringing in my ears.

"Hey, you asleep?" comes the girl's voice, so faint it's almost no voice at all.

"No," I answer.

"Can I get closer? It's easier for me to talk in a whisper."

"Go right ahead," I say, eyes still closed.

I listen as the girl slides her deck chair alongside mine, hear the dry clack of wooden frames touching.

Strange, I think, the girl's voice with my eyes closed sounds completely different from her voice with my eyes open. What's come over me? This has never happened to me before.

"Can I talk some?" the girl asks. "I'll be real quiet. You don't have to answer; you can even fall right asleep anytime."

"Sure," I say.

"Death. People dying. It's all so fascinating," the girl begins.

She's whispering right by my ear, so the words enter my body in a warm, moist stream of breath.

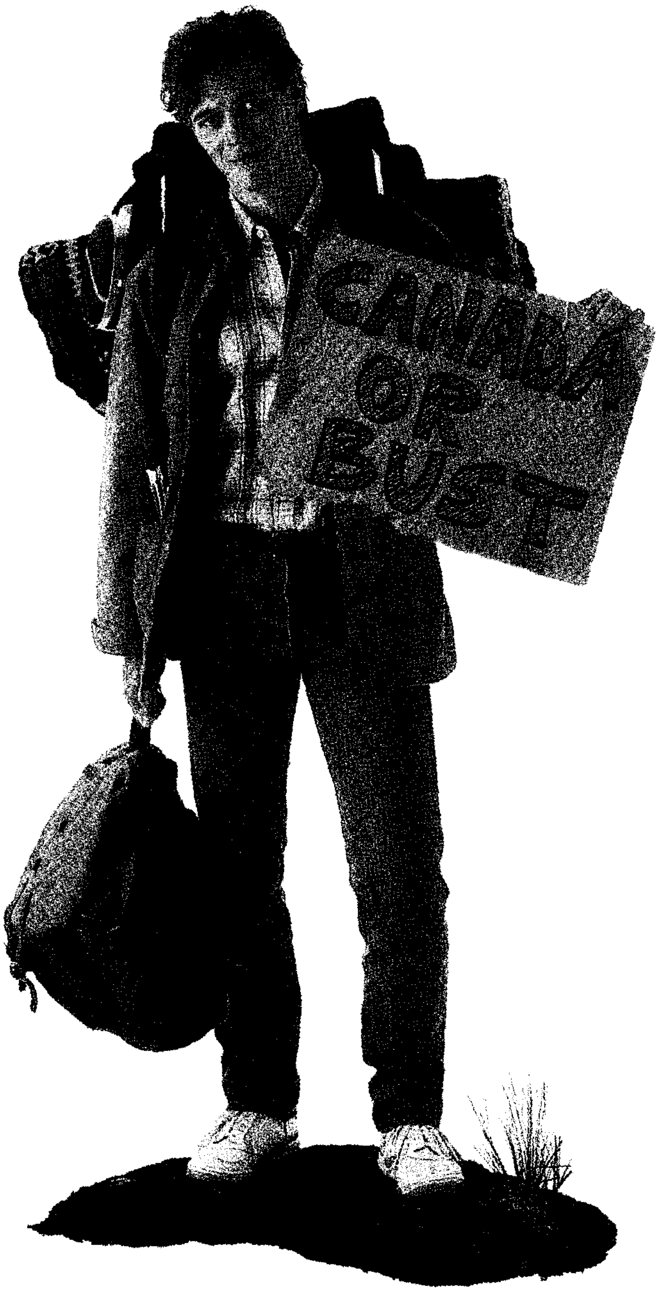
"What do you mean?" I ask.

The girl places a one-finger seal over my lips. "No questions," she says. "I don't want to be asked anything right now. And don't open your eyes, either. O.K.?"

I give a nod as indistinct as her voice.

She removes her finger from my lips and the same finger now travels to my wrist.

"I think about what it would be like to cut the thing open with a scalpel. Not the corpse, the lump of death itself. There's got to



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be something like that in there somewhere, I just know it. Dull like a softball—and pliable—a paralyzed tangle of nerves. I'd like to lift it out of the dead body and cut it open. I'm always thinking about it. Imagining what it'd be like inside. It'd probably be all gummy, like toothpaste that cakes up inside the tube, you know? That's O.K., don't answer. All gooey around the outside, getting tougher further in. That's why the first thing I'd do once I cut through the outer skin is scoop out all the glop, and there inside, where it starts to firm up, would be this teeny little core. Like a super-hard ball bearing."

The girl gives a couple of short coughs. "Lately, it's all I think about. Probably 'cause I've got so much free time every day. If I have nothing to do, my thoughts just wander. . . . I get so far off in my thoughts it's hard to find my way back."

At this the girl takes her finger from my wrist to drink the rest of her cola. I can tell from the empty-glass sound of the ice.

"It's O.K.," she goes on. "I'm keeping an eye out for the cat. Don't worry. As soon as I see Noboru Watanabe, I'll let you know. So you can keep your eyes closed. Noboru Watanabe's bound to come walking through here any minute now. I mean, all the cats take the same route, so he's got to show up. Let's just imagine while we wait. . . . Like, Noboru Watanabe's getting closer, closer. He's coming through the grass, sneaking under a fence, stopping and sniffing the flowers, getting closer every minute. Try and picture him."

I play along and try to see the cat in my mind's eye, but it's all I can do to conjure up the most blurry backlit snapshot of a cat—the bright sun burns through my eyelids and scatters any dark areas of the image. On top of which, no matter how hard I try, I just can't recall the little fur face with any accuracy. My Noboru Watanabe is a failed portrait, somehow distorted and unnatural. Only the quirks are there; the basics are missing. I can't even remember how he walked.

The girl places her finger on my wrist once more, and this time she draws a pattern—some odd, vague diagram. As she traces it on my wrist I feel an entirely new kind of darkness infiltrating my mind. I must be falling asleep, I think. Not that I'm particularly sleepy, but something tells me I can't hold out against the inevitable. My body feels unaccountably heavy in the soft canvas curve of the deck chair.

In the gathering darkness a clear image of Noboru Watanabe's four feet comes into my head: four quiet brown paws with rubbery pads on the soles. Without a sound, they go traipsing over the terrain.

What terrain? Where?

I have no idea.

Could it be that you have a fatal blind spot somewhere? says the woman softly.

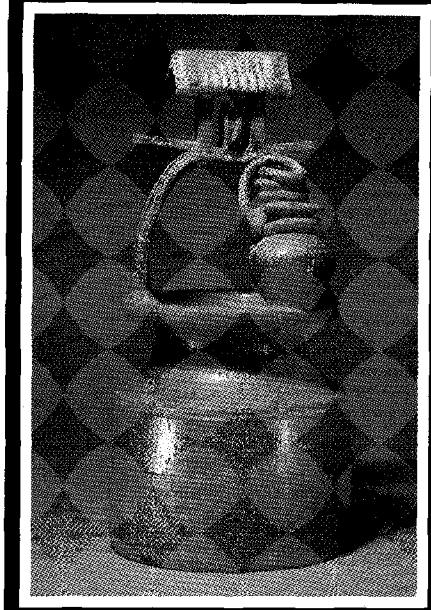
I awake to find I'm alone. Gone is the girl from the deck chair nestled next to mine. The towel and cigarettes and magazines are there, but the cola and radio-cassette player have disappeared.

The sun is slanting westward and I'm up to my ankles in the shade of the pine trees. The hands of my watch point to three-forty. I shake my head a few times as if I were rattling an empty can, get up from the chair, and take a look around. Everything looks the same as when I first saw it: big lawn, dried-up pond, hedge, stone bird, goldenrod, TV aerial, no cat. No girl, either.

I plunk myself down on a shady patch of grass and run my palm over the green turf, one eye on the cat path while I wait for the girl to return. Ten minutes later, there's still no sign of cat or girl. Or of anything moving around. I'm stumped for my next move. I feel like I must have aged a century in my sleep.

I stand up again and glance over at the house, but there's no hint of anyone about. Only the western sun glaring off the bay window. There's nothing to do but cut across the grass into the lane and beat it home. So I didn't find the cat. Well, at least I tried.

BACK home, I take in the dry laundry and throw together a simple meal. Then I collapse on the living-room floor, my back against the wall, to read the evening paper. At five-thirty the telephone rings twelve times, but I don't pick up. After the ringing has died away, a lingering hollowness hovers about the room like drifting dust in the gloom. Suspended between panes of glass, the hands of the clock on the television mark off the passing time. A regular windup toy of a world this is, I think. Once a day the windup bird



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has to come and wind the world's springs. Alone in this fun house, only I am growing old, a pale softball of death swelling inside me. Yet even as I sleep somewhere between Saturn and Uranus, windup birds everywhere are busy at work fulfilling their appointed task.

I consider writing a poem about the windup bird. But no first line comes. Besides, I find it hard to believe that high-school girls would be terribly thrilled by a poem about the windup bird. They don't even know any such thing exists.

It's seven-thirty when my wife comes home.

"Sorry, I had to work late," she says. "I had the damnedest time tracking down one pupil's tuition record. The assistant is so dumb, I have to do everything."

"Never mind," I say. Then I step into the kitchen, pan-fry fish in butter, and prepare salad and miso soup. Meanwhile my wife reads the evening paper at the kitchen table.

"Say, weren't you home at five-thirty?" she asks. "I tried calling to tell you I'd be a little late."

"I ran out of butter and went out to buy some," I lie.

"Did you remember to go to the bank?"

"Natch," I reply.

"How about the cat?"

"Not a trace."

"Oh," says the wife.

I emerge from an after-dinner bath to find my wife sitting all alone in the darkened living room. I throw on a gray shirt and fumble through the dark to reach the place where she's dumped herself like a piece of luggage. She looks utterly forsaken. If only she'd dropped in some other spot.

Drying my hair with a bath towel, I take a seat on the sofa opposite her.

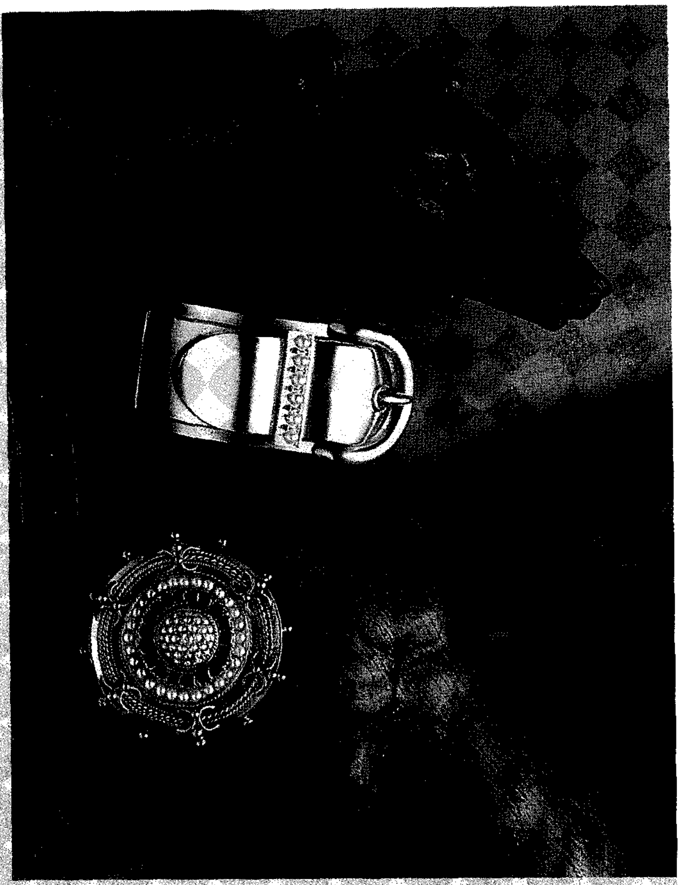
"What's the matter?" I ask.

"The cat's dead, I just know it," my wife says.

"Oh, c'mon," I protest. "He's just off exploring. Soon enough he'll get hungry and come on back. The same thing happened once before, remember? That time when we were still living in Koenji—"

"This time it's different. I can feel it. The cat's dead and rotting away in the weeds. Did you search the grass in the yard of the vacant house?"

"Hey now, stop it. It may be a vacant house, but it's somebody else's



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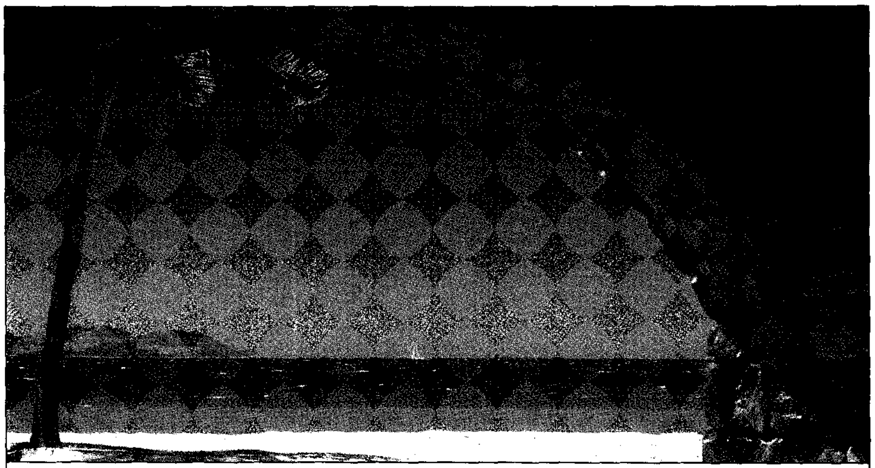

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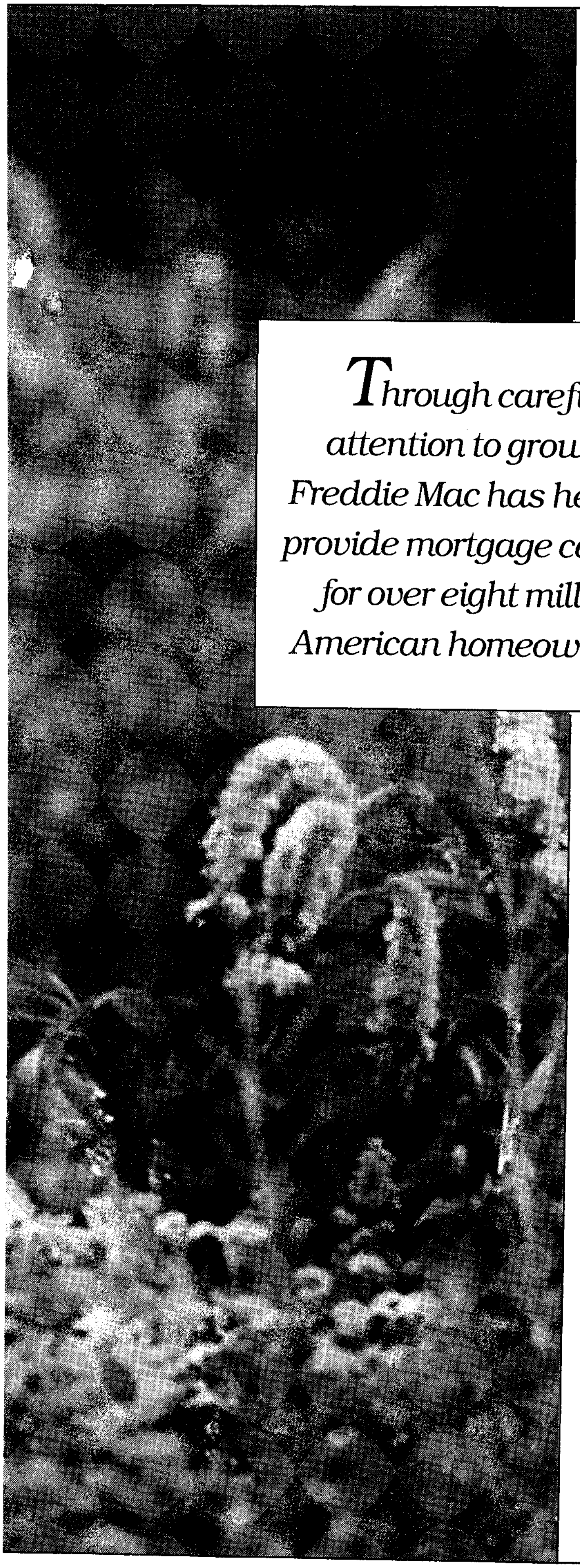

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house. I'm not about to go trespassing."

"You killed it!" my wife accuses me.

I heave a sigh, and give my hair another once-over with the towel.

"You killed it with that look of yours!" she repeats from the darkness.

"Where do you get that?" I say. "The cat disappeared all by itself. It's not my fault. That much you've got to see."

"You! You never liked that cat anyway!"

"O.K., maybe so," I admit. "I wasn't as crazy about the cat as you were. Still, I fed it every day. Just because I wasn't enthralled with the little bugger doesn't mean I killed it. Start like that, and I end up having killed half the people on earth."

"Well, that's you all over," my wife delivers her verdict. "That's just so you. Always, always that way. You kill everything without ever moving a finger."

I'm about to object when she bursts into tears. I can the speech and toss the towel into the bathroom basket, go to the kitchen, take a beer out of the refrigerator, and chug it. What an impossible day it's been! One impossible day of an impossible month of an impossible year.

Noboru Watanabe, where have you gone? I think. Did the windup bird stop winding your spring?

It's a regular poem:

Noboru Watanabe
Where have you gone?
Did the windup bird
Stop winding your spring?

I'm halfway through my beer when the telephone begins to ring.

"Get that, will you?" I shout into the living-room darkness.

"No way! You get it yourself," says my wife.

"I don't want to get it," I say.

No one answers, and it keeps on ringing. The ringing stirs up the loose dust floating in the dark. Neither my wife nor I ventures one word. Me drinking my beer, her sobbing away. Twenty-four rings before I lose count and just let the thing ring. You can't keep counting forever.

—HARUKI MURAKAMI

(*Translated, from the Japanese, by Alfred Birnbaum.*)

•

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THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME

ANGOON is a shacky, tenacious, remote, and defiant little frontier speck of an Indian town on Admiralty Island, in southeast Alaska. It is surrounded by wilderness. Convocations of eagles turn and circle above it like figures in a mobile. When they land on the long, springy branches of a spruce or a hemlock or a cedar or a pine, the branches shake, and all the other birds leave. You can walk up close then and stare at the eagles, and they will stare back at you. The look in their eyes is kind of mad and impatient and half-witted. Their feet and beaks are the color of the yellow on the shaft of a pencil. From a distance, their bodies blend with the body of the tree, so that all you see of them is their white heads, like light bulbs. In the spring, when the herring are running, there are more bald eagles on Admiralty Island than in all forty-nine other states. Some of the eagles stay around all year. When the fishermen catch bullheads or black bass or rockfish, or some other fish they don't care to keep, they leave the fish floating for the eagles. Sometimes an eagle launches itself and soars into the air until it is just a tiny, wheeling stick-figure cross against the sky, and then returns and strikes a cat on the beach in front of the town.

Admiralty Island is ninety-six miles long and thirty miles wide at its widest part, it has seven hundred and twenty miles of coastline, and Angoon is the only town on it. Approximately six hundred and thirty people live there; according to the phone book, sixty-seven have phones. Most of the people are Tlingit—which is properly pronounced "Thleen-git" but more commonly "Klink-kit"—and are stubborn enough in their resolve to preserve their ancestral ways that Angoon is often referred to as the last outpost of Tlingit culture. The town is built on a small spit of land. At its narrowest point there is room for four or five houses, built end to end and almost as close as the cars on a train. On one side of the spit, the west, are the long perspectives of water that are Chatham Strait, with the mountains of Baranof and Chichagof Islands beyond. On the east is an inlet splitting into channels leading inland. The Tlingit knew their way around the channels, and knew the oddities of the tides, and had no fear of an attack from the water. Looking at the placement of Angoon on a map, one sometimes feels that it is as if the Indians who settled it had sought out the most isolated, backs-to-the-wall, they-can-come-at-us-from-only-one-end place to put up their town. North of Angoon is a small woods, perhaps half a mile of it, and then water. The Tlingit, while brave to the point of fearlessness, were also obsessed spirit thinkers, and the idea that the woods were full of crafty, witching, and sinister forces made a lot of sense to them. Also, they didn't care much for bears. Sometimes one hears that Angoon is where it is because bears could get at it from only one side.

The older section of town describes roughly the shape of an arc. It includes about thirty-five houses. Seen from the strait, they rise in rows up the side of a hill like the rows on the keyboard of a typewriter. Until the middle of the nineteen-seventies, when money from the federal government made it possible to clear land and build houses higher on the hill, above the old town, everyone in Angoon lived in one of the old houses. Most are of simple plank-and-frame construction and are weathered to soft colors or scuffed back to plain wood. Some are built gable end to the water, Tlingit style, and some are sidewise to it. Most have peaked roofs finished with tin, two windows downstairs in the front, with a door between them, and a window upstairs above the door. In the windows of many are children.

The majority of old houses have tribal affiliations. They were built late in the nineteenth century or early in this one and are smaller versions of the houses the Tlingit built in back times. The houses are known by names the Indians gave them to commemorate some aspect of their past or a characteristic of someone who lived in them. Some of the names are Iron Bark House, Springwater House, Killer Whale House, Killer Whale Chasing Seal House, Killer Whale Tooth House, Log Jam House, Mountain Valley House, On Top of the Fort House, End of the Trail House, Middle of the Village House, Bear House, Raven House, and Raven Bones House.

On the front of the Killer Whale House, in the triangle made by the top of the door and under the notch of the roof, are painted two killer whales, in the Tlingit style. Each is about ten feet long. Their heads face away from each other and their tails almost touch above the door. The fins on their backs rise to the top of the upstairs window. They are black and turquoise and red, and match figures that were painted on the housefront in the nineteenth century and later covered over; the present-day

"EXCEPT for the RAW OCTOPUS I really loved NAGOYA."

ANNA CARTER
Newberry, South Carolina

NEWBERRY, SOUTH CAROLINA, is a long way from Nagoya, Japan. But last summer as a guest of the Watanabe family, Anna Carter found the two places were a lot closer than she imagined. "I had an incredible time," she says.

Her Japanese hosts spoke English and were as kind as could be. They sometimes even prepared American style meals just so she wouldn't get homesick.

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But after all, the main idea behind the "Summer in Japan" program is to give young people a chance to experience other cultures.

To live the way other people live, strange customs and all.

Japanese meals can be an adventure for anybody. How did they go down with Anna? Tempura was nice. And teriyaki's tasty. But as for raw fish, especially sea urchins and octopus, well, the less said the better. "Sometimes I'd have given *anything* for a slice of pizza," she laughs.

There were so many fascinating things about the people and the places she visited, though, that she is eager to go back.

"For someone who'd never been outside the U.S., it has really opened my eyes. I made lots of friends, and I'd love to see them again."

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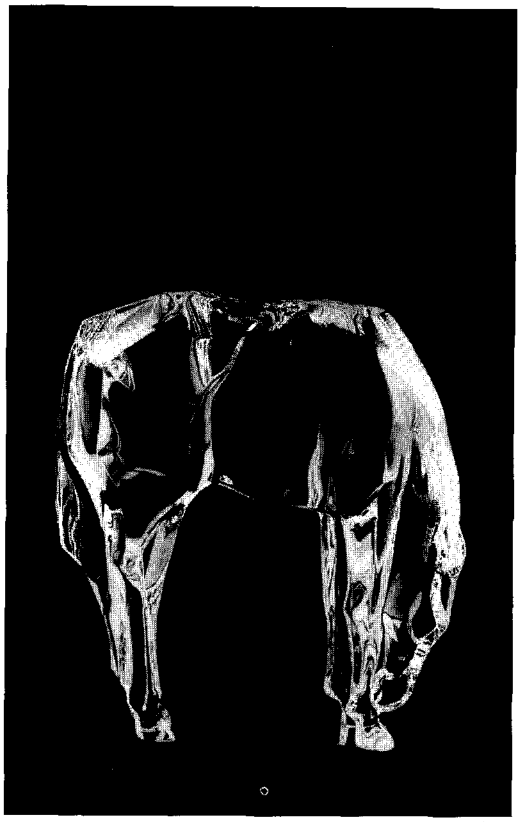

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image was drawn from the outline of the original, which showed faintly through the paint. At one time there were several painted houses in town. All were painted over or had their images removed and taken indoors around 1929 to make Angoon presentable for a meeting of the Alaska Native Brotherhood, an organization created to oppose bad treatment of Indians by white people. Its members believed that the way into the new world was not through the past but by learning to speak English and live and behave like white men.

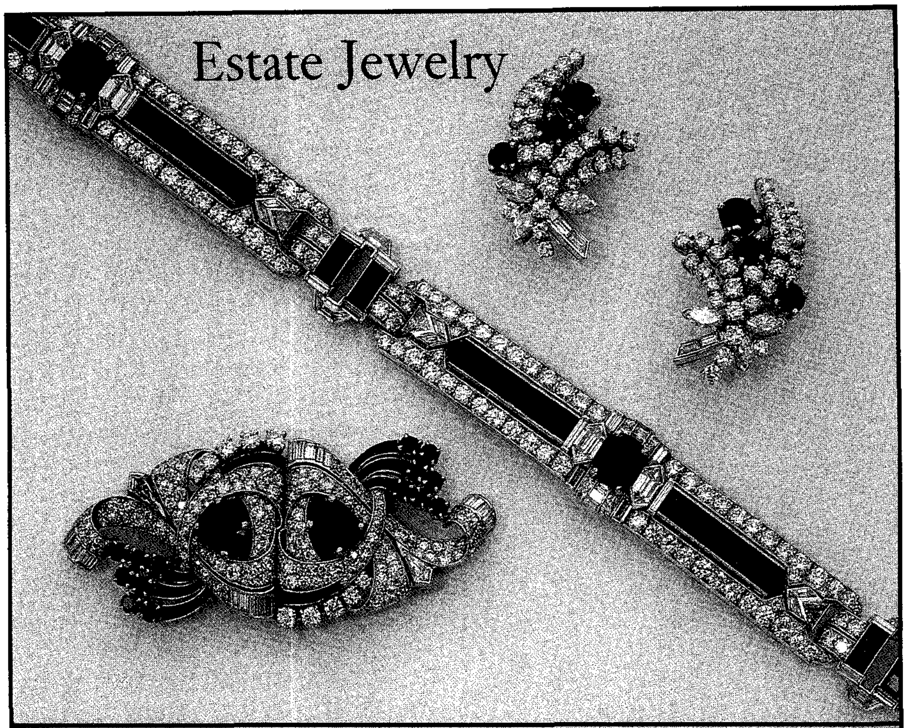
The houses in Angoon rarely come up for sale. Some are tribal property, others have titles that are in dispute. All require a cash sale. Because they have problems with titles, and no foundations, it is not possible to mortgage them. Also, it is costly to insure them, because they catch fire so easily.

THE climate of Admiralty is that of a subarctic rain forest. The woods are so thickly overgrown that it is not possible to walk in them except where trails have been cleared; most people in Angoon have never been to the other side of the island. Around Angoon are a trail about three miles long leading south from the town, through bear territory, to a burial ground and a ferry terminal, and one running northwest about half a mile, not through bear territory, also to a burial ground, and, beyond it, to an outcropping of land called Danger Point. The woods are so damp that it is difficult to start a fire in them. In the nineteenth century, Aleksandr Baranov, the Russian explorer and governor of all Russian activities in North America, tried to burn down the trees around Sitka, about forty-five miles west of Angoon, because they gave protection to the Indians, but had to give up and cut the trees down instead, because he could not make them catch.

The wilderness is mainly hemlock and spruce, among which are concentrations of lodgepole pine and two kinds of cedar—red and yellow. Here and there are a few lowland clearings, called muskegs, filled with grasses and sedges, and below them tidal low grounds called salt chucks. Along the sides and tops of some of the mountains are meadows. Crossing them and winding through the woods are bear trails, which do not look like the paths that deer scuff into the forest floor but are simply one paw print following another in line, the marks of generations of bears walking carefully through the forest in the footprints of their ancestors.

Hundreds of bears inhabit the wilderness. Admiralty has the highest density of bears in America, and it is possible that there may be a thousand or more of them in the forest. The bears are a type of grizzly. They can charge at forty miles an hour. You can often hear them for a long time before they come into view. I saw bears only once in Angoon, in a field beside the road, and my recollection is that they were the size of small mobile homes. The dogs in the town mostly keep them away, but if a bear has any real reason to come to town it will. Sometimes people wake in the morning and see them on the beach.

I went to Angoon for the first time in January, and I went back in April. I rented a room in a lodge that serves hunters and fishermen over the summer. When I spoke to someone there on the phone from New York City and asked how I would find the place, he said it was right next to the airport. I flew from New York to Seattle and on to Juneau, and then boarded a plane on which I was the only passenger. It loaded the mail and some packages and landed about half an hour later on the water of the inlet and coasted up to a dock. I stood a few minutes beside the wilderness with my suitcase, and then a man showed up to collect a package that had come over on the plane. I asked if he knew where the lodge was, and he pointed to a path. The lodge is about a mile from town, along the road that leads to the ferry terminal, at Killisnoo, once an Indian fort, and then, in the nineteenth century, a white man's town that had a whale works and a herring-reduction plant that mainly went out of business around 1915. Killisnoo lingered through several fires, then burned almost completely and, in the nineteen-twenties, was abandoned. The road is about three miles long and is the only road in Angoon. It is bordered on both sides by trees, except for a small stretch by the town highway barn, where one can look into the inlet. The tide there, rising and falling and rushing through the rips, makes a sound like traffic. From the road you can see some rocks on which cormorants stand. As the tide



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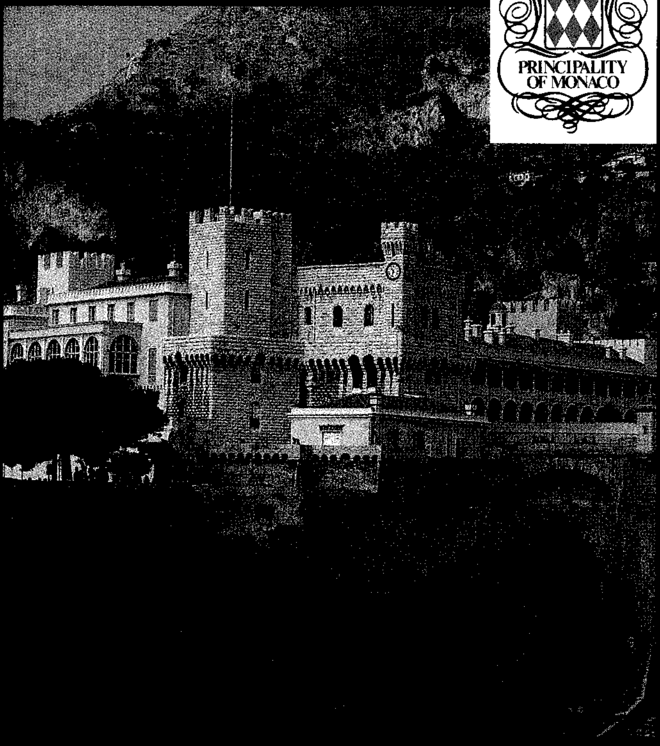

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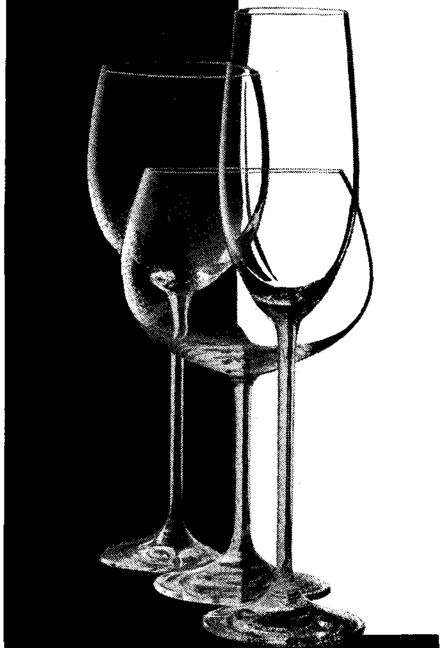

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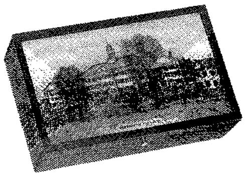

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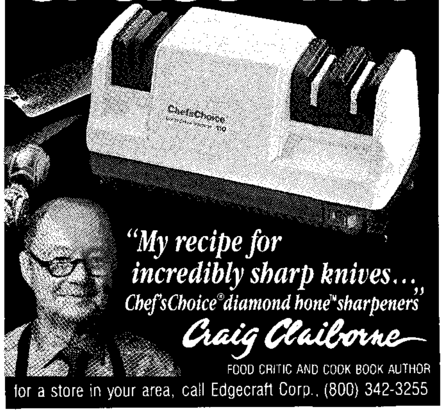

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rises, the cormorants edge closer and closer until all of them are bunched together like a bouquet. The road is made from gravel and dirt. During dry periods, each car is followed by a tail of dust. People drive back and forth along the road for no particular reason except to get out of the house and move around, or to be alone for a while, or to court, or to look at the water, or from nerves and restlessness, or just to feel that they are going somewhere.

In the winter, smoke from the chimneys stays close to the ground and drifts like fog past the windows. The ceiling of the sky is never very far overhead. The tops of the mountains appear and disappear in the clouds. When the tops are covered, the mountains look like plateaus, or as if some kind of abrasion from the sky had sanded them flat. The sun is rarely visible. The sky is almost always white. When the road is full of snow and the crows are crossing the sky, it is like watching black-and-white television. Children ride their bicycles on the frozen road. Crows land on the tin roofs and do a clicky, skidding little dance to get a purchase. They make a hard, ratcheting sound in the backs of their throats, like castanets. Ravens twice the size of the crows strut down the street, stepping aside for cars. The dogs sometimes run up to them and bark in their faces, and the ravens, as big as the dogs, don't even move. Beside the ravens, the crows look like discarded versions of the final design. People sometimes shoot the dogs, for no apparent reason. Not long ago, a family let their dog out and someone shot it, and they bought another and someone shot that one as it sat on their porch.

There is no bank, and no restaurant or bar or café; Angoon is dry. People buy liquor in Sitka or Juneau and bring it over in the trunks of their cars on the ferry. The street through the old part of town is one-way, but no ones knows which way, because a vote has never been taken to decide. On the side of a hill in the center of town are five totem poles.

The beach is a fine, powdery sand that is the color of old copper. Dogs and ravens and gulls and crows leave their prints along the line of the tide. People leave bicycles and old tires and car parts and deer hides and rubber gloves and shoes, one at a time, and bent-up rusted pieces of metal that you can almost but not quite divine the purpose of. The Tlingit at Angoon

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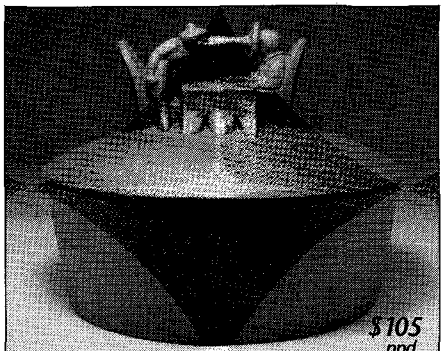

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used to throw their trash on the beach and let the tide take it out—a habit that has not made them popular with archeologists. Every now and then, the tide uncovers one of the old blue glass beads that the Russians used in trade with the Tlingit.

The people I passed on the unpaved streets or in the aisles of the town's only store were neither friendly nor unfriendly. Some were curious at seeing an outsider, some acted as if I were invisible, some responded when I nodded, or waved as they passed in their cars. More than one person, I noticed, wore a T-shirt that had on it the name of the town and a phonetic inscription in a language I did not recognize. Beneath the inscription was the date October 26, 1882. The first person I asked would not tell me what it said, and the second wouldn't, either. The third studied me, then looked away, then looked back and said that what it meant was "The day we suffered for the crime we did not commit."

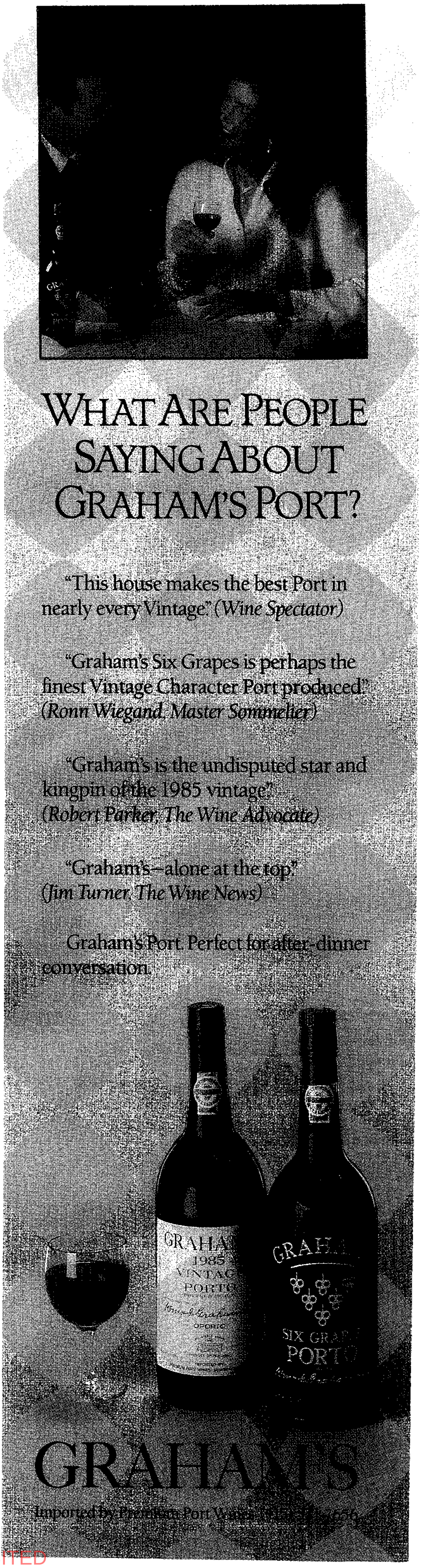
THE name Tlingit denotes a language, not a tribe. Historically, fourteen tribes throughout southeast Alaska spoke Tlingit. The one that settled Angoon was called the Hootsnoowoos, which means "great den of bears" and was spelled a number of ways, including "Hoochinoos" and "Kootznahoos" and "Hootznahoos." The Tlingit occupied the coastline and the riverbanks and, to some extent, the forest along a five-hundred-mile strip of land running from Yakutat Bay, in the north, to just below the Canadian border. There was no alliance among the tribes and no occasion on which all fourteen ever acted together. All considered their society to be divided between two lineages, designated raven and eagle. The lineages—what anthropologists call moieties— are divided into clans. In any Tlingit village are members of a number of clans, but no clan is represented in all. In Angoon today, on the raven side are beaver, sockeye, dog salmon, raven, and also, by marriage, tern, frog, humpback, and coho. On the eagle side are killer whale, eagle, shark, brown bear, wolf, and, by marriage, thunderbird. It is common to place the name of the lineage ahead of the clan, as in raven beaver, or to precede the name of the clan with the name of the town that it comes from, as in Angoon raven, or Kake killer whale.

In past times, clans controlled grounds for hunting and fishing and owned houses. In addition, they possessed artifacts such as hats and masks and robes and dishes and totems and carvings, and also the rights to various legends, dances, and ceremonies pertaining to their background. The Tlingit practice was to fish and hunt only on the grounds belonging to one's lineage. To enter the territory of the other lineage required permission. When the white men arrived, they fished and hunted anywhere they wanted to. The canneries sent their fleets wherever they thought there were fish. The Tlingit had trouble understanding how a civilization supposedly superior to their own could be less honorable.

A village had no formal organization. No clan held rights above any other, except what their wealth and power allowed them to claim, and there were no tribal chiefs—only heads of clan houses. The opposite lineage was responsible to the other for burying its dead. In return, the indebted clan threw a feast, called a potlatch, which long ago involved dances and rituals and speeches and gifts, and became something more edgy and intense after liquor and white men's trading goods became part of it. A Tlingit was allowed to marry a person only from the opposite lineage. Clans today are debased from their former authority, but nearly all Tlingit observe this prohibition. In Angoon, kids sometimes complain that all the attractive prospects belong to their lineage.

Among the clans, the significant line of descent was not the father's but the mother's. A child became a member of his or her mother's clan. The most important man in the life of a boy was his mother's brother, to whom he was apprenticed, and whose legacy he inherited. A boy called his ancestral home "the land of my uncles."

NOT much is known about Angoon before the twentieth century, because not many white people had been there. Also, most of the time when they were, the town was drunk. One man who stopped there in the nineteenth century wrote that he witnessed "a drunken revel of indescribable abandon, during which naked and half-naked men and women dragged themselves about the place." A travelling missionary wrote, "Tuesday we reached Angoon, the chief town of the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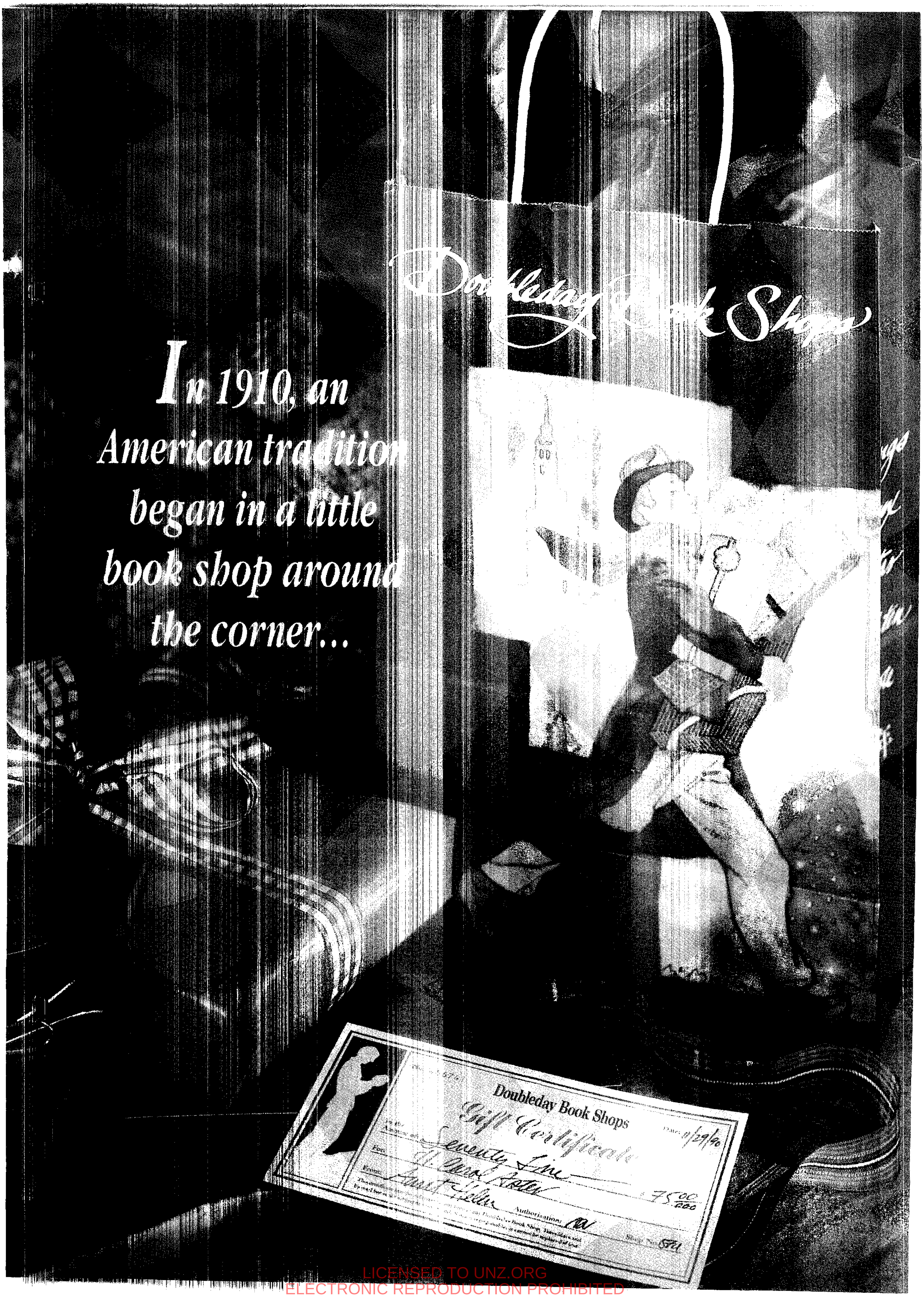
Hootznahoos. It is beautifully situated and has a population of four hundred and ten. But we did not remain long as the whole town was drunk." John Muir, the naturalist, visited Angoon. He wrote that from half a mile away he could hear men and women screaming and yelling and bellowing and grunting and groaning. He described the houses of the town as a "chain of alcoholic volcanoes," and said that it was the first time in his life he had understood the term "howling drunk." People describing the effects of alcohol on the Indians of Alaska often used the term "whiskey howl." A whole town drunk was a "whiskey storm."

The word "hooch" as a term for liquor is derived from the spelling "Hoochinoo." The Hootsnoowoos were taught to make rum by an American soldier named Brown, who married a woman from Angoon and moved there around 1879. Liquor had been introduced to the Tlingit by Russian convicts around 1796; fur traders liked to use it as trade bait, because they noticed they could come to better terms with a drunken Indian. Once the Hootsnoowoos had learned to make it, they spurned liquor in trade; what the white man offered was not strong enough. The ingredients of hoochinoo were sugar, molasses, flour, and anything else fermentable—mainly rice, potatoes, and raisins. The people of Angoon would carry gallons of it in their canoes to Sitka and sell it under the name Hootznoo. The regulations preventing white men from selling liquor to the Indians were put in place before the Indians learned how to make it. Nothing prevented an Indian from walking into a store and buying the ingredients and making it himself.

Hooch was colorless and smelled bad, and, from impatience, the Indians often drank it hot from the still. Trading posts had houses for the Indians to stay in while they did their business. The Hootsnoowoos often got in trouble for bringing liquor to trade, or for moving into the houses and setting up stills and kicking off a drunk. The white people were afraid of drunken Indians, but continued to sell them molasses. They also continued to ban giving or selling them liquor and to profit from offering alternatives. One was a patent medicine called Painkiller, which was a hundred and two proof and about two per cent opium. Painkiller was especially popular in Killisnoo. Empty bottles of it could be found all over its streets, and a gaunt old man there who was addicted to it spent nearly all his time in a stupor and was known as Painkiller. Whenever he was without it, he was said to be dying. Indians desperate to be drunk would also drink bay rum and sometimes perfume. Before the white man, Indians drank only water.

WHEN a Tlingit was about to die, he would sometimes say, "This house is beginning to fill with spirits. They are waiting for me." The Tlingit believed that touching a corpse was dangerous, so when they felt that a sick person was drawing near death they would bathe and dress the person in his or her best clothes. A corpse was removed from a house by means of a door cut usually into the side of the house and sometimes into the back, or through a hole made in the side by removing a plank. A body could never be taken through the front door, because it was felt that the dread mystery of death would then be on the threshold. After the body, a dead dog was thrown through the opening, and then some sand and some ashes. The door was sealed or the plank put back in place to keep the spirit of death from finding its way in. The purpose of the sand was to make a path for the soul on his way to the land of the dead. The purpose of the ashes I wish I knew. The dog had several purposes, each apparently local. In some places, it was thought that the dog confused the ghost believed to be waiting outside to carry the soul to the land of the dead and kept the ghost from harming anyone living; in others, that the spirit of death would inhabit the dog and not be able to return to the house, and that if no dog was taken someone else would be. In others, the dog was meant to protect the dead man as he made his way along the trail to the afterlife. In others, it was thought that the spirit of death had come to inhabit the dog and it must therefore be thrown out of the house, and in others that it would take with it all traces of the disease.

The bodies of the dead were covered with blankets and burned on pyres of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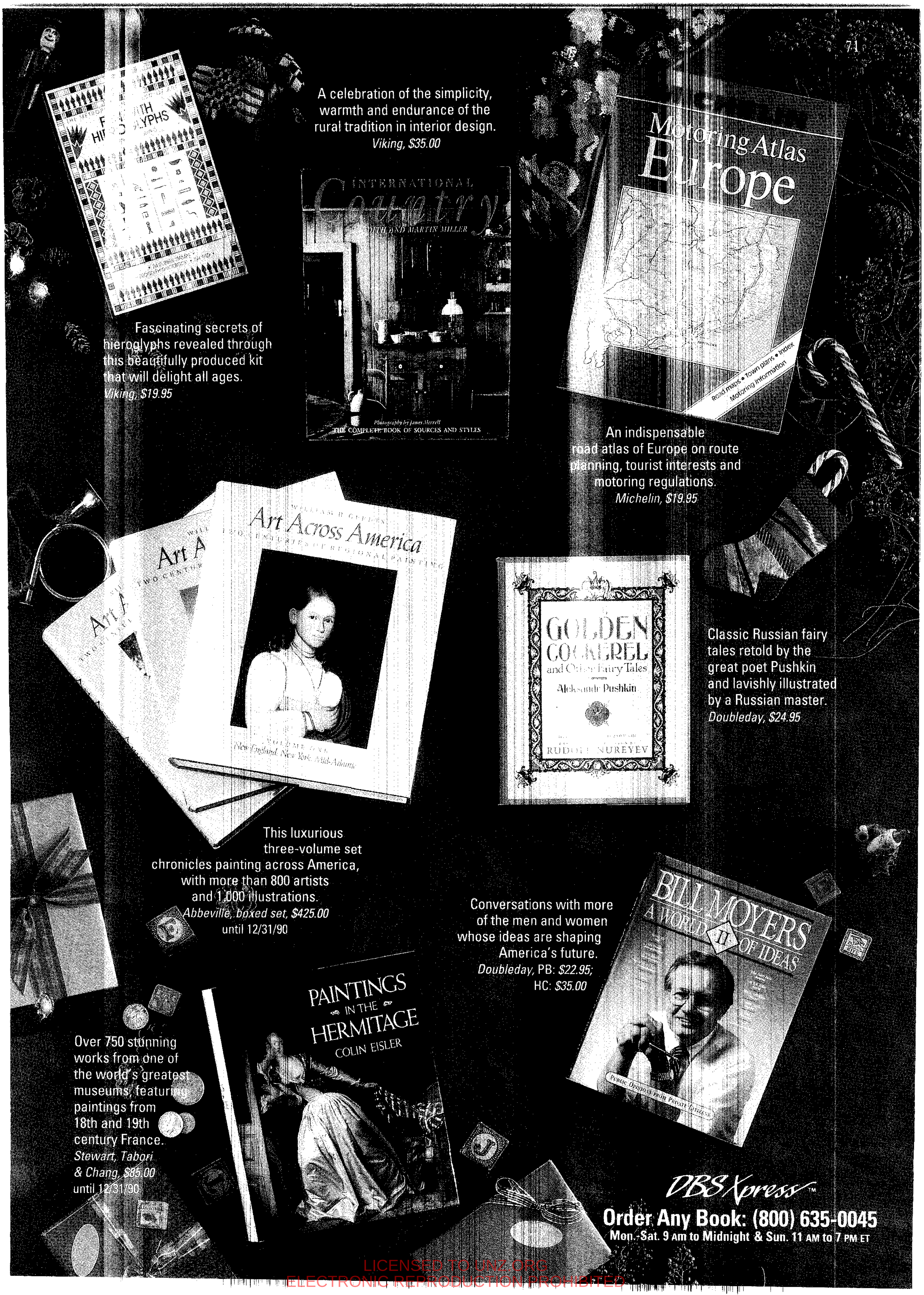
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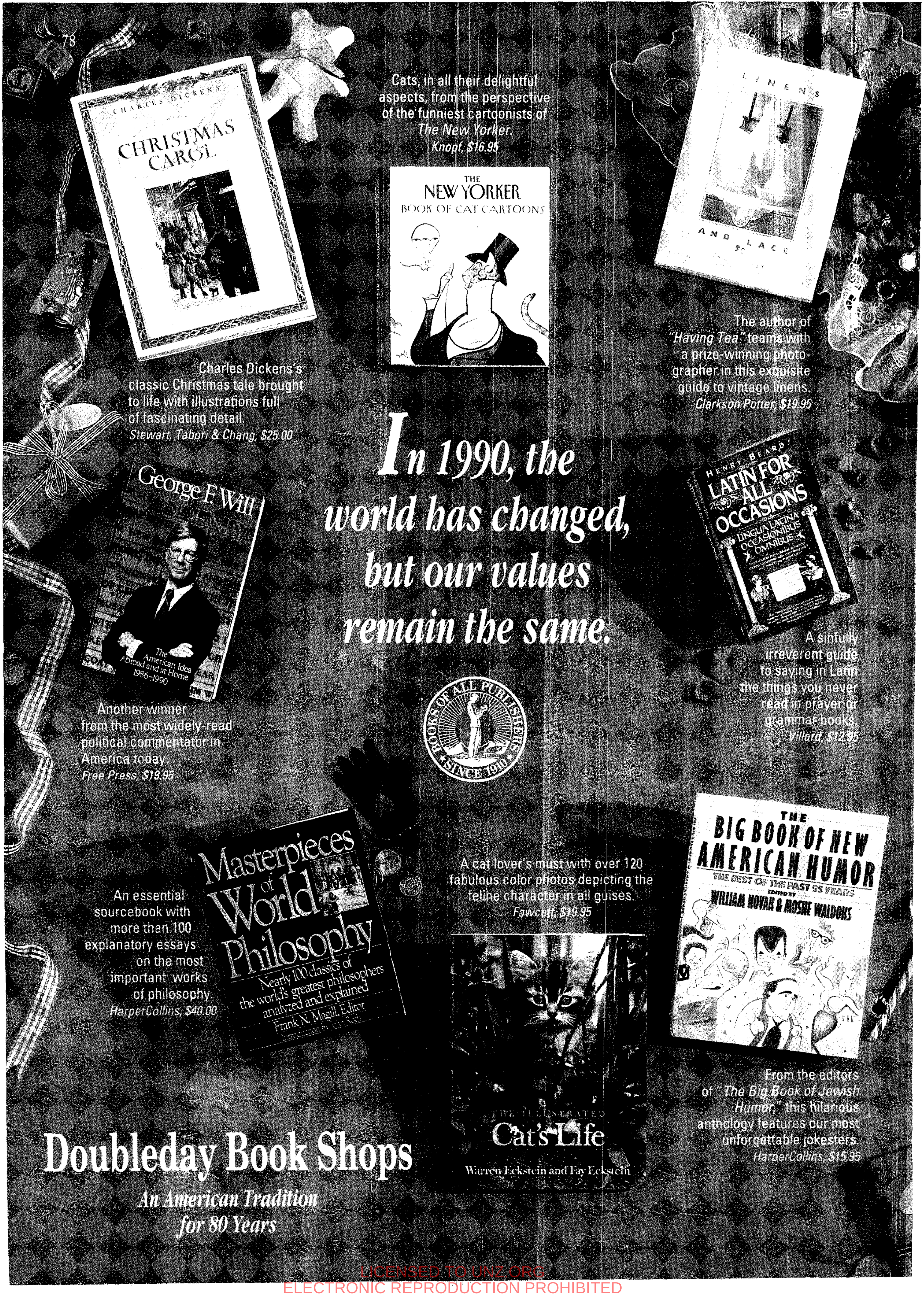

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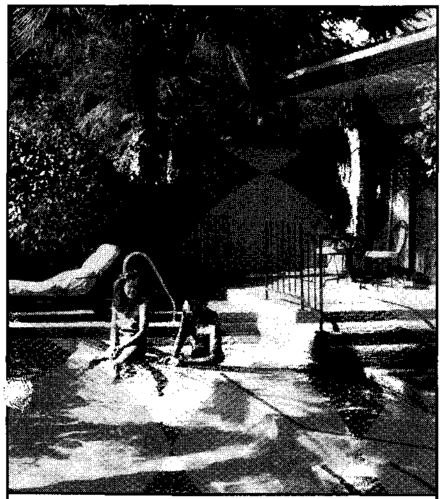

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cedar or spruce. Sometimes, when a murderer had been slain by the family of the victim the two bodies would be burned under the same blanket. Cremation was essential to the Tlingit. One of the ways that they imagined the afterlife was as a place warmed by a fire. Those who had been cremated were able to stand close to the fire, and those who had not—who had drowned, for example, and whose bodies had not been recovered—had to stand behind the others and were always cold. This belief made it difficult for the Tlingit to accept the idea of Christian burial. Satisfaction was what early missionaries to Alaska saw on the faces of the people they lectured on the subject of the fires of Hell. Not until they began to describe Hell as cold and forbidding did they get the response they hoped for.

Eventually, the Tlingit began to assume some ideas of the Christian afterlife. The Tlingit term for their version of Hell was "dog heaven." It was between the earth and the place in the sky where the northern lights appear. It was where the dog spirits went, as well as suicides and murderers and witches.

For the funeral, the Tlingit would engage professional mourners, women who would paint their faces black and sit beside the body and cry. A mourner's first tear would run straight down her cheek, making a track. Then she would turn her head at an angle, so that the next tear also made a track. Mourners were paid by the number of tracks they could show.

It was Tlingit custom to burn on his pyre some of a man's possessions that he might find useful in the afterlife. For a while after the Tlingit first accepted Christianity, they continued to do this, except that instead of burning the goods they left them sitting on top of the grave. One man put a mattress on a man's grave, another a sewing machine, and another a record-player, and all of the possessions stayed there until they had absorbed all the weather they could, and then fell apart.

THE Tlingit believed that epidemics were caused by spirits who arrived in sailing ships or steamboats or sailboats or canoes. The boats were called the boats of sickness, and only shamans could see them. As people died, they got into the boats, and when the epidemic had run its course the

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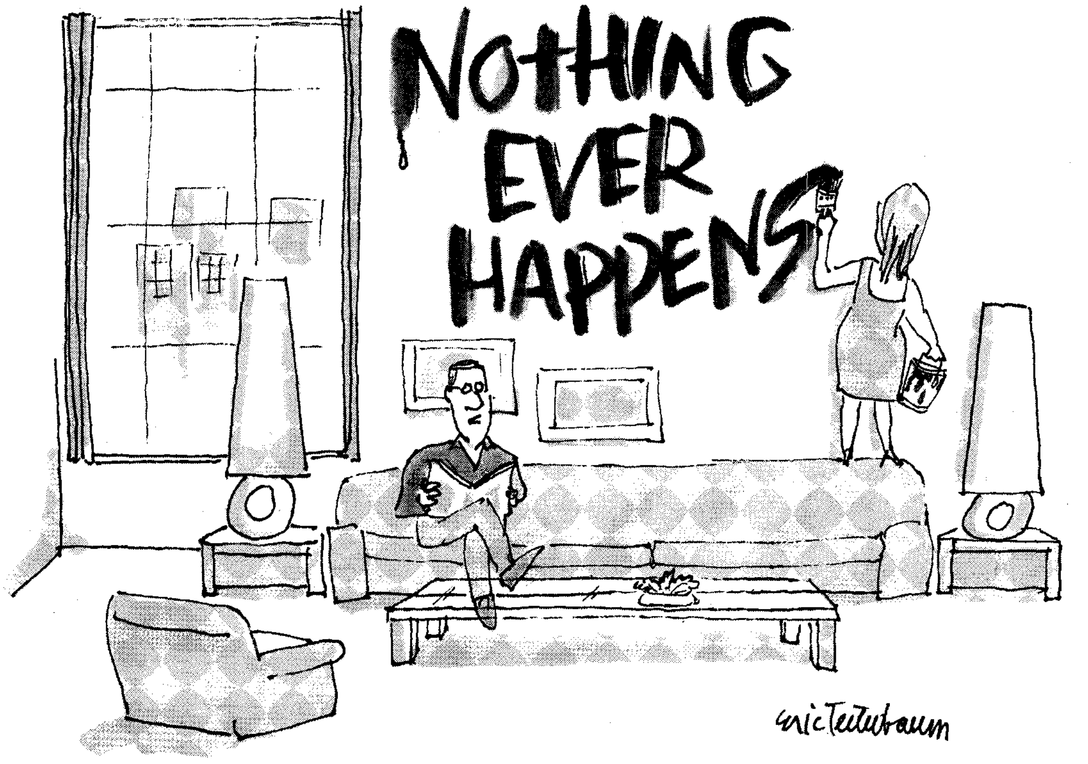


"If something is bothering you about our relationship, Lorraine, why don't you just spell it out."

• •

boats left. Like the Indians of the plains, the Tlingit were subject to diseases that were brought to them by Europeans and for which they had no natural defenses. Tuberculosis was sometimes called the white man's disease or the Great White Plague. Scarlet fever, smallpox, measles, and syphilis came from the Russians. Spaniards travelling north from Mexico in 1775 also brought smallpox, and American fur traders and workers for the American Telegraphic Expedition, in 1866, also brought syphilis. In addition, there were epidemics of typhoid in 1819, 1848, and 1855. An epidemic of smallpox in 1836 killed half the Tlingit. Many of its survivors lost faith in their shamans, who could do nothing against the disease, and turned to the doctors at Sitka instead, and that changed something forever. Yakutat, the Tlingit village farthest to the north, escaped that epidemic, and for that the local shaman took credit.

Shamans were not cremated, because it was believed that their bodies would not burn. The first night of a shaman's death, he was left lying in the corner of the house closest to where he was when he died. Each of the next three nights, he was moved to another corner, and on the fifth day he was taken to his grave. Usually, a shaman was buried sitting and facing the water, on a headland, or in a cave, or on a cliff. Indians passing would throw some tobacco or fish oil or some dried salmon into the water, saying as they did so something like "Let me have luck" or "Don't let me die" or "Don't let the wind blow too strongly on my boat." Anyone who came close enough to the shore would leave his offering there. The Tlingit believed that a person could pick up a sickness by getting too close to a shaman's grave or by handling anything that belonged to a dead shaman. American tourists often raided shamans' graves and took with them whatever they wanted, and the Indians couldn't believe that they didn't fall down and die.

Not all shamans had the same powers, but most were believed to be able to invoke spirits who could help them make predictions, or protect warriors, or influence the fortunes of a hunt or a fishing trip, or change the weather. One was famous for having survived a drowning. A war party usually took a shaman with it. The shaman would lie under a robe in the bottom of the canoe and go into a trance in order to report where the enemy was and how many there were. Some shamans were able to hold burning objects in their hands and not be harmed, and to put them in their mouths and take them out and all that would happen was that their tongues would smoke. Some could bring the dead back to life. All were believed to have the ability to predict their own deaths, to discover witches and undo their spells, and to call up demons to attack anyone who opposed them, which made other Indians scared of them.

In appearance, the main differences between a shaman and any other Tlingit was that the shaman never washed and never cut his hair. To keep the hair out of his face, he used spruce sap, which made the hair hard and stiff and caused it to make a sound when he moved like wooden balls hitting each other.

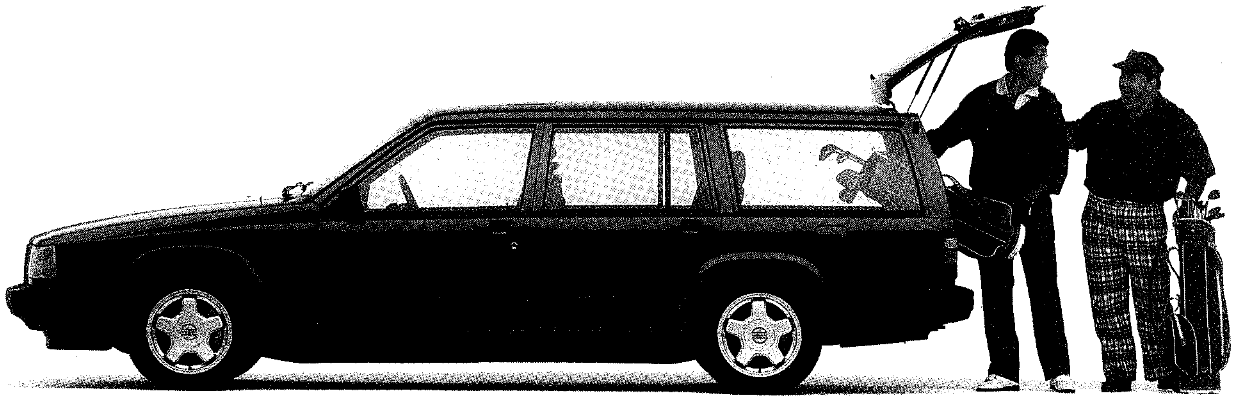
Most of the time, when a Tlingit fell sick he believed that the sickness was the result of a spell cast by a witch. The Tlingit believed that witches, for convenience, could become animals—especially cranes, porpoises, sea lions, and owls. A dog barking toward a graveyard was believed to be warning that a witch was about. The Tlingit also believed that witches could fly. Their favorite place to fly to, after the arrival of the missionaries, was the cemetery, where they would dig up graves and use certain remains for witchcraft. The most common way to bewitch a person was by taking some of his fingernails or hair or a piece of his clothing or some saliva and placing it inside the corpse of a person or a dog; as the corpse rotted, so would the victim. By means of spells cast over a person's hair, a witch could also cause him to go blind; by hexing his fingernails, the witch could cause the person's hand to become paralyzed; and by witching his saliva the witch could cause him to spit himself to death.

When a person wanted to employ a shaman, he would make a pile of robes and furs and food on his floor and send for the shaman. If the reason for the summoning of the shaman was a suspicion of witchcraft, the messenger would stand outside the shaman's door and give a particular call—in some towns, a phrase that would translate as "A Tlingit is sick." The shaman would pretend not to understand, and the call would be repeated three times. It was thought that somewhere inside the messenger's voice the shaman could hear the voice of the witch, and that that was the reason for repeating the call. The shaman would then go and look at the goods and go home and send word whether he would accept the case. Always, he was paid in advance. If he was not able to come through with a cure, he would claim that rival spirits had interfered with his work and he would have to perform another ceremony, for which he would again have to be paid.

White people hated shamans. They felt that they were cynical and thievish and conniving and predatory and corrupt. Of course, they may have been, but it is also easy to find in those attitudes the frustration of the missionary and his contempt for a culture he is bent on destroying. In any case, what the white people hated most was the persecution of witches. To cure illness, the shaman would name a witch. The white people said that the shaman would always name some old woman with no family, or a child of a family with no standing, or a person against whom he had a grudge. To prove that he was correct in his choice, a shaman would fill his hat with water and ask three people to come and look into it and see the face of the witch. Either they were accomplices or they were afraid of him, because it rarely happened that the shaman was contradicted.

If the witch happened to be a powerful person, the shaman was asked to lower the sickness to the bottom of the sea. Lowering meant taking the thing responsible for the illness and dropping it into the water. A witch who had no one to defend him was tied up and tortured or beaten or stoned, and then left to die of hunger or thirst, or was left on the beach to drown, or was buried alive in a box.

Before the arrival of the Europeans and the Americans, shamans used to live in the towns among the people, but missionaries and the men in charge of what civil law there was made the shamans' lives more difficult, so they began to move into the woods. One of the naval commanders in Sitka at the end of the last century liked to hunt shamans. The ones he was disciplining, usually for having tortured witches, he subjected to the humiliation of being bathed and having their hair cut and then being made to promise in front of other Tlingit never to practice again. Before doing these things, he offered the shaman the opportunity to use all his powers to bring down any plagues he cared to against him and his crew. The commander's name was Henry Glass, and what he liked to do for sport was to have a shaman captured and brought aboard his boat. Glass would receive the shaman as an equal, and after a certain amount of talk in front of other Tlingit about the shaman's life and his powers and charms Glass would announce that he was also a shaman and had special powers, and he would suggest that the two of them compete. Glass would then have a battery brought on deck and would ask the shaman to hold in his



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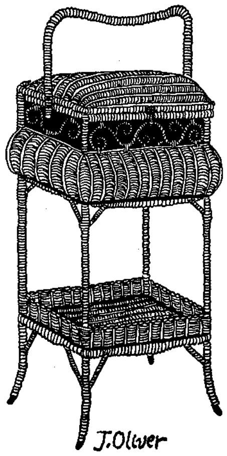
hand the wires attached to its poles. The force of the shock would cause the shaman to scream and his body to convulse, and after that shaving his head and extracting the promise to retire were pretty much formalities, but Glass did them anyway.

The last full-blooded Tlingit shaman was a woman, who practiced at least until 1934, in Angoon.

THE person I spent the most time with in Angoon was Matthew Kookesh. Most Tlingit have simple, English-sounding surnames, such as Fred, Jack, Jim, Nelson, and Frank. Some were given to their ancestors by missionaries and some by timekeepers at the canneries who were unable to spell the more complicated Tlingit names, and some are the result of the shortening of a nickname given by a white person, such as White Water Jack. Matthew's is one of the few unreconstructed Tlingit surnames in town. The reason for this, he believes, is that Tlingit names beginning with "K"—"Kanosh," "Kitka," and "Klushkan" are others—were easy enough for white people to pronounce and so were left alone. Matthew is only half Tlingit. His mother is Mexican. His father met her when he was sent to an Indian hospital in New Mexico to recover from tuberculosis. He had signed on to join an expedition to the South Pole and was getting his physical when the tuberculosis was diagnosed. He and his wife lived in Mexico for a while, then came to live in Angoon in the thirties, then left Angoon twice and came back both times. His mother was adopted by the bear clan. His father is dead, but his mother still lives in town. She tells Matthew that he spoke Spanish as a child, but he doesn't remember it. Matthew is small and slightly bowlegged, Tlingit style, and is solidly built. His hair is black but not as straight as a pure-blood Tlingit's hair, and it is beginning to recede. He has a high forehead, a long nose and dark eyes, and a heavy beard, which he shaves infrequently, and which gives him a piratical look. He lives with his wife, Jackie, who is Tlingit and grew up in Juneau, and their children, Nadja and Matthew, who are teen-agers, and Nikolai, who is eighteen months.

Matthew is a bear and Jackie is a coho. Matthew's Tlingit name is Yaanustuk. He was told by an uncle that his Indian name has to do with thunder and lightning and comes from the Thunderbird house, but that is all he was told and he wishes he knew more. Kookesh describes an action made by the finning tails of salmon over their nests.



Matthew has four brothers and four sisters. One sister is in Sitka, and one is in Seattle; the rest of his brothers and sisters live in Angoon. He has no uncles in town, and that is difficult for him, because Tlingit society is still nearly enough intact so that a man without an uncle is detached from his culture. Matt is keenly interested in knowing the myths and legends and ceremonies of the past, and feels his separation from them as a deprivation. Tlingit is not a written language, so Tlingit culture is a memory culture. Once cultures of this kind intersect with white cultures, children raised in memory cultures learn about their past from their grandparents, who mind them while the parents are working. Once grown, the children go out into the white world to make a living, and often are disappointed and return to the elders wanting to know more about how they lived. In Angoon, the younger people in this position feel that the elders are sometimes possessive about what they know, because the air of secrecy gives them power. Also, there is the difficulty that no one under forty in Angoon speaks Tlingit, though some can understand it. For conversations of any significance, the elders use their own language. Sometimes, in referring to the past they use the phrase "the canoe days."

Matthew and Jackie live in the old part of the town, in a house that they bought for fifteen thousand dollars and have all but rebuilt. The walls downstairs are wainscoting taken from the superintendent's house at an old salmon cannery out at Hood Bay, ten miles from Angoon. For years, people had tried to remove it, with no luck, and then Jackie figured out that, because of the tongue-and-groove construction, it had to be taken off the wall

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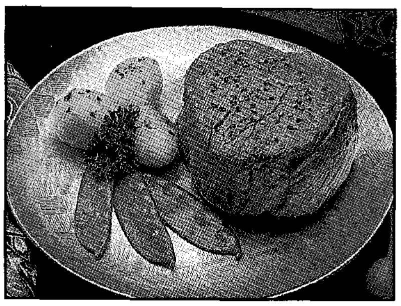

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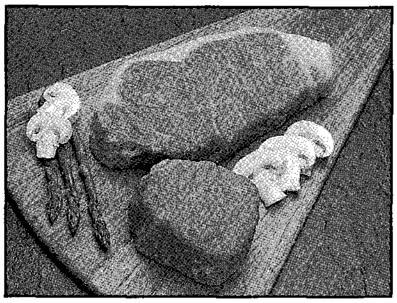

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a board at a time from the top, not the bottom. Two picture windows at the front of the house frame the inlet. Ducks spin down the tide rips like bath toys. The sun rises in front of the house and sets behind it. Ten thousand dollars for the down payment came from selling a trailer they were living in over in Sitka while they attended Sheldon Jackson Junior College, and the rest of the money Matt made on the pipeline and from fishing. The house is not a clan house, but now that it is in such fine shape people have tried to claim that it is, in the hope of getting it out of Matt and Jackie's hands, or getting some money for it.

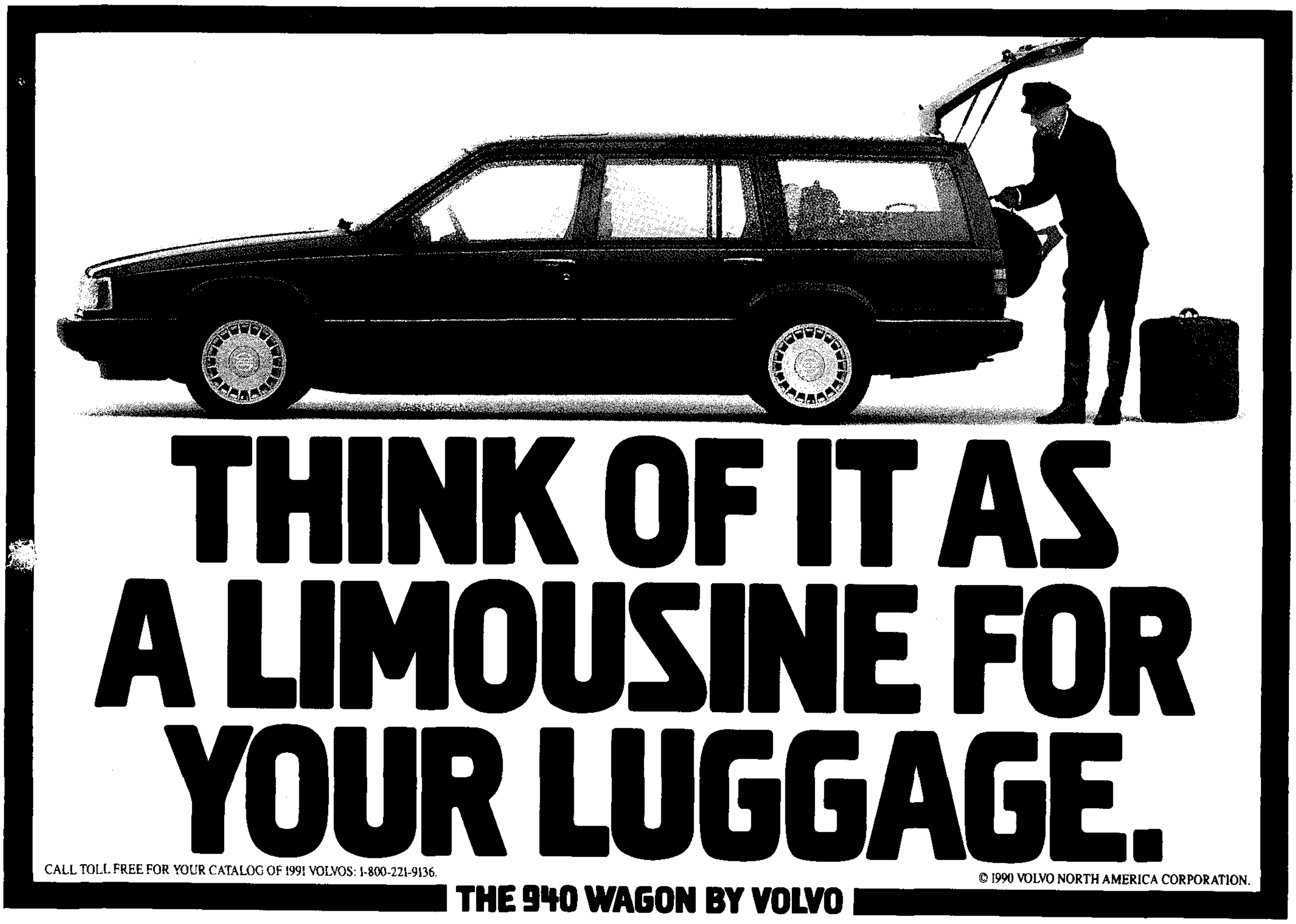
From October to May, Matthew works for the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, in the subsistence division. In Alaska, "subsistence" is the word used to describe the practice of hunting and fishing for one's food. He has an office in a building shaped like a cross and standing on top of the hill in the center of town. A small plaque over his door says "SUBSISTENCE." His name, among others, is on four technical papers the department has published—one about crabs, one about salmon fishing in the Chilkat and Chilkoot River drainages on the mainland, one about salmon fishing in a salt lake in the interior of the island, and one about logging and how it has affected wildlife in southeast Alaska. The rest of the year, Matt fishes commercially for halibut and king salmon, and hunts. He also guides sport fishermen. In the winter, he walks the beaches on a minus tide, turning over rocks and peering into crevices for octopus—what the Tlingit called devilfish—to use as bait for halibut when the season arrives.

Matt was born in Juneau, in 1950. In those days, Angoon had no high school, so children were required to attend the one in Wrangell; they would board there for the year, and come home only in the summer. After high school, he went into the Navy and was stationed in Hawaii. Around 1968, his father began the oil station in town—the business that supplied heating oil and gasoline to Angoon. When his father died, a few years later, Matt got an honorable discharge and came back to run it. He did that for two years and then sold the business. "It was hard," he says. "People didn't have jobs, and the only time they could pay was when an unemployment check arrived, and I didn't like being a bill collector."

Matthew and Jackie were married while he was running the oil station, and then he left and went to work on the pipeline for two years. After that, they went south, to the state of Washington, to go to college at Western Washington University, and then they came back to Angoon.

Matt knows the daughter of the last shaman in Angoon. Several years ago, when he had his first fishing boat, someone told her that he had fallen off it. She came to him to tell him that there were certain things he must do to protect himself against this, and even though it turned out that he hadn't fallen off, he gathered devil's club and a few other ingredients and boiled them together and used the potion to wash down the hull.

I SPENT enough time in Angoon that I became familiar to most people there—mainly because I walked everywhere I went, and they saw me from their windows or passed me in their cars, or I talked to them or saw



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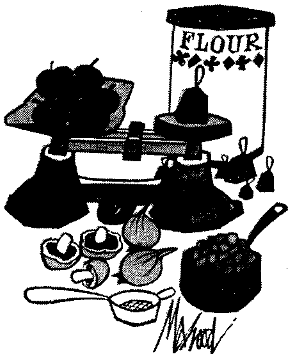
them at a basketball game or a food sale or at the store or the school or the harbor or the church. People who would probably recognize my name or know me by sight:

—Joe Evans, a logger. He and his wife live a few doors from Matt, and I met him one morning when I had been to see Matt and he wasn't home, and I saw Joe standing by the side of the road looking out at an eagle on a rock in the inlet. I had noticed him on occasion when he was walking to the boat harbor, and had wondered who he was, because there weren't many white people around. He invited me into his house, and I met his wife, who is Tlingit, and we drank coffee. Joe sat on the floor with his shoes off, and his wife sat on a couch against a picture window framing the house across the street and the inlet behind it. The television was on, and it was dark enough in the room so that the part of the couch in front of the TV was a different color from the rest. Joe said that about twenty-five years ago he had served as chief of police in Kake, a Tlingit town, not because he had any interest in being a policeman but because he was logging then, too, and was in terrific shape and could beat up everyone in town. At the time, there was no such thing as a search warrant, he said, and it was important to be tough. He said that he really couldn't stand it down south—meaning in the state of Washington—because after he had been there for a while all the roads and houses and traffic and people began to feel as if they were closing in on him. What he likes in Alaska is that if he decides to settle an argument with his fists he won't end up in jail. He said that his current plans were for him and his wife to sail their boat to places they had never been, and live off clams and fish, and then come back to Angoon and build a Victorian house out at Killisnoo. He had grown so tired of living in the small Indian houses and in logging camps and on sailboats that all he wanted was to live in a house with enough room so that he could have a corner with nothing in it but a table with a flower in a vase.



—George Paul, who was knocking down the remains of a burned-up house on the rocks along the inlet just below Matt's house and throwing the wood onto a fire on the beach. The house, which he had grown up in, had burned earlier in the winter, and each day he was coming down to the water and building a fire and banging down what was left of the walls and the foundation and the beams and the floor, and burning them up to clear out the site. You could hear his hammer at work from a long way off; there were times when it was the only sound in town. The smoke from the fire drifted over the rooftops and joined the smoke from the chimneys of the houses still standing. At night, the fire was glowing embers in the darkness on the rocks. When the work was done, Paul would join his wife in Barrow, on the northern coast of Alaska, where she had got a job writing grants for the city. Someone had offered him a lot of money for the land, but he had turned it down. His intention was to stay two years in Barrow and make enough money to return to Angoon and rebuild. He already had his plans drawn up. The new house would be more substantial. The old one had been floated over from Killisnoo, and that accounted for its placement beside the water. The climate in Barrow is forbidding, and he wasn't looking forward to going there, but the money his wife was being paid and the possibilities for him made it difficult to turn the opportunity down. In Angoon, he had a town job driving heavy equipment and grading the road, but it was seasonal work, and in the winter he drew unemployment. What he hoped to do when he got back was buy a boat and get into the gill-net fishery up in Haines. He pointed his hammer across the inlet to a small rocky piece of the shore where he had seen a bear walking in the fall. In the calm water on the other side of Village Rock, he said, his father would catch salmon on the change of the tide. Killer whales, seals, and sea lions chased herring up the inlet on the tide. Otters slid down the far bank. He said, "See those birds? They're here all year round." I asked what they were, and he said, "I don't know. Some kind of duck. I don't know what they are—we're so used to them we don't know their names." We spoke on the day of his last fire. A few days later, I was walking around town and I saw him come out the door of a house and lock it and walk to his car, in the driveway, and throw a tarp over it, then get into a truck being driven by a friend, who was taking him to the ferry terminal to catch the boat out.

—Matsu Samato, who took me to see the remains of the cannery at Hood Bay. His ancestors were Japanese and Tlingit, and he and Matt grew up together. Matt's best friend was Matsu's brother Billy, who was killed in a fight in a bar in a Southern port town while serving in the Navy. Matsu and his three brothers and five sisters and their mother and father had lived at the cannery during the summer after it burned, while the company was shipping out what remained of the machinery and fish traps.

It was January and cold, and Matsu had just put up a cover, like a little pilot house, on the deck of his Boston whaler. He had to do that, he said, or no one would go out with him anymore, because of lack of protection from the cold and the wind. What gets cold first in a boat is your feet; Matsu touched only the outside of the sole of one of his boots to the deck and put the other on top of it, and I copied him. We left the inlet, turned around the point, and came back past the cemetery and along the outside of town. What I thought was a reef in the distance came closer and turned out to be a school of porpoises, which torpedoed their long, dark, blurred shapes under us and then alongside us for a while. Matsu said they were naturally curious and always checked on boats heading into the bay. On the shore were a horizontal line of brown, the sand on the beach; a line of white above it, the snow; and a wall of green, the forest. There was snow and ice on the bow of the boat.

In Hood Bay were the remains of eighteen cabins along the water and, where the cannery had stood, a rotting barge and some pilings with clams and mussels and seaweed clinging to them. Four ducks pinwheeled across the cove. Walking warmed our feet. Some of the cabins were slanting toward the water or falling over. People from Angoon had scavenged the roofs. In nearly all of them, you could see the sky through the rafters. In the woods above were more cabins, almost completely fallen down and covered by the forest. Matsu pointed up the hillside and said, "I lived in the next-to-last house up there. You

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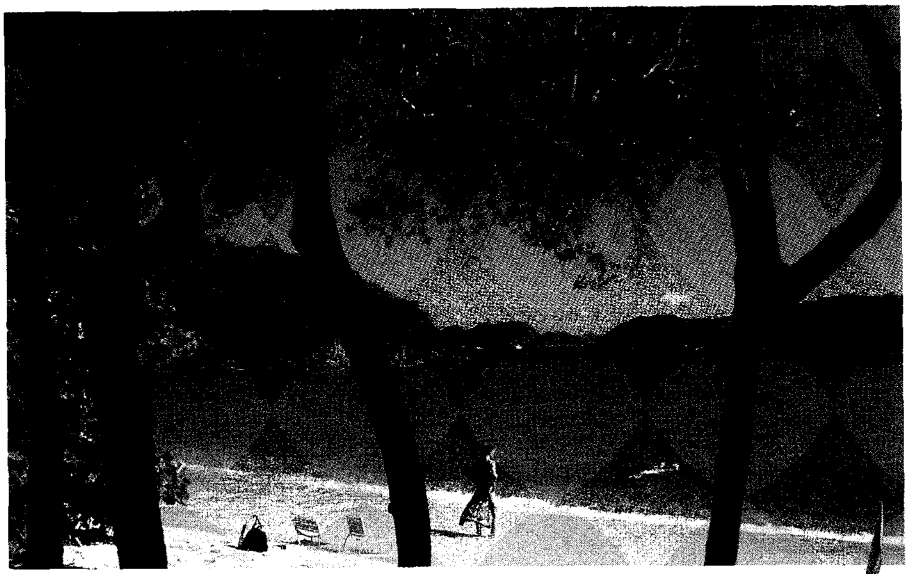

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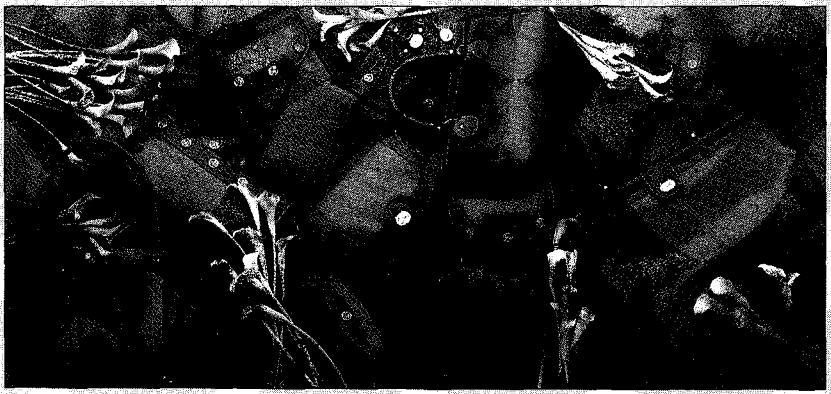

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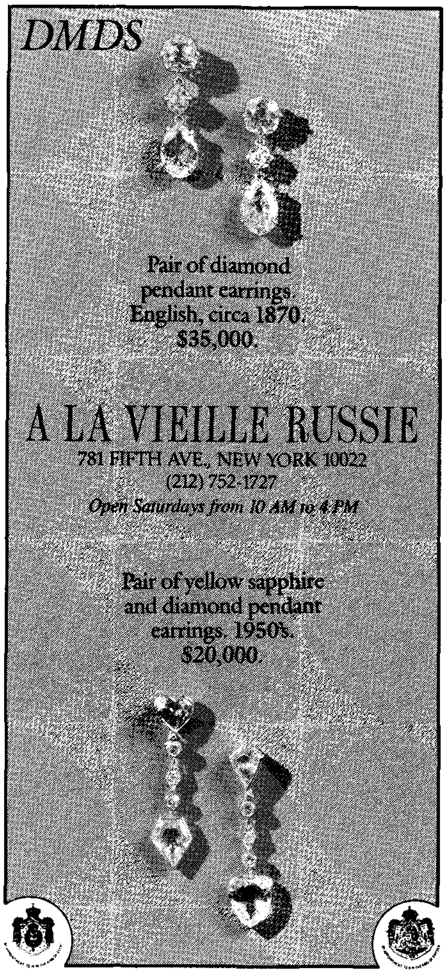

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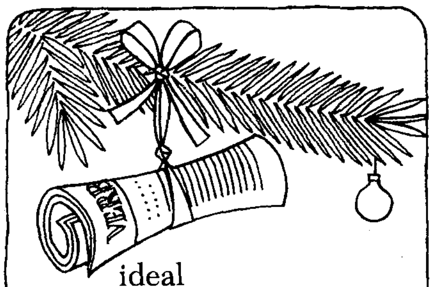

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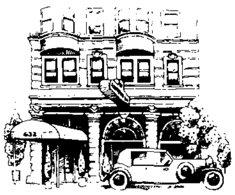

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can't see it now for the trees." We looked into the superintendent's house, which had the best workmanship, and I could see the walls stripped of wainscoting in about exactly the proportions that I remembered seeing in place in Matt's house. Inside the superintendent's house, Matsu found a bench, made from planks, and decided to take it back to town.

The seaweed along the tide line was frozen, and there were little rusty pieces of metal in it. Matsu said a boardwalk had run along the shore, connecting the houses. No trace of it was left.

On the way back, the hills and the shoreline slid past like scenery passing the window of a train. Avalanche scars in the shape of arrows and sawteeth patterned the sides of some of the hills.

From Hood Bay we went back around the town and into the inlet and then up inside it. Some way back into it we saw a rock on which were two crosses, and Matsu said that they were there to mark the death of two of Matthew's relatives—one of his aunts and her daughter. They had been on a seine boat and the child was lost overboard, and the mother went in to save her. Matsu intended to take me up into the salt lake where salmon spawn and a lot of people from Angoon do their fishing, but the tide was too low for us to make it over the rapids at the mouth of the lake. We anchored nearby and walked along the shore and followed some deer tracks in the snow for a while, then passed the rapids and walked along the shore of the lake. We found a seine rolled up and left for the next year's fishing, and a campsite, and then we turned around and got back in the boat. Hills ran down alongside us like stair rails. We crossed the inlet with the sky going dark all around and the deer coming out on the beaches to feed.

I ARRIVED in Angoon with an introduction to Matthew Fred, who calls himself Chief of All Chiefs. Not usually in front of any other Tlingits—at least, not ones from Angoon—but they have all read the statement in the paper at one time or another, or heard it from someone who has, and got angry over it and stored it away as a grievance. It is perhaps the first resentment a person encounters in Angoon. Matthew Fred is shrewd and engaging and generous and talkative,

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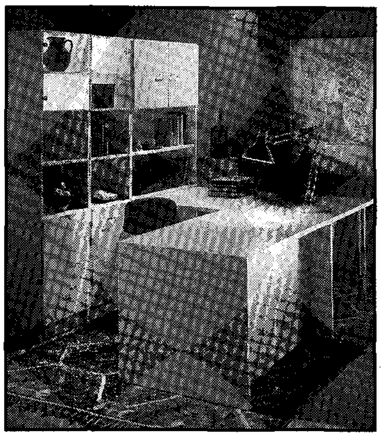

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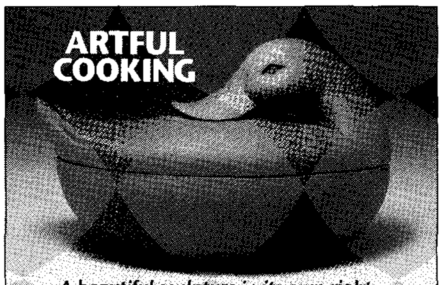

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not to mention interested in everyone else's affairs, and it was natural that he would come to a position of authority in the town. On a wall in his office Matthew Fred has a picture of himself on a stage in the East Room of the White House with President Carter and others, and it is signed "With Best Wishes to Chief Matthew Fred & the Tlingits of Admiralty Island, Jimmy Carter." Admiralty Island was made a national monument in 1978, and on that occasion several people from Angoon went to Washington to meet Jimmy Carter, and it was apparently during this trip that Matthew began to suggest that the appropriate form of address for his person was Chief of All Chiefs. Matthew claims his title as a consequence of his status as an elder in the raven beaver clan, the town's largest, and he qualifies it by saying that the designation applies only to Admiralty Island. Nevertheless, few in Angoon outside his family support it. People in Angoon have met a lot of anthropologists and archeologists and journalists of all kinds and have no real reason to talk to any of them, especially because it usually means time lost on other projects, and so I heard from a lot of people that they were too busy to see me, or didn't want to talk. Or they said come back some other time, mentioning a time when they knew they wouldn't be home, and all this was frustrating until I discovered, by accident, a way to get their attention. I would call someone and ask for an interview and be turned down, and then I would pause, perhaps sigh, and say, "Well, that's too bad, because I've been talking to Matthew Fred and—"

"*You've been talking to Matthew Fred*? Well, then you better get over here and hear the truth."

When I told Matthew that someone had challenged something he'd told me, he would just get angry that I had questioned anything he'd said, and even angrier that I had talked about anything that concerned him to someone he considered a social inferior. About one person he said, "He lies with a completely straight face." About another, "There are nothing but lies in his house."

Matthew Fred is slight and wiry and about five feet ten inches tall. His face is square and deeply lined. He has a straight, wide mouth, and small, black, watery, and wide-set eyes. The most prominent feature of his face is a scar

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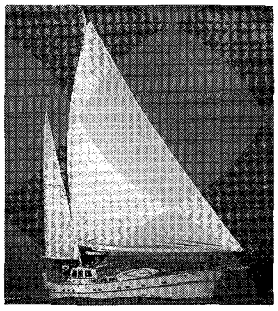

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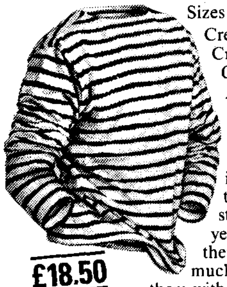

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on his upper lip, which he received one night in a bar. He is a musician, and for a while during the nineteen-fifties and sixties he made part of his living playing jazz in bars around Juneau. He played the trumpet and taught himself to improvise from a correspondence course. "How I got be a musician," he says, "I was hostile to white men, and I felt I could be just as good as them and do what they could do, and music was the way I felt I could do it." Some of the time, he double-jobbed, doing carpentry or plumbing or painting apartments or laying tile. For a while, he worked at a sawmill. While he did, he played music only on weekends, usually for Indian dances, because it was too dangerous to show up tired at the mill. Otherwise, he would play until one in the morning, come home and sleep until seven, get up and go to his day job, then come home and nap before leaving to play again. He played mainly at roadhouses and clubs. He played at the Occidental; he played at a place called Dream Land; he played in the Bubble Room of the Baranof Hotel; and he played at the L&L, which is where his lip got split. He was playing with his eyes closed, and a logger who didn't like Indians stepped up and slammed the bell of the trumpet back toward his face. The cut took six stitches. After that, Matthew switched to saxophone and played in a band called the Rhythm Chiefs, which also worked the Occidental.

Matthew grew tired of his life and of the kinds of people he met in bars. "That life lost all its glory for me," he says. "I felt I didn't belong where I was at. It felt artificial. The kids weren't happy, and all that the people in the barrooms could offer was the friendship of the bottle. Some people from Angoon came to see me and said they wanted me back home, and I began to think that if I kept up with it, where I would end up is dead someplace, overdosed, like most jazz musicians.

"I fished when I came home. Worked as a cook on a boat, then became a deck boss for a boat purse-seining, cracked the whip. In between that, I would do subsistence. Then was a head maintenance man at a fish company, then a social worker, then water-and-sewer man for the town, then went into hospital for a stomach operation." Now he is the Forest Service boss on Admiralty, which is a seasonal job. He

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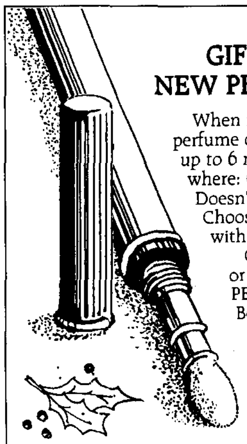

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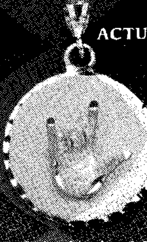

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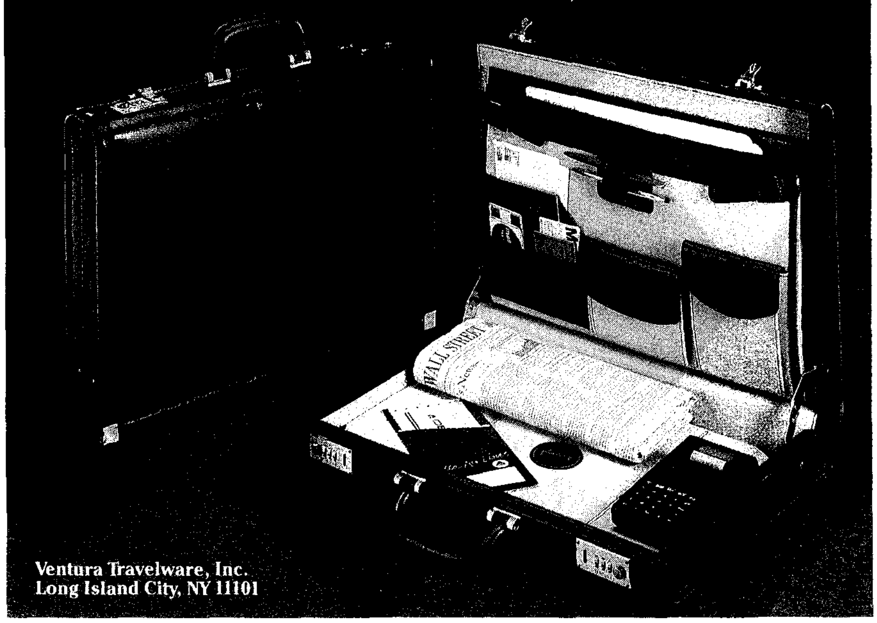
continues to play music, mostly guitar now, and mostly at church. He attends every church in Angoon.

I never felt more like a white guy than when I talked to Matthew Fred. The Tlingit appreciation of passing time is local and historical. There are the legends of their ancestors, which occur in a past that is not locatable, and there are the events in the history of where they live and in their clans, which took place a long time ago, and which no one really remembers exactly the same way from clan to clan and almost never from place to place, and then there are events of modern history, which also float in time, depending on who is recalling them. All of these forms of history have influenced Matthew Fred's sense of time. Much of Tlingit culture was destroyed by missionaries, but when I listen to Matthew Fred talk I sometimes think that one thing they never got their hands on was the Tlingit sense of time. An answer from Matthew to a question I asked never really seemed related to it in a way I could figure out. A question seemed as if it were an occasion for him to talk about whatever was on his mind. He would answer a simple question at some length, or by laboring over details, or with the recitation of a legend, the meaning of which was completely opaque to me, and I would always get impatient and end up wishing I had never asked him in the first place, and trying to think of someone I might go to to get the information. The answer, I think, was no one, because Matthew, of all the elders, has spent the most time with white people and is the most interested in conversation. The other elders I talked to were even more elusive or private or deep in the self-absorption of old age.

THE reason an American can go to a Tlingit village and understand what the people are saying, and may, if he has done a little reading, know more about Tlingit tribal life in the past than do the Indians who live there, probably has a lot to do with the Presbyterians. The first missionaries in Alaska represented the Russian Orthodox Church. The Indians liked ritual and display, the showy interiors of the Orthodox churches, the fancy, imperial-looking gilded robes and jewels on the priests, the burning of incense, and the mysteries of a long, chant-filled service carried on in an impenetrable tongue. At-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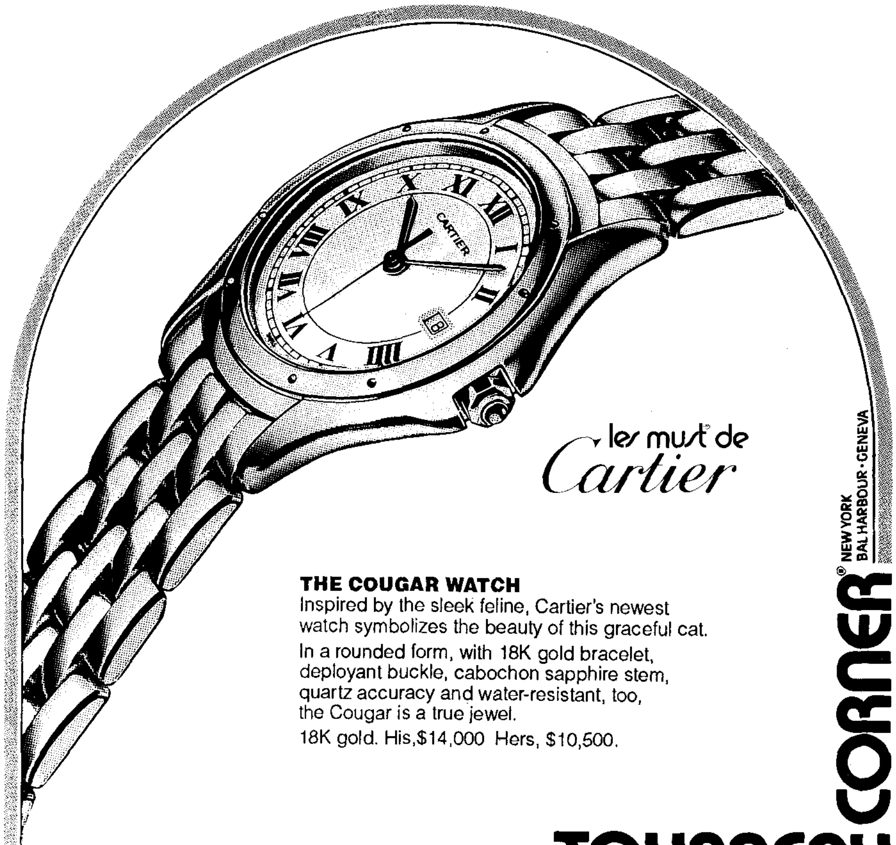
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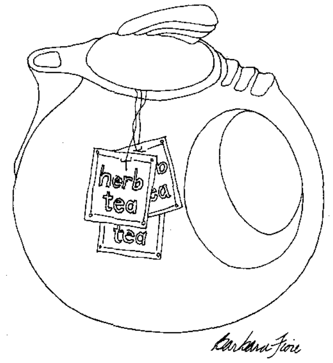
tending church also offered the Indians a chance to dress up.

Presbyterian missionaries arrived in 1877. The Russian missionaries did not care for card-playing or wine-drinking or slander or argument or shamans or the Indian memorial parties called potlatches or any kind of spirit worship except their own, but otherwise they endorsed the way the Tlingit lived their lives, and did not try to civilize them according to ideas brought from home. The Presbyterians considered the culture of the Tlingits to be backward, brutal, and repellent. Here is a Russian Orthodox missionary describing the Tlingit language: "Their speech is flowery and rich in imagery, and they are generally good orators. . . . The language itself is rich with words but even richer in grammatical forms. Nouns and adjectives have articles, as in Greek; persons, tenses and moods of nouns and adjectives are modified by means of prefixes. . . . Listening carefully to the speech of a Tlingit, you might hear the croaking of a frog, the bubbling of water, the cackling of a hen, the crackle of breaking dry wood, or some guttural and rather pleasant, melodious sounds." And here is a Presbyterian: "The sooner . . . the natives drop their stunted and dwarfed language for the liberal English, the better. No encouragement to hold on to their language should be given by missionaries and teachers learning it with the view of addressing them in it. The best way of elevating them is to make them climb up to us."



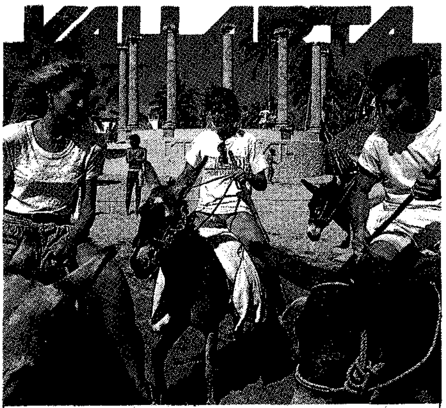
The Presbyterians opened schools, in which they forbade the children to speak their own language. The entire Indian population of Killisnoo once requested baptism in the Orthodox Church in order to rid themselves of Presbyterian missionaries. Nevertheless, the Orthodox Church was in decline, and the Presbyterian advanced, particularly in Sitka. Some of the converts were drawn by the novelty and the hope of acquiring power by learning to pray and sing in the Protestant fashion.

At the head of the Presbyterian Church in Alaska was a missionary named Sheldon Jackson. Unlike the Orthodox missionaries, who felt that the Tlingit ought to be encouraged toward God without giving up their way of living from the sea and the forest, Jackson had an idea that the Indians should be taught to herd reindeer and to become farmers, with the intention of providing cheap food and transportation and labor for the European and American immigrants. Jackson believed that a teacher should be a married man and that a well-run household was a lesson to the Indians. His goal was to instill in the Indians as "their highest ambition . . . to build American homes, possess American furniture, dress in American clothes, adopt the American style of living, and be American citizens."

Many Tlingit parents wanted their children to learn to read and write, so as to be able to compete with white people, but they resented the school's forced attendance, the ban on speaking Tlingit, and the attacks on potlatches, shamanism, and other traditional beliefs of theirs. Also, they began to realize that being Presbyterian did not protect them from discrimination or necessarily give them a respectable position. White men, often other Presbyterians, still took their lands.

The Presbyterian church in Angoon was built in 1923, the Russian Orthodox Church in 1929, after the one in Killisnoo burned down. There are three other churches in Angoon: one belonging to the Salvation Army, one to the Assembly of God, and one that has no denomination. All except the Orthodox Church have their own ministers. An Orthodox priest comes on a circuit from the mainland.

I went one night to the Assembly of God church, because Matthew Fred asked me to. The minister was a red-haired guy from Kansas standing and singing and leading everyone along as if it were a tent meeting in the South, and shouting "Praise Jesus!" at unpredictable moments, with a beatific smile on his face. Then people began to stand up and talk about their experiences with the work of the Lord in their lives—what is called testifying. Invariably, some of the experiences were trivial—a woman, for example, who felt that the Lord had seen to it that her son broke his ankle in a bas-



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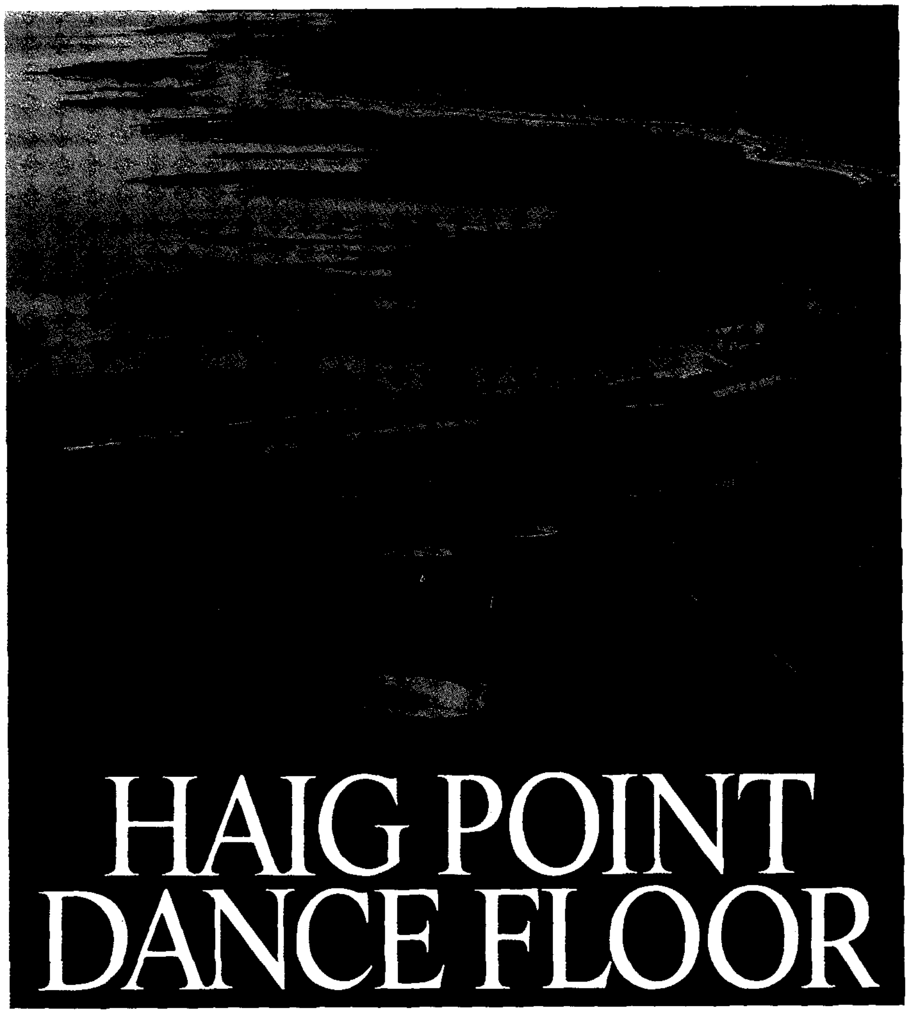
ketball game as a lesson—but then I heard George Paul talk about leaving town and going to Barrow, and a woman talk about a horrible and serious operation she faced, which would be painful and frightening and leave her with little hope of long life, and someone else talk about a sickness, and another talk about drinking, and the troubles just came pouring out. I sat there and sang the songs when they came up, and thought that, whatever else I or anyone else thinks about the Tlingit and the myths they know and the culture they brought into being and its artifacts, they are also now regular Americans, and the triumph of Sheldon Jackson is complete.

IN the canoe days, the Tlingit called God a high-up rich man. They would sometimes invite their enemies to a feast, then in the middle of it murder them. To lure Europeans ashore for an ambush, a Tlingit might dress in a bearskin and walk up and down the beach. Americans the Tlingit called Boston men, and the British King George men. Indians in Canada they called King George Indians. The Tlingit thought white people smelled bad, especially Russians. White people other than Russians the Tlingit called People from the Place Where the Clouds Reach Down to the Earth—that is, the horizon.

The Tlingit began to wear beards and mustaches after meeting white men; before that, they had usually plucked the hair from their faces. They also began to put doors on their houses and, around 1900, to use chairs, but tables were less common. Before white men, the Tlingit would leave their villages for months at a time without making provisions for protecting their property.

Some Tlingit thought that twins were an omen of evil, others that they were lucky, and others that they occurred from having had sex on consecutive nights. A sick Tlingit finding a bug on himself believed he would die from his illness. Widows were not to eat boiled fish, or else their heads would come loose and flop from side to side. A mother would capture her child's first cries in a bag and then carry it to a place where people were passing, so that it would be walked on, in order to keep the child from crying too much.

The Tlingit boiled water not over a



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fire but by tossing heated rocks into it. Sometimes Tlingit would put earwax on their kindling to start their fires. Tlingit had no regular mealtimes; instead, they ate whenever they felt like it. Eating beach food—cockles, clams, mussels, sea urchins, crabs, and seaweed—at night was thought to cause nightmares and bad weather.

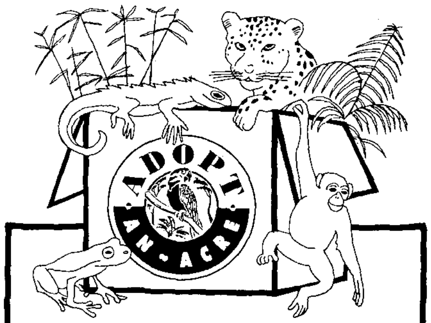
Each Tlingit believed he had a guardian spirit that stayed close to him, usually above his head, and left him only at death or when he committed a serious crime.

The Tlingit thought that all rocks, animals, trees, plants, stars, planets, and the sun were alive and had the same thoughts and feelings and passions and needs that they did, only were generally more cunning and powerful. They believed that owls could speak Tlingit and predict the weather; before a storm, owls were thought to be saying, "Get under trees." Owls were also believed to be able to identify murderers, so sometimes they were shot. Animals of all kinds were thought to be able to understand human speech; therefore, the Tlingit were especially careful never to say anything insulting about bears. A bear's main attributes were thought to be generosity, pride, honesty, and vengefulness. Also, a bear is able to feel shame. It was believed that a male bear would run away from a naked woman, so sometimes when Tlingit women met a bear in the forest they would take off their clothes.

The Tlingit were fond of tattooing young women. The color of the design would be pricked in with a needle, or else a thread soaked in dye would be drawn through the skin. Their favorite colors were red and blue, then black. A common woman could have a vertical line in the center of her chin and one parallel to it on either side. A higher-class woman was allowed two long vertical lines, from the corners of her mouth.

Tlingit society had four levels: those of the highest caste, then people of no distinction, then low-class nobodies, then slaves. A Tlingit man coming to a town where he knew no one was not supposed to speak until someone spoke to him. Beyond that, it was felt that only a nobody would talk a lot, as a means of drawing attention, so a high-caste person visiting a town where he wasn't known would be careful not to say much.

When the Tlingit became Chris-



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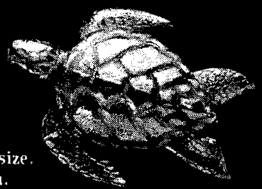

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tians and married, the wedding announcement would occasionally refer to the bride as a maid of the forest. Sometimes a Tlingit would meet a white man and ask him to tell everything he knew about God. They would sometimes commit suicide by taking to sea in a canoe with no paddle.

When a Tlingit left on a long journey, his friends watched him out of sight, for fear he might never return.

BY the time people got around to taking pictures of the Tlingit, they wore European clothes. Groups of men would sit in a photographer's studio and hold a pose with expressions that can be read as sullen or grave or backward or resentful or churlish or sombre or something else entirely: how could anyone know? Or a shaman would be persuaded to dress in the skins he wore for his ceremonies and to hold some of his rattles in his hands and stand beside a few of his charms; the look on his face suggests he is familiar with some aspects of magic and is not even close to comfortable with the idea of what kind the man under the sheet behind the lens might be using. Or a group of women would come into the studio and put on some robes and sit in front of things they had made to sell to the tourists who came off the boat at Juneau or Sitka. In any picture of more than four or five people, there is more than one type of face, but nearly all have high cheekbones and dark eyes and black hair, prominent, looming foreheads and brows, and mouths that turn down at the corners. The men tended not to be tall and were often bowlegged—as a result, the Europeans said, of spending so much time kneeling in canoes. The women as they aged grew stout; some are described as weighing three hundred and fifty pounds.

To show anger at an insult, the Tlingit painted their faces black, using charcoal. To protect themselves against burns from the sun and the wind, and against mosquitoes, cold, and snow blindness, the glare off the water, and the heat of the open fire as well, they covered their faces with a concoction made from a variety of ingredients such as spruce gum, soot, graphite, deer fat, goat fat, and seal grease. The mixture dried hard and was waterproof and lasted for weeks. High-caste women also covered their faces with powders and pastes to bleach their complexions. The Tlingit had an abhorrence of any damage to the face. A wound on the face was shameful and had to be paid for by the person who caused it. In fighting, Tlingit almost always struck only the body.

Some doctors believed that the Tlingit's constitution was much stronger than the white man's and that the Tlingit required twice the amount of medicine the white man did to produce the same effect. The Tlingit were said not to notice wind or rain or cold. A Tlingit who was going to ford a river would take off his clothes and sit down in the water for a while. At night, they would sleep so close to the fires that they came close to burning, while on the other side of their bodies would be frost.

As for their bearing, this was written by someone who visited Alaska in the nineteenth century: "The raggedest old man in the village, when talking with a white man, will draw his blanket around him with the air of a monarch. As one of them once said, 'The earth is a round ball, and the white man is on top now and the Indians underneath; but some day the ball will roll over, and it will be the Indian's turn to be on top.' "

ONE of the first Europeans to trade with the Tlingit, toward the end of the eighteenth century, was Jean-François de Galoup La Pérouse, a French navigator. He wrote that they stole anything they could get their hands on. They tore the iron fittings loose from his ship. They tried to sneak aboard at night. He would invite the headmen onto the ship and give them gifts, and they would steal a nail or an old sock. Whenever he noticed them smiling, he was sure that they had stolen something. He gave orders that presents were to be given to the children, in the hope of winning the parents' good will, but whenever his crew were busy with the children he would notice one or another of the fathers stealing something. When they were caught, they were not ashamed but only embarrassed at not carrying it off.

Traders at Sitka in the early nineteenth century would close off the forward part of a ship with sails to the height of a man. Behind the sails would stand an armed crew alongside cannon loaded with grapeshot. Around the deck the traders would string a net that had only one entrance, wide enough for

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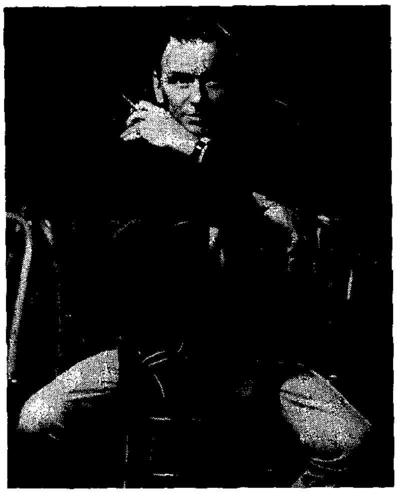

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one person. Before trading began, they would bring the chiefs on board and tell them that only a certain number of Indians would be allowed on the ship at one time. None would be allowed more than ten feet from the rail, and if anyone was killed for violating these rules it should not be considered an event worthy of breaking a peace.

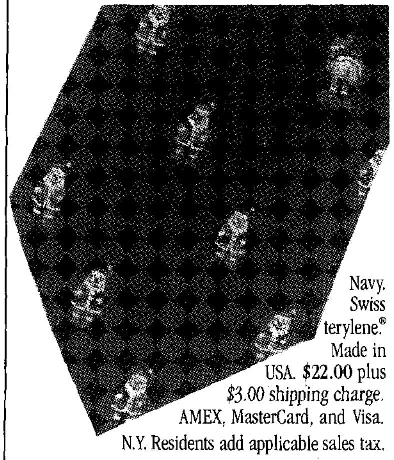
Although traders describe the Tlingit as dishonest, the Indians' relations among themselves were always marked by truthfulness and respect for property. The Tlingit considered a person who stole to be under a spell.

EVENTUALLY, from someone in Juneau, I learned that the inscription on the T-shirt referred to the shelling of Angoon by the American Navy, which felt that the Hootsnoowoos had become dangerous and were threatening the white settlement at Killisnoo and needed to be put down, but the person who told me about it said that it would not be a good idea to raise the subject with the people in Angoon, who were still upset about it.

ALL five kinds of Pacific salmon—humpback, dog, sockeye, coho, and king—reside in the waters around Angoon. All except the king spawn in streams on the island.

In past times, the Tlingit believed that salmon lived in houses under the sea, in a place far away, and that in appearance they were more or less like people, and that they observed much the same customs and manners as the Tlingit. Each year, they assumed the shape of salmon and travelled across the ocean to the streams and rivers that belonged to the Tlingit. As long as their bones were returned to the water, the salmon would come back. Because salmon were so abundant in their streams and rivers, the Tlingit never developed a first-salmon ceremony, as did other Northwest Coast Indians. In first-salmon ceremonies, the Indians would greet the first salmon to arrive as if it were a chief paying a visit, and address speeches to it and throw a party for it.

The Tlingit would stand on rocks in the streams and spear salmon with spears made from cedar, or shoot them with bows and arrows, or, during the winter, build weirs and traps, or sharpen stakes and set them in the mud of the flats so that salmon leaping rapids would fall back on the stakes.



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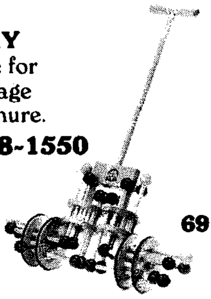

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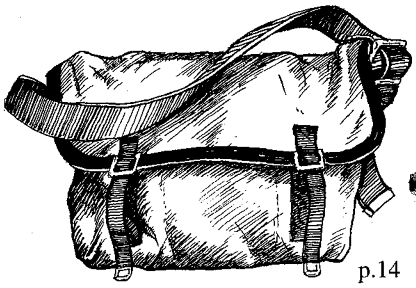

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p.14

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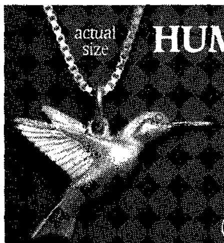

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Some of the salmon they ate fresh, most of it they smoked. They were fond of something called stinkheads—salmon heads wrapped in skunk cabbage and buried several days in a barrel below the tide line. They liked salmon best just before the fish spawned, when they had used up most of their body fat, so they would dry better.

What is called the seasonal round—the activities of the harvest that begin in the summer and continue through the cycle of the year—starts in Angoon in early summer, with the arrival of the salmon. The first to show up in the waters around Angoon is the sockeye, which arrives in mid-June or early July and lasts into August. Next to arrive is the pink—also called the humpback or the humpy, because of the grotesque changes the male undergoes during spawning. When humpbacks arrive at the fresh water, the males look like normal salmon; then the bones in their foreheads spread apart until they are wider by a third, and their snouts get longer by two-thirds. The humps that they grow on their backs increase their height by almost a quarter. The dog salmon, also called the chum, follows the pink, and arrives in two runs—summer dogs in late June and fall dogs in September. The coho shows up in Angoon in late September.

The return of the salmon coincides with that of creatures that rely on the salmon for food. Crab, halibut, seals, and trout return to the bays to prey on the salmon that have finished spawning and are dying, and also on their eggs.

During the summer and up until the first frost, deer live in the open meadows above the timberline. You can see them from a distance, dark against the background of green. Hunters reach them by bear trails. Late summer and into the fall is the time for the harvest of thimbleberries, huckleberries, salmonberries, and blueberries. In October, the Tlingit begin taking seals. Mostly, they get them in the bays—on the rocks and reefs where they rest—and at the mouths of salmon streams. Many are taken by chance in the course of a deer trip. By October, deer have moved to the muskegs and the low woods. Hunters hope for snow by the first of December to force them down to the beaches. Clams, cockles, gum boots, chitins, and sea cucumbers make up the winter harvest. In the last of February, Dolly Varden trout arrive at the mouths of the salmon streams to

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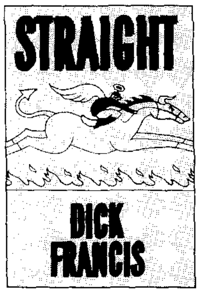

feed on the fry of the chum and humpback salmon leaving, mostly at night, for open water. In March, the herring return to spawn. The Tlingit cut hemlock branches and leave them in the water for the eggs of the herring to collect on, and then eat them. In April, the Tlingit collect two kinds of seaweed—black and red ribbon—and dry it to use later in stews and, in the case of the black, to cook with salmon eggs. In May, when the seals are having their pups, the Tlingit stop hunting them, and they don't start again until the fall.

Beach logging is carried on throughout the year. Logs are lost in Chatham Strait from barges on their way to a pulp company, or they float away from log rafts, and either they drift in to shore and are found, or someone in a boat out looking for them throws a rope around one and tows it to shore. Logs found above the high-water mark with the company brand are company property for ninety days. Firewood from logs that have been left on the beach is seasoned and contains less pitch than fresh-cut logs, and that is an advantage; a lot of house fires start in pitchy chimneys.

THE Tlingit in Angoon do not rely only on cash and they do not barter. They have what is called a mixed economy: it relies on cash to buy guns and fishing gear and whatever else they need to keep them in the business of finding food. In order for it to work, there has to be a lot of wilderness around them to support the animals they rely on. Lately, the main threats to the welfare of the town's economy have been logging and the promise of quick cash. A lot of the woods around other Tlingit communities have been logged. The Indians sold the rights and got the money and bought pickup trucks, and, for a while, seemed better off. One reason Angoon has been called the last outpost of Tlingit culture is that the people who live there have held on to their preference for fresh Indian food: that means they need the forest, and furthermore that they oppose logging. The Tlingit have traditionally believed that food can be acquired much faster than money, and that gathering food provides capital for trade.

The people of Angoon could have made a lot of money from logging, and they could have had an airport and more roads, but they don't sell their land to outsiders. White people who have got hold of land around Angoon have usually managed to do it through a connection to the Forest Service or some other part of the government. It happens that there is a fairly high turnover of teachers in Angoon, and people in town say that one reason is that the town makes it difficult for teachers to buy land and build houses they can sell later at whatever price a vacation house in Alaska would bring. In this way, the people who live in Angoon have kept the price of their land from rising beyond their means. They have been able to do so because of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, put through in 1971, which gave holdings of land to local corporations to manage. Angoon has control over a little more than thirty-five hundred acres surrounding it. The Forest Service controls the rest, and it was in

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this portion that white people were sometimes able to buy.

It is difficult for the Tlingit in Angoon to think of the land as an asset for profit, when they have traditionally considered themselves caretakers. They do not like the idea of profit or business in connection with the idea of land. "Standing on the beach" is a Tlingit phrase, and when they use it in discussions about land and about logging what they mean is that they can look down the road at a future based on logging and not only do they see themselves losing their hunting grounds but also they see themselves dispossessed of work, standing on the beach, watching white men at work in their forests.

The Tlingit feel that they have lived properly and with success from the land for thousands of years. They have never hunted themselves out of anything. The white man shows up and it takes only a hundred years to have trouble with the forests and the game and the fish.

The Tlingit in Angoon know that they are poor from stopping the logging. If they can't see it by comparing what they own and the comforts they have with the lives of the Tlingit who have permitted logging and are now driving pickups, then those people tell them. The Tlingit in Sitka like to tell the ones in Angoon that they are stupid and don't know how to make money. The Tlingit in Angoon know that if they cut the timber the game would leave. They have seen it happen in the places on the island where logging went on in past times. The forest grew back too thick: nothing can move in it; game shuns the area; the hunting is worthless. They see it in the communities where logging goes on and the wind blows over the bald, scarred-up, empty land. And anyway they wonder what would happen to the children born after the forest was gone.

Most of the money that is made in Angoon is made by fishermen fishing from small boats with hand trolls. In 1982, there were five hundred and sixteen people living in town. The school system gave jobs to thirty of them—almost all of them white people from outside Angoon. Whatever business there was in the town—the store, for example, and the offices of the government—gave jobs to thirty more. The store is expensive and the meat is frozen. The majority of the households use between one and fifteen deer in the course of a year; some use none, and some use as many as thirty. Nearly all the families eat shellfish that they dig for themselves or buy from another person in town or trade for or accept as a gift. The same goes for fish from the ocean—particularly salmon and halibut. In 1986, nearly half the people in Angoon made less than five thousand dollars for the year. Some made no money at all.

The demise of the fishing fleet began with the closing of the cannery at Hood Bay. The cannery was built in the nineteen-twenties, and was bought by the town of Angoon in 1947, and in 1961 it burned up. No one knows exactly how the fire started; the explanation one sometimes hears is that the insurance wires got hot. The cannery bought fish and stored boats and lent money for repairs and new nets and food for trips, and also money for

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fishermen's funerals and doctors' bills. When it went out of business, the fishermen could still sell their fish at other canneries, but there were none close at hand, and none that gave them the same favorable treatment. By 1975, the Angoon fishing fleet included fourteen boats, which were described in a Bureau of Indian Affairs report as "deteriorating," mainly because their owners were unable to raise money to take care of them. In 1974, Alaska had begun to control the number of fishing boats in its waters by means of permits issued to owners. A certain number were given out, and then the fishery was closed. Many boat owners in Angoon who qualified for permits received theirs and then sold them for a few thousand dollars. Some used the money to buy smaller boats. Some sold the permits because they needed the money, and some because they had grown tired of fishing and all its new restrictions. They had begun to feel that all their knowledge of places to find fish and what they knew about the landscape of the grounds and about the seasons and the migrations came to matter next to nothing, because the new way of fishing, which was to open a fishery for a limited amount of time, didn't take any of those things into account. Under this new practice, fishing seasons were called openings. The season could be as short as twenty-four hours, as is the case with halibut. Usually, there are two, maybe three halibut openings a year, which gives a fisherman forty-eight or seventy-two hours to make his year's money on halibut. Another difficulty with openings is that it is no longer possible to make a living from pursuing one kind of fish; you now have to participate in several kinds of fishing, not only for salmon but for black cod, too, and for halibut and whatever else you can find that is legal and that will make you some money in between. The permits these days are worth many times what the people in Angoon got for them. At present, there are only three purse seiners in Angoon, one of which belongs to a white man who has married into the town.

On the far end of the beach, by the boat harbor, are three derelict boats—the Junior, the Pan Alaska, and the Midnight Sun. Sickness or debt took them out of the fishery. Most of the glass in the windows of their pilothouses is broken. Snow drifts on their decks. The tide walks in and out un-

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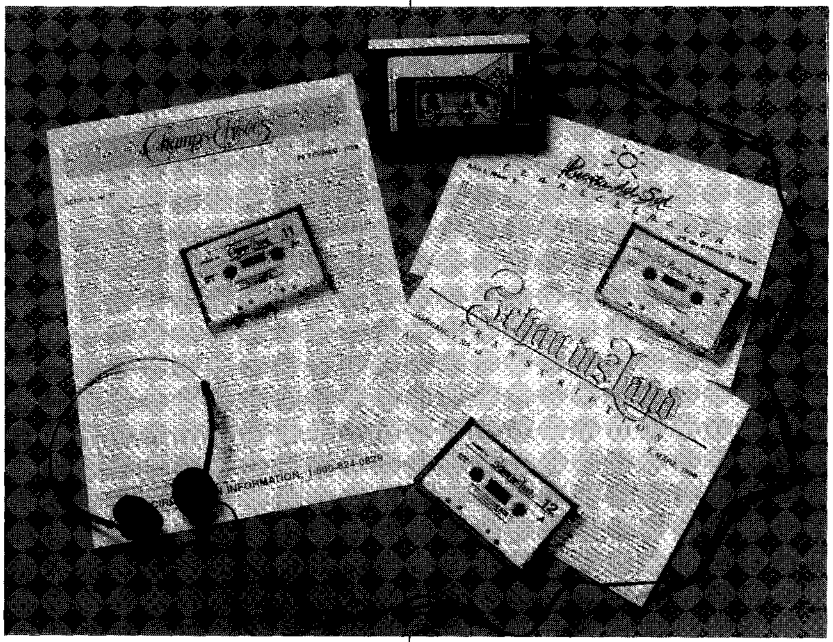

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derneath them. They tower above a person on the beach. Ravens stare down from their masts. Their owners sit home and watch television.

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> I always compare you to a drifting log with iron nails in it. Let my brother float in, in that way. Let him float ashore on a good sandy beach.
>
> I always compare you, my mother, to the sun passing behind the clouds. That is what makes the world dark.

A song sung by wolf families on their way to a feast:

> A rich man is coming. Your feelings you keep silent.
>
> When it is ended, thus they always say,
>
> "It is all gone."

Song sung to a child in his cradle:

> Let me shoot a small bird for my younger brother.
>
> Let me spear a small trout for my sister.

Sung on the way to jail:

> They sound like howling wolves from here, everybody just beginning to get drunk, and I have to go away.

I WENT halibut fishing with Matt Kookesh. The opening was scheduled to begin at noon of the first day of May and last twenty-four hours. I took the same room at the lodge, but ate all my meals with Matt and Jackie. My first night, I followed Matt into the yard and held the door of the smokehouse open while he cut steaks from a deer, and we had them with beans and carrots and, afterward, blueberry pie with ice cream. We drank some beer, and then, because it was April, and not January, I walked home practicing in my mind lying down and looking dead to a bear, and then I got in bed and lay in the darkness listening to two Indian women upstairs on the balcony scream at each other about a man that both of them were seeing. One was more reasonable than the other, who was close to hysterical, and who said, "I'll kill you if you don't stay away," and I waited for the gunshot, and then the two of them started crying and the more reasonable one left.

The next morning, Matt went to see if he could find any more octopus in the rocks on the beach along the strait, and Jackie and Nikolai and I went with him. Matt had an octopus hook made

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of a steel rod taken from a box spring. It was about as tall as he was, and had a sharp filed hook turned up half a foot at one end. We walked past the Assembly of God church and down the embankment to the beach and stopped to watch some ducks arrowing toward the strait. Beside us in the woods were birds that made sounds like police whistles. In Juneau, where I had stopped on my way to Angoon, I had walked in the woods, and the people there, blowing whistles to alert the bears, made it sound as if basketball games were being played all over the forest. We walked along the beach toward the small white crosses in the graveyard at the end of the point, Jackie and I carrying empty buckets that joint compound had come in, and Jackie also carrying Nikolai on her back. Matt walked along the edge of the water and sometimes into it, beyond the tide, working his hook into holes between the rocks.

Chatham Strait was flat as a mirror. Someone had worked the beach a few tides earlier; Matt found a couple of tentacles left behind on the rocks, so he wondered if he wasn't wasting his time. I didn't have the right shoes for the water, so I stayed on the beach and gathered red ribbon seaweed off the rocks with Jackie, and watched Matt in the distance, out at the edge of the tide line, stick his hook into a hole and jerk it back and flip an octopus up and into the air over his shoulder while Jackie said, "He got one." I asked him how he killed them, and he said, "Old-timers would turn their heads inside out. New-timers like me figure they got a head, so club it."

On the way back down the beach, we saw Floyd, one of Matt's brothers, plowing toward the horizon in a skiff. Matt said he was on his way to White Rock, an octopus ground against the shore of Chichagof Island.

I went to the store then for something to go with our lunch. Matthew Fred and Bessie, his wife, were in there, along with the Orthodox priest, who had come over for the weekend and was carrying on a blessing of the place. The three of them and a couple of women I knew by sight, plus a woman who worked the cash register, formed a procession that went up and down the aisles, singing. The people shopping stepped aside for them. Bessie carried holy water in a peanut-butter jar. The priest was dressed in a black robe with embroidered white cuffs, and

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he was carrying an Orthodox cross. They came to a stop by the cake mixes and sang "God Grant You Many Years," which has a call-and-response part to it between high voices and low voices, but since Bessie was the only soprano she sang the high part as a solo. The procession went upstairs and then down into the basement, ducking their heads to fit through the low doorway, and stepping aside for the conveyor belt that brought boxes up from storage. After they finished, the woman went back to the cash register and rang up my groceries while the others sang a hymn by the door, and then Matthew and Bessie and the priest climbed into Matthew's pickup and drove away.

The next morning, we had sourdough pancakes, and then we loaded bags of octopus from the freezer into a bait tub, and stopped at the store for some dye Matt had ordered, and went to the boat. Matt keeps his boat, the Sea Dance, at a dock off the lodge; both the dock and the lodge belong to his older brother Albert. Mechanic Mike, a white man who fishes with Albert, and a man from town named Garfield George were sitting on bait tubs on the dock, talking about places in the strait to put a set. It was about nine-thirty. Matt heated water for the dye, then filled a bait tub and dumped into it forty hooks and leaders, which were attached to the clips that join them to the ground line. This arrangement of hook, line, and clip the fishermen call a gangion, which is pronounced "gan-yen;" the line, with hooks attached, they call a skate. Matt was hoping the leaders would turn red. Other fishermen had begun dyeing their leaders in the belief it concealed them in the darkness at the bottom of the sea, but Matt had never dyed anything before and wasn't sure how it would go. Meanwhile, he decided that the turn of the points on the hooks he was using from the year before was not severe enough, so he took about five hundred of them up the pier to Albert's workshop, and, one hook at a time, put them in the vise and bent the points back toward the shanks and hung them on the edge of the workbench. When he got back, around eleven, Matsu and Floyd were tying up at the end of the pier, having come from Hood Bay with herring. They had gone out at six and made three sets with a beach seine, and they had three tubs of herring in the bow of Matsu's whaler and the seine piled in the stern. On the way in, by Danger Point, at the entrance to the inlet, they had passed killer whales. Floyd opened a beer and stood beside the boat, looking tired. Herring is the other popular halibut bait. It is fresher than octopus usually is, but not as tough, so a person using it has to bait his lines more than once. Matsu said that people started using octopus when herring got scarce. "The bay used to bubble with herring," he said. "The bait-fishing industry depleted it. No one thought about octopus until herring turned hard to get."

Matt spent the afternoon dyeing his leaders. As it happened, he had nylon leaders and cotton dye, so they turned pink, but that didn't bother him. He had had a line stolen the year before and couldn't do anything about it—since his were white and so were those of the boat he believed had taken them. Whenever he left, I had to take up a position on the deck to keep off the ravens and the crows that would light in the rigging, and calculate the triangle involving them and me and the octopus in the bait tubs. Matsu salted his herring to preserve it, then baited hooks, using the whole herring and cutting the extra off and tossing it in a pile to use when he ran out of whole fish. He gave some herring to Matt. While they worked, Dall porpoises, which are about five feet long and are black and white, like killer whales, fed in the harbor. Chasing schools of herring, they would break the water in regular rhythms, looking, with their fins rising and falling in half circles, like slowly turning saw blades.

After a while, Matsu got tired of baiting. "Fishing is starting to turn to work, and it hasn't even started yet," he said. To fish in his whaler, Matsu goes out the night before the opening to Chaik Bay, where a lot of small boats fish, and takes three cases of beer, and parties with the other fishermen, then sleeps on the beach and wakes up early. If it rains, he sleeps under a tree.

Matt's crew, Larry Knudson and Bob Schroeder, arrived late in the

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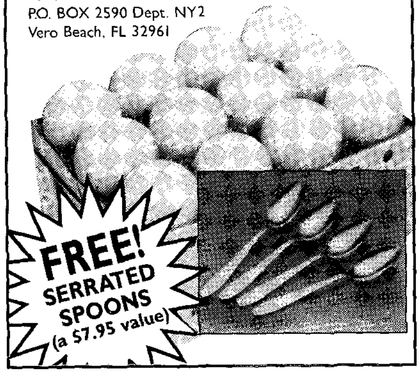

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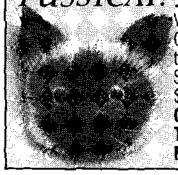

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afternoon from Juneau, bringing Matt, Jr., who was returning from a school trip to Washington, D.C. Larry is a carpenter in Juneau and lives with a Tlingit woman whom Jackie grew up with, and Bob works for Fish and Game in the Juneau office. They had crossed Chatham Strait on Bob's boat and were late, and Matt hadn't been able to raise them on the radio all afternoon. Larry and Bob are in their forties and more or less opposite in every way. Bob is tall and Larry isn't. Bob has a beard and Larry doesn't. Bob talks slowly and soberly, and likes to make sure everyone has heard every word he has said, and has an academic's sense of precision in his speech, and Larry talks fast and easily, and laughs as much as he talks except when he is tired, and then he turns grave. Bob works in streaks and favors systems and the shortest way from one point to another, and Larry is relentless and dogged and inclined to pursue his curiosity as much as any system. Bob is a natural tutor and Larry a natural student. Both of them are funny and willing to work very hard, and the opposite aspects of their natures make them together form a strong crew. Larry is guileless and courteous and principled. It troubles him that by working for Matt he is taking a job from someone in Angoon, but Matt has already tried several people in town and not yet found anyone satisfactory, and his intention in fishing is to make money, not to be a benefactor to the town except by spending there the money he makes. Even with an invitation, Larry will not hunt on islands where he knows that Tlingit resentment of white people hunting in their territory is high.

That night, Jackie made lasagna for all of us, using sausage made from deer. Matt, Jr., said that the question he got asked most often in Washington was whether he lived in an igloo. After dinner, all of Matt and Jackie's nieces and nephews came over to celebrate Nik's birthday, and the house was filled with kids. Larry and Bob slept on Bob's boat. When I went to bed, there were still people down at the dock, standing around by their boats with beer and cigarettes and talking to one another in the darkness.

WE left at three the next afternoon, heading up the inlet, then around Danger Point and into the

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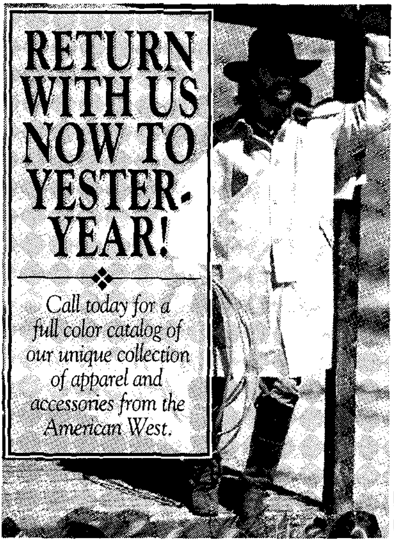

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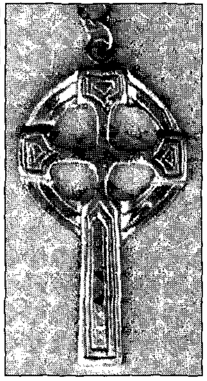

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strait, with Matt steering a hundred and eighty degrees and the boat drifting south with the tide. Matt had decided to spend the night in Kelp Bay, off Baranof Island.

Larry worked at the cleaning table in the middle of the deck, passing a file over the point of each hook, then baiting them and using his knife to cut off the ends of the longest tentacles. Facing the stern and rolling with the swells, he looked like a man taking punches. The swells came in pairs, with intervals of calm, as if pausing to build themselves up; every fourth or fifth one was about four feet, the spray washing across the deck and the back of Larry's yellow slicker. On the deck, all you could hear besides the engine was the hiss of the wake and the scrape of the file. Matt, Jr., slept in the cabin. Bob cleaned Matt's pistol on the galley table, then put it back on the shelf above the cabinets for the dishes. Matt said that some boat owners shot the halibut as they came to the surface—especially the owners of smaller boats—because they were afraid of the trouble the big fish could cause. Sometimes, out on the grounds, you hear the pop across the water in the darkness.

After we had been under way about forty-five minutes, the swells rose higher and turned to whitecaps, and it started to rain. A captain on the radio said a storm was coming in from the southeast, but Matt figured we would arrive in Kelp Bay before the worst of it. The only way I know not to get seasick is to stand on deck in the air, so I watched Larry work in the rain for a while, and then the lower half of the mountains on Baranof started to come into view ahead through the fog, and the color of the shore began to change from blue-gray to green, and then I could pick out the single trunks of trees among the mass of the forest, and then I could see the white head of an eagle in the top of a spruce.

Matt had planned to moor in Echo Cove, off North Point, but the weather was blowing across Kelp Bay, into it, so he went past South Point and into a cove sheltered by Pond Island which was so protected that coming into it was like coming inside from a storm and closing the door. A boat called the Vulcan was already there. It had an aluminum hull that was shiny against the water. Three men stood on deck, baiting hooks, and they didn't even look at us. Matt moored about two

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hundred feet from them, up against a wilderness you couldn't see through the fog and rain.

Matt, Jr., woke up with his hair sticking out in several directions. Larry finished sharpening and baiting hooks and coiling them carefully in the bait tubs, so they could be lifted out quickly and one at a time without tangling. He came in and slept for a while at the galley table beside Bob, who, wearing an Alaska Department of Fish and Game hat, was reading an article about bear attacks in *Sports Afield*. Matt sat at the galley table with charts spread before him, studying places in the strait for sets. Bob said it might be a good idea to put someone on deck to watch the birds, but Matt said there were no birds in that cove, and I was so surprised that he would know something so specific about a territory that I went outside to check, and he was right. When I got back in, he was saying that last year he had seen a bear come down to the water on Pond Island and jump in and swim the channel to Baranof. We swung at anchor, with the rain on the surface of the cove making small popping circles, which expanded into rings the size of dinner plates and disappeared. Oystercatchers crossed the cove between the two boats, along with several small ducks of a kind called butterball.

That night, we ate deer stew and cranberry muffins that Jackie had made. The stew was so hot it steamed up the windows. The galley table converts into a bed, which I shared with Larry. The bed was a piece of good fortune for me, since I had expected to sleep on the floor. When we got into it, I could see the lights on the deck of the Vulcan and the men still baiting, but now also drinking beer. I heard the water lapping against the hull and felt the rocking of the boat and heard the gas hissing in the pilot light in the stove and the clicking of the rain on the roof, and then I was asleep. Then someone on the radio was calling the Sea Dance, and that woke everyone up, and it turned out to be the ship-to-shore operator on behalf of Bob's wife. He talked to her, for privacy, in some foreign language; later, I asked him if it was Spanish, and he said it was Nepali. I slept again for a while, and then Garfield George called and said he was out in the strait and wanted to know where Matt was anchored. Garfield had no radar and needed to know how to find the cove. Matt talked him in, and he moored beside us. Then I tried to sleep some more, but Larry had a way of snoring that was more like a seizure than a snore, and I think I had just about fallen asleep when Matt came through the galley at five-thirty, saying, "You guys don't have to get up." Bob came in and said that he had dreamed about bear attacks. Matt made eggs and bacon and toast and coffee and there were more muffins, and Garfield came over and had breakfast with us. He had earned everyone's regard for crossing the strait at night, with no radar, and in some weather. Then Larry and Matt, Jr., and Bob went to work baiting the rest of the hooks with herring, and somewhere around nine-thirty the crew of the Vulcan, who had finished baiting the night before, appeared on deck, yawning and taking leaks over the gunwales.

Matt planned to lay down first the sets for which there would be the most competition, and to save his others,

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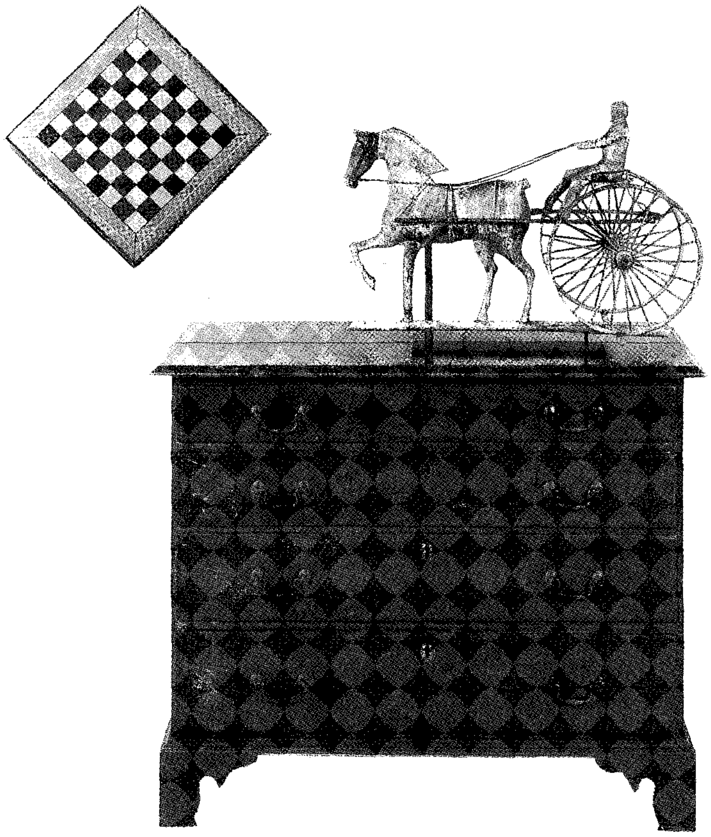

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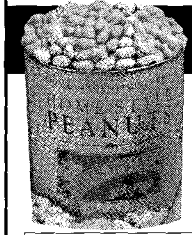

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which were secret and speculative. Mainly, they were ones he had once watched a captain from Juneau prosper with. That captain was especially aggressive and the other fishermen tended to be afraid of him, so everyone gave him plenty of room to work in. He had lately been in a car accident, and Matt knew he wouldn't be out for the opening.

By the time we left the cove, around ten, other boats were showing up on the horizon. Through his binoculars Matt could see that one of them was Albert, and that he was sitting right in the middle of the set Matt hoped to make first. He picked another and began to trace its route slowly, to let the other boats know his intentions.

Sandhill cranes flew over us and across the strait, getting smaller and smaller, until they looked like perforations on a line saying "Tear Here."

At ten-thirty, the Sailor, from Sitka, showed up, towing a raft. She circled us while the captain, who was white, called out to ask if we had seen the St. Peter, the boat belonging to the captain who had been in the car accident; he was wondering whether it was safe to set in the area. Then he said that he planned to set outside the island, in the strait, which was also where Matt had thought of going. The horizon began to be highlighted by boats, like pins on a map. We spent the rest of the morning pointed at a ridge on Pond Island, with the Sailor off our starboard bow, pointed in the same direction.

Ducks grazed the surface of the bay. The clouds lifted off the tops of the mountains. The wind stood at fifteen knots. Matt went in behind the Sailor, hoping to push him to declare his intentions. Garfield came on the radio and said, "Looks a little crowded out there." By now, there were boats at even intervals all the way across the horizon. Garfield was holding a place in against the island. The Sailor moved off toward Kelp Bay, leaving room for Matt in the strait. He stood on the flying bridge, watching the other boats through the glasses and hoping to preserve his first two sets.

The buoy for the first skate went over the stern precisely at twelve. Bob and Larry stood on either side of the skate as it played out. They worked as fast as they could, clipping a gangion to the skate every twenty or thirty feet, then reaching into the bait tub for a

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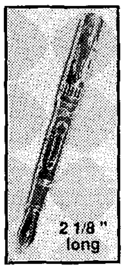

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new one. Each skate is about six hundred feet long, and where Matt was fishing skates go down about eight or nine hundred feet. Off the stern, an elephant seal surfaced and watched the line going out. A set takes about twenty-five minutes to complete. Matt put out four, then went back to retrieve the first. In former times, when a Tlingit dropped a halibut hook over the side of his canoe he would say, "Go right to the fireplace—hit the rich man's daughter."

Collecting the set, Matt worked the winch, bringing the skate to the surface. He bent over the stern from his waist, peering into the water for the stringy little gangion and the hook with or without bait, or with the fish. A fish coming up grows bigger and changes color and takes shape and comes into focus; it looks like a photograph assuming its form in a developing tray. When a hook came up without a fish, Matt, Jr., standing beside his father, would remove the gangion and hang it from a cable running at shoulder height above the gunwales. When he had a fish, he would grab the cable and yell "Fish!" and steer the fish around to the side and club it between the eyes, and the fish would shudder and then you could see it go blank, and then Larry or Bob would gaff it and wrestle it onto the deck. The largest of the fish were about five feet long and weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds, and did not always come over the side on the first try. Larry and Bob hoisted them onto the table in the middle of the deck, cleaned them, and threw them into the hold, which had ice in it. Sometimes, when the fish were really coming in, the two of them got as many as eight fish behind, and sometimes there were lulls with no cleaning to do. Then they would take out the hose and wash the slime and the blood off the table and the deck and off their slickers. They worked with sharp knives, as the boat rocked in the swells, and with the flat, slippery bodies of the fish like carpets under their feet, but no one got cut. Once Matt had started to fish, there were no breaks. Anyone with a few moments free could wander into the galley and get something to eat or some coffee, but the fishing went on throughout the night and the next morning. In addition to halibut, black and gray cod took the bait, and so did rays, and yelloweye, whose eyes bulge out from the trip to the surface, and sometimes turbot, and a rockfish called an idiot, which was the fluorescent-red color of a nail polish and was worth a dollar a pound. Sometimes sand fleas would have got to the fish first, and all that came up was a portion of the head attached to the hook, and the spine with the bones sticking out, and sand fleas dropping off it that were the color and shape of grains of rice.

The sets alternated good and bad throughout the night. For a time, it would look as if Matt had struck it rich, and then there would be a drought. One set came up with only one or two fish. Everyone worked steadily; to stop would be to acknowledge the cold and the quantities of water that had soaked through the cuffs of their gloves and down the necks of their slickers. The sun rose, but no one really noticed. Matt quit around eleven. He considered doing one more set, but thought he probably wouldn't be able to get it out of the water in time, and didn't want to risk trouble with Fish and Game, so gave it

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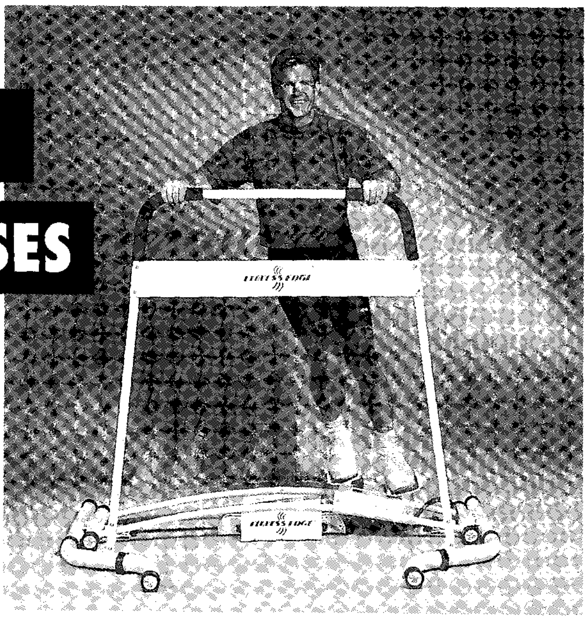

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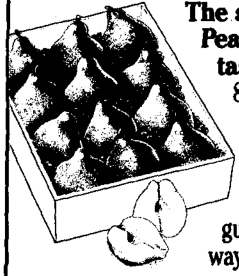
up. On the way back to Angoon, Larry finally sat down on a bucket of herring and leaned up against the cabin and went out.

Matt and Bob and Larry delivered their fish to a buyer who had come over on the plane from Petersburg and set up shop at the boat harbor. She had a small sign that said "IDIOTS $1 A POUND." The price she quoted for halibut was disappointing, but there was a chance that it might rise at the market. Matt had got fifty-one hundred pounds, the most, we learned later, of any boat in Angoon, but he had hoped for ten thousand. He was fishing for the year's payment on his boat, and didn't get it. The three of them spent the rest of the afternoon washing the boat down; then Larry left on the day's last plane, and Bob went out on his boat. When I went over to Matt's the next morning, he told me he had gone to bed the night before at his regular time and got up at five-thirty, as usual. That impressed me, but I noticed that he walked around tired for about the next three days and sometimes when you tried to get an answer from him it was as if he hadn't heard the question. Whenever he sat down to mind Nikolai, his eyes started to focus into the distance.

BETWEEN 1867 and 1884, Alaska had no government. It was described by someone who lived in Sitka at the time as being "almost as free from the operation of civil law as the interior of Africa." The United States kept a warship in the harbor at Sitka, and word was sent to its commander when a problem onshore required his intervention. In 1879, a miner in Sitka shot a man in broad daylight in front of a dozen witnesses. Although the miner meant to kill him, the man survived. The commander of the warship had the miner arrested and sent for trial to Portland, Oregon, but the judge there released him, saying that in Alaska all that applied was statutes covering piracy and whatever other acts the government in Washington had specified, and attempted murder was not one of them.

The warship stationed in Sitka in the late eighteen-seventies and early eighteen-eighties was the Jamestown, and its commander was L. A. Beardslee. The Jamestown was too large to maneuver among the channels of the archipelago. Whenever it became neces-



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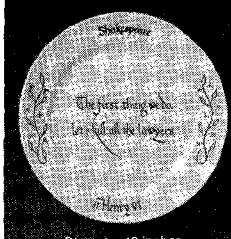

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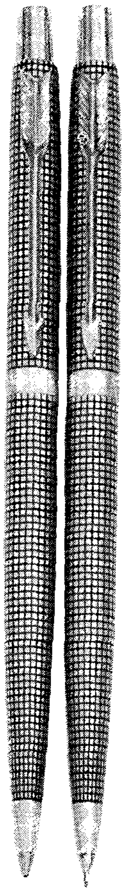

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sary to pursue anyone, its crew would board steam launches, which were not able to carry many men or to travel any distance. The launches could use only fresh water, and that meant they had to stop every four hours at a waterfall or a creek, and while they were filling up they were liable to attack from the forest. Beardslee decided that the white people were better off gaining control of the Tlingit by means of good will and with their consent, since the Tlingit, if they acted together, could overwhelm Sitka and also any prospectors in the wilderness. Because Beardslee thought it a bad, provocative idea to have white men arresting Indians, he set up a native police force to handle calls in the Indian villages. His observations of the Tlingit convinced him that they valued strict justice, and that an Indian given a chance to defend himself would accept any punishment, however severe. He wrote that what was needed for southeastern Alaska was a government strong enough to restrain disorderly drunks, white or Indian, and protect the rest of the community from harm. As it happened, the Indians needed protection much more often than the whites. In one month in 1879, the Tlingit in Sitka registered a thousand complaints against the whites, but there was no authority there to do anything about them.

Beardslee felt that until the federal government gave him a better example of how to treat the Tlingit he must rely on their laws. If a man was murdered and his relatives settled with his killer by means of a payment, then Beardslee felt that he must consider the case dispatched.

Beardslee concluded his final report, which was for the year 1880, by saying, "I think that the period has arrived when it becomes my duty to report that in my judgment the permanent retention of a vessel of war at this place is no longer a necessity. Such retention could only be required through a duty of protecting helpless whites from the assaults of dangerous Indians, neither of which conditions now exist."

He wrote that the whites were capable of bearing arms and that the number of Indians returning from the wilderness at the end of the hunting season was offset by the number of miners and prospectors returning at the same time. Nearly every white man in town employed an Indian for one reason or another, and Beardslee felt that this would cause the Indians, in the case of trouble, to be loyal, either through friendship or through dependency. Also, many of the white men had Indian mistresses, who Beardslee believed would argue against harm to the whites. As evidence that whites and Indians could live together, he mentioned the Hootsnoowoos. Lack of place pride, he said, was what really hindered the whites: " 'Each man for himself' is their motto; and their town becomes filthy; the wooden sidewalks rotten, limb-breaking traps; their bridges ruins; and their schools and church a failure, if unsupported by others. . . . Dance-houses, gambling halls, rum-selling saloons, and houses of prostitution exist on the main street, and no man puts forth an effort against them."

The white people of Alaska had no wish to pay taxes to support a government, and no wish to have their alcohol trade or that of selling the ingredients for hoochinoo to the Indians interfered with, or to have drunks arrested. The

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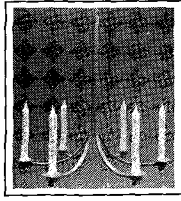

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event that as much as any other factor finally brought government to Alaska was the destruction of Angoon by the Navy, in 1882.

THE customs officer at Sitka, a man named William Morris, liked to point his gun through a window on the second floor of his house and shoot dogs on the steps of the houses in the Indian village. An issue of the New York *Times* for October 12, 1882, refers to his hobby as the "ruthless slaughter of Indian dogs." On one occasion, the Indians surrounded his house and threatened to destroy it. A naval officer in Sitka at the time described Morris as arbitrary and aggressive in his behavior toward the Indians, and said that he exercised authority in a way that was unwarranted and overbearing. He also said that if Morris was allowed to remain in his position the result would likely be "a serious outbreak among the Indians." Other naval officers accused Morris of being a bootlegger.

Beardslee's replacement was Henry Glass, the man who took pleasure in humiliating Tlingit shamans, and Glass was replaced, in turn, by E. C. Merriman, in command of the Adams. Merriman made his first visit to Killisnoo in September of 1882, in order to raid Indian stills and seize any hoochinoo he could find. Not long before he arrived, an Indian cutting down a tree for the Northwest Trading Company had run back for his jacket as the tree was falling, and the tree had fallen on him. As was the Tlingit practice, his relatives demanded a payment from the company, which they held responsible. The payment they asked for was a hundred blankets. The company refused to pay anything. When Merriman arrived, the company superintendent complained about the Indians' demand. Merriman told the Indians that no demands of the kind should be made of white people anymore, that the company would not pay in this instance, and that if the relatives pushed it any further he would see that they were punished severely. "They submitted with bad grace" is how Morris described it.

On the night of October 22nd, a party of Indians and two white men, E. H. Boyne and S. S. Stulzman, fishing for the Northwest Trading Company, were chasing a whale through the inlet when the explosive in their whale gun went off and killed Tith

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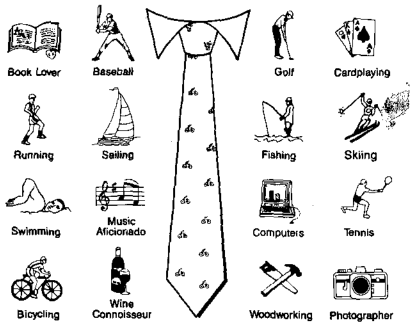

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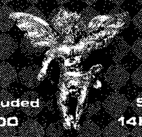

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Klane, a Tlingit shaman, who was standing behind the gun. It is a Tlingit custom that any objects involved in the death of a man must be retired for three days, a period of mourning. The other Indians on the whale boat took the boat in to shore, along with the fishing nets and the whale gun, and kept them, and kept the two white men, saying that they would not give the white men up until they were paid two hundred blankets—a hundred for the death of the [illegible] and a hundred for the death of the shaman. At some point, another boat belonging to the company was seized, and a steam launch with it. The company superintendent collected his family on board the tugboat Favorite and took off for Sitka. When he arrived, on the afternoon of the twenty-third, he told Merriman that the Indians were holding the boats and two prisoners, and that they were demanding two hundred blankets and threatening to burn the company's store and other buildings, destroy the boats, and kill the white men if they didn't get them. Merriman loaded a howitzer and a Gatling gun—the first in Alaska—on the Favorite, which left for Killisnoo at three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth. Because the Adams had too much draft for the inlet, M. A. Healy, the commander of the Corwin, a revenue steamer coaling in Sitka, offered the use of his boat, and Merriman accepted. At seven that morning, Merriman, Morris, and about a hundred marines steamed off in the Corwin for Killisnoo. The weather was so rough that they spent the night in a harbor near the entrance to Peril Strait. They arrived in Killisnoo on the morning of the twenty-fifth. For some reason, they stayed there a day, and on the morning of October 26th Merriman wrote out orders for Lieutenant Bartlett:

> SIR: Proceed up the lagoon behind the Indian village of Angoon, and upon your arrival with the Favorite . . . rescue the employés of the Northwest Trading Company, now held by the Indians, their steam launch and such property as the Indians have belonging to this company. They will at first probably attempt to take charge of the Favorite, thinking only the employés are on board. Treat the Indians kindly if they show a peaceful disposition. With the Corwin I shall proceed off the town. Should the Indians show fight attack them vigorously, blow three long blasts of the whistle of both steamers, and fire *two* guns; one gun I shall look at simply as a show of force from you. Should the Indians be on *our* side of the town a *second* gun from the

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> Corwin will denote that we will attack. In the first case we will come to your support, in the second you will come to ours. Get possession of every canoe you can, and get all the Indians to come to the white settlement possible. The cause of the outbreak is the accidental killing of an Indian by the premature explosion of a whaling bomb. They demand two hundred blankets as damages. On the contrary, I propose to fine them four hundred, or double what their claim may be. In case of refusal I have determined to burn their village and destroy their canoes and fishing tackle. Remember in the *first place* to free their white prisoners, and secondly the property. Should the Indians forcibly resist after knowing your intentions, do not hesitate; open fire at once, and I will immediately come to your support in the Corwin. Use all diplomacy possible first, however. I rely on your discretion, and wish you a most successful trip.

The white men and the boats, it turned out, were being held not at Angoon but at a summer fishing village on Kootznahoo Inlet, which was where Merriman and Healy had gone in the Corwin. "Immediately we anchored, the white men were released," Healy wrote. The Indians also gave up the boats and the fishing gear. Merriman took two of the clan chiefs on board. "I held a powwow with the Indians," he wrote. The Indians asked for their two hundred blankets, and Merriman told them they were not going to get them. "I had explained to them on my previous visit the fallacy of any claim when the death was purely accidental. I ascertained that they had attempted to destroy the boats, and that they were only waiting for another white man to put two to death. One of the men captured had but one eye, and they wanted a whole one, or one with two eyes." Merriman told them that they must pay him four hundred blankets, that they would have twenty-four hours to produce them, and that if they failed to do so he would destroy their canoes and their village.

Exactly how much the Indians understood is not clear, since Merriman did not bring a translator, and the Indians knew little English. Merriman said that the Indians returned to Angoon and sent word back that they had no intention of paying the fine and would fire at any marines who attacked. He said that the Tlingit drew their canoes up into the woods and took their winter food and blankets and their women and children with them and deserted the town. That is perhaps not the truth. Merriman's account of the bombing appears in a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, delivered to Congress on January 10, 1883, and dated, from Sitka, October 28, 1882. Someone familiar with several accounts of the event is given more than one reason to believe that Merriman altered his story of the bombardment. Merriman said that he did not begin shelling until he had found out, without the Indians' knowing that he had, that all the women and children were out of the town. It was said by some people at the time, however, that Merriman had sent marines into the woods behind the town to keep the Tlingit from escaping into the forest. Merriman claimed to have given the Tlingit twenty-four hours to respond, but a woman who spoke to him on his return to Sitka said that he told her he had shelled the Indians two hours after issuing his demand—that is, at the moment he found out they intended not to pay. If she is right, the bombardment took place on the twenty-sixth. If he is right, it took place on the twenty-seventh. It is known that Lieutenant Bartlett rounded up from the beach in front of Angoon about forty of the Tlingits' canoes. These were tied together and towed out into the water and then the marines fired on them with the Gatling gun. The marines missed, apparently again and again, so they were sent back with augers, and the canoes were towed into Chatham Strait and the marines bored holes in them and sank them in deep water.

Meanwhile, Merriman burned the Indians' summer camp and its store of food to the ground. Then he weighed anchor and steamed round to Angoon and opened fire. Under cover of the guns, he landed marines on the beach who poured kerosene over what was left of the houses that had been struck by shells, and set them on fire, and also set other houses on fire. They also burned the Indians' store of oil for the winter. Merriman claimed that of the twenty-nine houses in Angoon he destroyed twenty, saving nine that belonged to Indians sympathetic to the white man. The Indians claim that he destroyed the whole town. It is known that the marines who set fire to the houses first robbed them of blankets and clan ornaments and anything else that caught their eye, and that by pointing guns at the owners of the houses they kept back the Tlingit who tried to save their possessions. Knowing that there were no means of fighting any fires, one wonders if it was possible for any houses in a village of houses built so close together to survive a conflagration.

"After burning the town, I directed the Indians to come to the trading post, where I would talk to them," Merriman wrote. "A crowd came about 8 P.M., with the Chief Kenalkos and

NOVEMBER ON HER WAY

Here we go again,
up the narrow stair
of fall, and I'm full of nerve,

have to have you, I'm looking for you
everywhere. It's true
I like men too much, and when

I see one in the street
I used to know—starting to be
bald, in a raincoat eight years old,

worry a lit fish swimming across
his face—I could nearly wrap myself
around him, I'm all too ready. . . .

But I'm sorry! It was for you
I meant to do these things, for you
to unbutton my blouse without a care—

Not so difficult, now the sun is tart,
the river the very color of cold,
November on her way to winter.

—DEBORAH GOTTLIEB GARRISON

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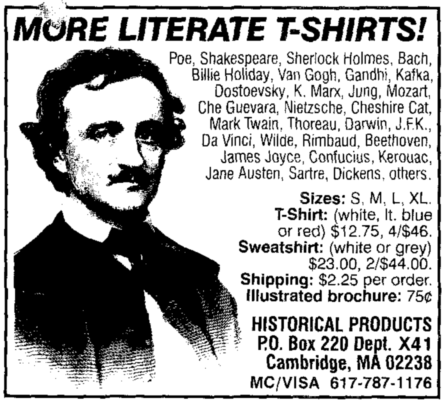
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Loginon Jake. I told them in substance what I had said before, that while the government felt friendly to them and wanted them to till the soil and fish and hunt, and would protect them in pursuing their peaceful avocations, it would put down with a vigorous hand any attempt to seize and injure white men or their property, or to distill rum. They replied that they would never attempt anything of the kind again; that the old men and the chiefs had tried to restrain the young men, but were unable to do so; that as a lesson to the young men and squaws they were glad I had burned the village. To those who had rendered service to the whites by protecting them I gave small presents. To one old medicine-man and a herculean squaw, who had quietly brought their guns to the white men's cabins and declared their intention of defending them and the property of the trading company, I gave letters, with large seals attached, recounting their services. I am told they think more of these than anything else, as it gives them much importance in the tribes."

MORRIS, the dog shooter, the bootlegger, also wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, which was dated, also from Sitka, November 9, 1882, and was passed on to Congress on December 21, 1882. His letter begins:

> SIR: On the 28th of last month I had the honor to transmit to the department the following telegram:
>
> "26th inst. Hoochenoo Indians becoming troublesome, capturing property from whites, Commander Merriman repaired thither in Corwin. Became necessary to shell and destroy village, canoes, and make prisoners. Severe lesson taught. Particulars by mail."

After giving his version of the bombardment, Morris wrote, "As long as the native tribes throughout the archipelago do not feel the force of the government and are not punished for flagrant outrages, so much the more dangerous do they become, and are to be feared by isolated prospecting parties of miners. Once let it be understood by the Siwashes"—white slang for Indians—"that the life of a white man is sacred, and that they will be severely handled if they harm him, there will be no danger or difficulty in small parties traversing the country in search of mineral and other wealth."

One result of the bombardment was predictable. This is an excerpt from a

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letter written by a miner in Juneau a few years after the event. He misspells Merriman. "Many prospectors and hunters who went to the neighborhood of Admiralty Island after that were never heard of again, and it is believed that they suffered death at the hands of the Indians of the Hootchinoo tribe as vengeance for the inhumanity of Captain Berryman and his marines and sailors."

The most remarkable omission from the accounts of Healy, Morris, and Merriman is that after the bombardment six children were dead. The totem poles in the center of Angoon were raised to their memory during a commemoration of the bombing held in 1982.

A MAN named I. S. Oakford, who questioned one of the men held hostage, was told that the Indians never abused him, or even threatened to. They told him only that he would not be allowed to return to Killisnoo or to take the steam launch back until the two hundred blankets had been delivered. Oakford wrote in a letter, "The wanton destruction of the Indian houses and canoes is condemned by everyone here, except by that class of white men whose creed is summed up in the words 'That the Indians have no rights which a white man is bound to respect.' "

MERRIMAN had more courage facing an outgunned group of Indian families than in dealing with white men. Not long before, he had been called to Juneau to intervene in a difficulty at a mine. He anchored his ship in the harbor off the mine and told the miners that if they did not quit work within twenty-four hours he would open fire on them. The miners said that if he did not pull out of there they would float a box of powder under his stern and blow up his ship. Merriman waited for darkness to fall and quietly slipped away.

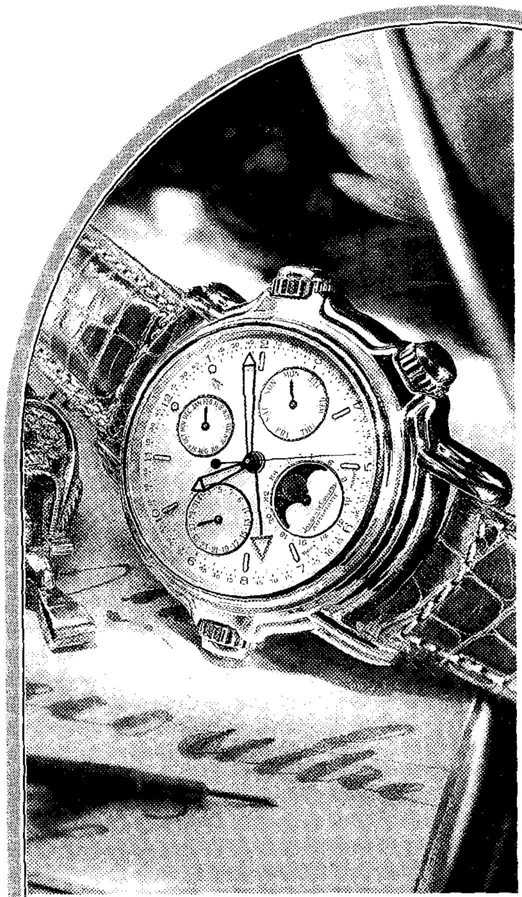
WORD of the bombardment of Angoon had reached Washington by the beginning of December. On December 4th, the House of Representatives passed a resolution requesting information from the Secretary of the Treasury—first, on whether it was true that a revenue cutter had shelled two Alaskan villages (Angoon and the summer camp), and, if so, for what reason, and under whose orders. That is how the letters from Healy, Merriman, and Morris came to be published. By the spring of 1884, the letters had become part of a debate on the need for law in Alaska. On May 13th, on the floor of the House, Representative James Budd, of California, referred first to the letter written by Healy and then to the others. "This report is furnished by one of the men who shelled the village, and consequently may be expected to be colored in their favor," he said. "But notwithstanding this, these reports show this to have been the greatest outrage ever committed in the United States upon any Indian tribe."

ON October 24, 25, and 26, 1982, Angoon held a series of ceremonies to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the bombing. The governor signed a proclamation declaring October 26th Tlingit Remembrance Day. In 1973, the Tlingit and Haida Central Council, on behalf of the people of Angoon, had brought a suit against the government before the Indian Claims Commission. The law under which they were able to press their case allowed damages only for clan and tribal property and only at the 1882 value; they could not ask for any damages for loss of life, for loss of property belonging to individuals, or for the emotional consequences of suffering. Nine days before the trial was to open, the government offered to settle the claim for ninety thousand dollars. The Tlingit thought about it awhile. What they really wanted was to amend the law so that it would cover what it excluded, but they decided that this was not a realistic possibility, and accepted the offer.

A delegation from Angoon met in Washington with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in the hope of receiving an apology, but they did not get one. What they got was a letter from the Assistant Secretary saying, among other things, "The destruction of Angoon should never have happened and it was an unfortunate event in our history."

People in Angoon talk of putting up a ridicule pole to the Navy, tall enough to be seen from Chatham Strait. What they want, and realize they will probably never get, is a ship in the Navy named for their village.

Matthew Fred speaking: "They said



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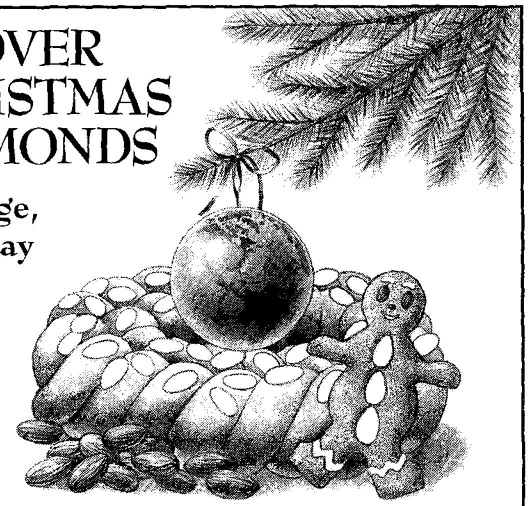

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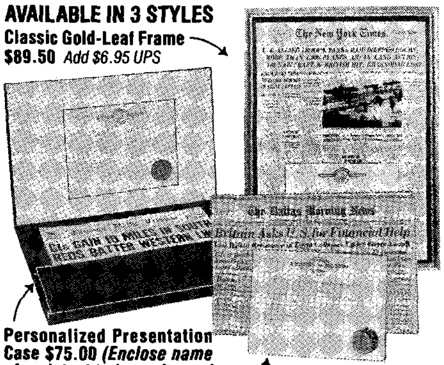
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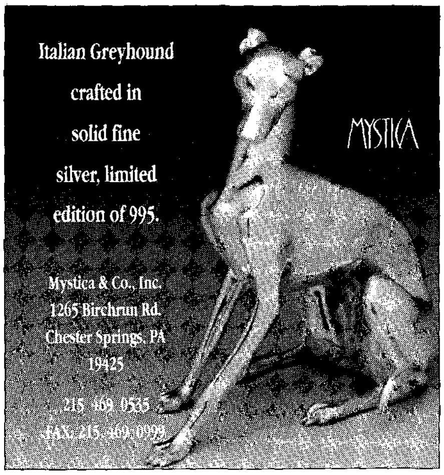

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it was an accident, that the gun they shoot the whale with hit him, but how can you shoot a man on a boat with a gun unless you point it at him?

"It's no accident anyway when you saturate buildings with kerosene. It's no accident when you destroy all our boats. It's no accident when you turn guns on women and children. It's no accident when you shell a village. It's not an accident when you burn houses with torches. It's not an accident when you take winter provisions—smoked salmon and deer meat and seal meat—and throw them into the water with the tide. It's not an accident when you carry the loot down to the boat and throw it on your ship. It's not an accident when you kill children.

"That medicine man was of nobility, so everything has to be quiet for three days; this is the equivalent of a minute of silence, but ours is three days. The manager went to Sitka and brought back the Navy, and all our menfolks were inside the bay getting herring, that's when the Navy started the shelling. They had just received a new weapon, and that was the Gatling gun, and they were itching to use it. They came ashore and looted our buildings before they set them on fire; a lot of our ancient artifacts were snook out. The Navy went up the inlet where our food caches were, on dry ground, and they threw them into the water. My uncle was on the hill where the Orthodox Church is, and he saw our provisions going out on the tide. He saw the Navy pouring kerosene on the buildings and throwing torches on them. He saw them busting up the war canoes, and going up the bay and burning the camp and busting up our rifles. When the men from the village came back, there were smoking buildings. The boats they had for fishing were the only things we had to use to get food. So it actually took us ten years before we got back on our feet, five years just to heal up the wound and five more years to recover and rebuild our village. It was never recorded how many people died from hunger and exposure. We just had to throw buildings together from the lumber we could find on the beach.

"Ninety thousand is not a proper settlement for houses burned and property damaged, and looting of our village. They stole from us. They still haven't paid us for our belongings.

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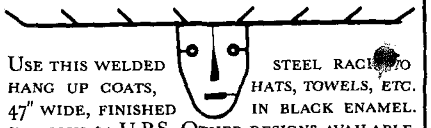

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IN 1950, Frederica de Laguna, an anthropologist, used a tape recorder and an interpreter to take down a version of the bombardment from a man who had been a child at the time. What follows is perhaps half of what he said.

"I would like you to hear me, respectable people. . . . I am already an old man. I was a young man when our village was spoiled. White people spoiled it. They left us homeless on the beach. . . . My name is Languc-'u, 'Homeless Raven.' That is the man who is telling you the story now. . . .

"At that time, people were living on the other side [on Kootznahoo Inlet]. They were putting up herring. When the boat came to that side, they smashed up all the Indian canoes—broke them up. No more. When the Coast Guard came back, they set the town afire. They were anchored right outside the village. No more. My mother said to me, 'Do you understand what is happening?' And I said, 'Yes, I understand.'

"Six children—no more. They were suffocated by the smoke, the ones that stayed in the village. The smoke killed them. All the food was destroyed: blankets, clothing, many houses—no more. Nothing was saved. Countless things in the houses were all burned up.

"I did not see why this happened, what it was that made them treat us like that. We were defenseless, but they came to punish us for nothing. They took everything out of the houses aboard the Coast Guard boat. They said it was punishment. See how great our trouble was. I am going to be silent for a while."

De Laguna notes that the man who was speaking was overcome by emotion and paused until he was able to go on.

"Now hear what I am telling," he said next. "When the fall was coming, when the winter was beginning, the

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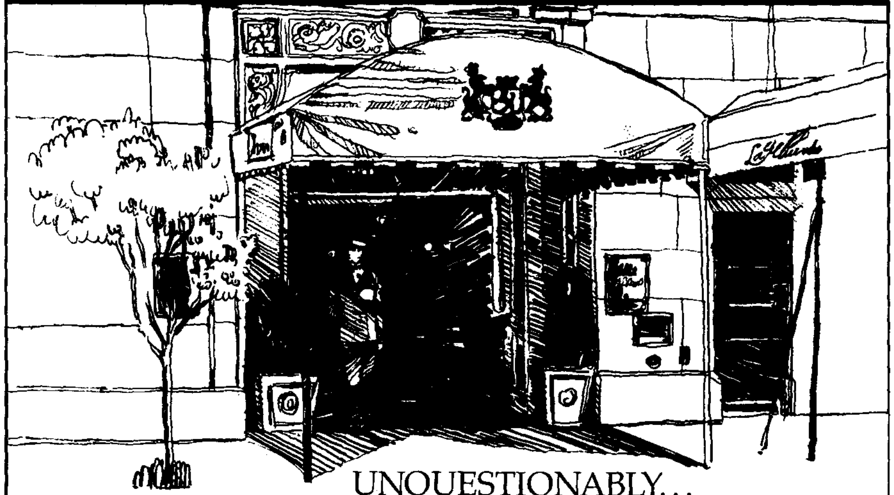

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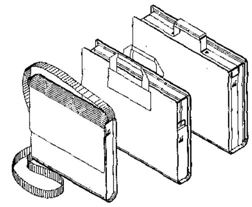

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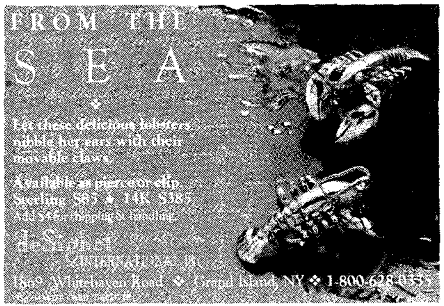
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people of Angoon nearly starved to death, all of them. How much we suffered! . . .

"I am going to add something of my own—a moral. If a man did that, if a Tlingit did that to someone, what would you say, Government? If someone did this to you? This is what I ask you: what are you going to say if someone did this to *you*?

"That is all. That is the end of the story of how trouble came to us and we never received help from the government. That is the end."

The man stopped here and spoke in Tlingit to the people he was with, and then added, "You have been listening to my words. You are white people and we are Tlingit. You have taken a black cloth and covered our eyes with it, hiding our land. The Tlingit did not give you permission to take all of Alaska. You bought it from the Russians, but not all of it, only the places that the Russians owned. That was what you bought. . . .

"This is our land. They always tell us, any land we claim, anything we take from it—we have to pay you taxes. Even if we kill a deer, it is not good for us. The bears are killing all the deer; the wolves are killing them off. . . . See how everything is being killed. You white people, see how much you have destroyed!

"The things in the water, you have destroyed. . . . But just the same, whenever there is going to be a war, you take our children by the hand without a word. You take them for death. I do not know why. . . .

"When you are going to make laws, you never consult us Tlingit. . . . You make it in secret, and then just tell us *that the law is made*. . . .

"We, who are old people, always feel very sad. Myself, I'm not strong enough to kill anything anymore. I'm all through. I am speaking for the last time. This is the end of my speech, of my words."

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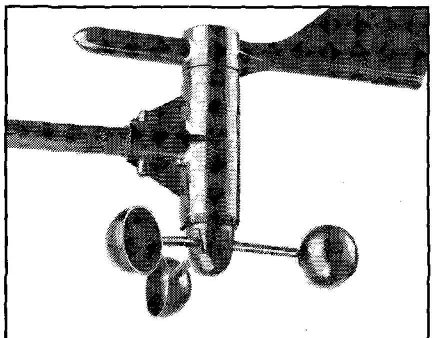
> I am now saying just as the man I
> live after, Dātxagu'tte, used to
> say.
> *This song is from Sand-hill town.*
> We are the people who feel higher
> than all others in the world.

—ALEC WILKINSON



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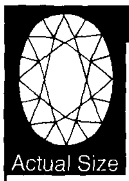

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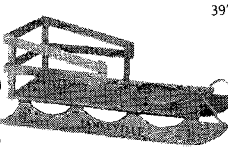

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Israel Into Egypt

EACH fall, Handel enthusiasts and scholars from Germany, Britain, and America gather for a few days on the College Park campus of the University of Maryland to listen and to learn. This fall, the Maryland Handel Festival, in the tenth year of its grand chronological progress through the English oratorios, reached "Joseph and His Brethren," a work that is seldom heard. "Joseph" appeared in 1744, at Covent Garden, three weeks after the radiant "Semele"; the next oratorio, a year later, was the powerful "Hercules." In its day, "Joseph" was more successful than either of those masterpieces; Handel revived it in four subsequent seasons. Then its reputation sank. Several chapters of Winton Dean's famous book on the oratorios (now available as an Oxford paperback) begin with lapidary verdicts. The chapter on "Joseph" begins, "Of all the oratorios 'Deborah' and 'Joseph' come nearest to complete failure." Paul Traver and Howard Serwer, the Maryland directors, write in this year's program book that seven years ago they considered putting "Deborah" aside for a while, until the festival should be more firmly established, but curiosity and trust in Handel prevailed. "Deborah" was done, and it was a success. So was this year's "Joseph." The audience gave it a standing ovation.

In denigratory accounts of "Joseph," the libretto bears the blame—rightly, but perhaps for the wrong reason. It was written by the clergyman-playwright James Miller, the author of controversial comedies (Handel contributed a song, "I like the amorous youth that's free," to one of them) and, in his last year, of both "Joseph and His Brethren" and the tragedy "Mehmet the Impostor"—a version of Voltaire's "Mahomet." In "Joseph," Miller takes almost for granted his audience's familiarity with Genesis ("almost" because his libretto begins with an Advertisement summarizing actions unmentioned in the drama that lead to its situations). The first scene is Joseph in prison (no mention, except in the Advertisement, of Potiphar's wife and her Phaedra-like accusation that landed him there): "Be firm, my Soul." Enter Phanor, Pharaoh's butler, summoning Joseph to interpret Pharaoh's dreams of seven fat-fleshed and well-favored and seven ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine, of seven full and seven withered ears of corn (no mention, except in the Advertisement, of the reputation that Joseph won with his fellow-prisoners—the butler among them for a while—as an expert interpreter of dreams). Joseph goes to court and o'er Pharaoh's Dreams bright Interpretation beams; is appointed governor and renamed Zaphnath; is admired by Asenath, the daughter of Potiphera, priest of On ("I feel a spreading Flame within my Veins"), and marries her. Part I ends with a wedding chorus:

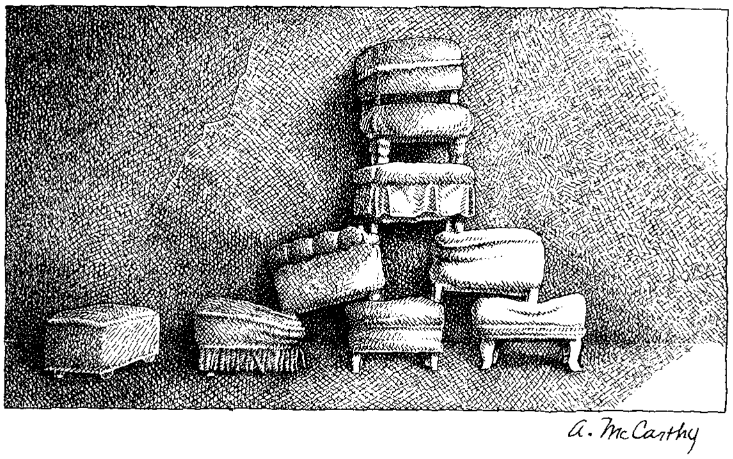
Swift our Numbers, swiftly roll,
Waft the News from Pole to Pole;
Asenath with *Zaphnath*'s join'd,
Joy and Peace to all Mankind!

There is an eight-year jump cut to Part II. During the intermission, the seven fruitful years have passed and the first corn-buying embassy from Canaan, ten of Joseph's brothers, has been and gone—successful in its mission, bearing back both corn and the purchase price refunded, but pledged to bring young Benjamin to Egypt. One of the brothers, Simeon, has been left behind as a hostage and has languished for a year in prison. The chorus and Phanor hail the popular governor, the "youth" (in Genesis, he is thirty-eight) whose wise provision hath snatch'd Egypt from the Famine's Jaw. Simeon has a passionate prison scena, as indignant, then racked, as Joseph's prison scena was steadfast: Will his brothers desert him as once he and they deserted Joseph? "Remorse, Confusion, Horror, Fear." But the brothers return on the second corn-buying mission, and Benjamin is with them. At the sight of Benjamin and at news of their father, Joseph bursts into tears and leaves the stage.

During the second intermission, Joseph has prepared his test for the brethren, planting the Cup sacred to his peculiar Use in Benjamin's pack. In Part III, Benjamin protests his innocence of theft, Judah pleads for his brother, and Simeon bravely offers to suffer in his stead. Joseph reveals his identity: "Forgive this harmless Stratagem. . . . I have try'd your Faith. Virtue's your Guide, Fraternal Love unites ye, And *Joseph* was your last Offence." He invites all the children of Israel to come and live in plenteous Egypt, beside the Nile. There, as we know, they "grew and multiplied exceedingly," and so all ends happily—until listeners remember Exodus 1: "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." Shortly before the oratorio appeared, a Joseph controversy had been waged in pamphlets: some attacked him as a Machiavellian foreigner who insinuated himself into Pharaoh's government and colonized the country with his prolific kinsmen; others came to his defense. While it is hard to agree with those who detect topical allegory in the oratorio (analogies to the German George I, to his Prime Minister, Walpole, even to Handel himself, the German who dominated London music, have been proposed), it seems that in 1744 Joseph was a hot subject.

Duncan Chisholm, one of the scholars at the festival, has revealed that Miller's Parts II and III are close-based on, are largely a translation of, a Joseph oratorio that Apostolo Zeno wrote for Caldara in 1722. (The study appears in "Handel: A Tercentenary Collection," edited by Stanley

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE



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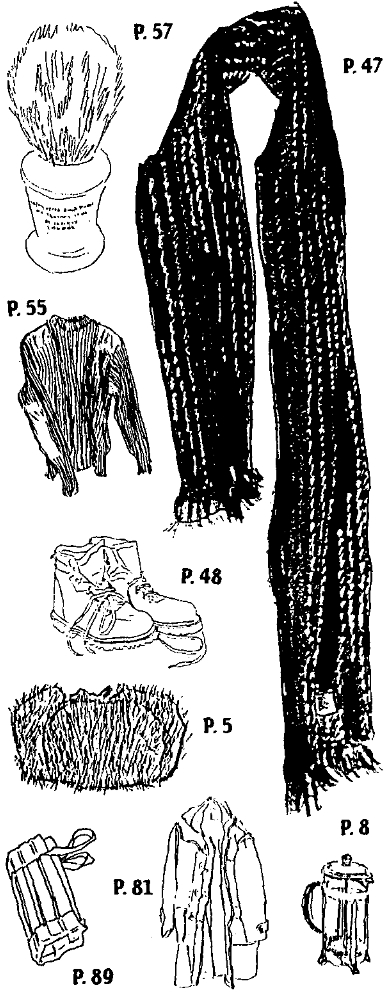

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Sadie and Anthony Hicks.) Zeno's "Giuseppe" is a domestic drama dealing specifically with the events of the second mission; by tacking on Part I, Miller produced the oddly shaped, bumpy libretto. But the awkwardness of "Joseph" lies less in the bumps and jumps than in an inevitable disparity between the dramatic content and the requirements of musical architecture. The former predicates a small role for the prima donna: the story of Joseph and his brethren is pretty well an all-male drama; in just three verses of the long tale, filling some fourteen of Genesis' fifty chapters, is Joseph's wife, Asenath, mentioned—as his bride, as the mother of his children, and in the genealogy. An oratorio, however, needs a prima donna: Asenath has a big part in Zeno's oratorio and one bigger still in Miller's. Joseph sings only four arias; Asenath (a role composed for La Francesina, the first Semele) sings six or seven, most of them long and elaborately florid, and, with Joseph, one or two duets. Her final aria—

What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
Or Breezes from the new-mown Close?
What's sweeter than an *April*-Morn,
Or *May*-Day's silver fragrant Thorn?
What than Arabia's spicy Grove?—

replaced a duet version in which Joseph chimed in with the answer to those questions ("O, sweeter far the Breath of Love!"); the aria continues with a B section ("Hence, gen'rous Lovers, scorn Alarm, Away Suspicion cast! Beauty and Wit begin the Charm, But Kindness makes it last") and a da capo. Miller strove to give his heroine some substance—she wonders whether dire Jealousy, that baneful Viper, rankling in Joseph's Breast, can be a cause of his melancholy—but, as the quoted quatrains may indicate, she is an irrelevancy to the main plot. John Beard, Handel's favored oratorio hero—his Samson and Jupiter, later his Belshazzar, Judas Maccabaeus, and Jephtha—was in the company, but not in the leading role: if Joseph were a tenor, the tessitura of the piece would be monotonously low. Handel assigned the title role to a countertenor. The elder brothers with solos are tenor (Beard was Simeon) and bass. Benjamin must have been a grown man at the time (he brought ten sons into Egypt: Belah, Becher, Ashbel, Gera, Naaman, Ehi, Rosh, Muppim, Huppim, and Ard), but Handel gave the part to "the Boy." Pharaoh is a bass, and the butler is a mezzo-soprano.

The dramatic moments of "Joseph" are the contrasted prison scenas, which are both of Miller's invention; an accompanied recitative and a pastoral aria for Joseph, at midpoint, as he recalls with a pang his innocent shepherd days (a bustling middle section depicts "Grandeur's bulky noisy Joys" that now claim him); a tense interview between Joseph and Simeon; a lovely arioso for Benjamin, with initial asides from Joseph that cease as emotion chokes him; and Joseph's simple, perfectly placed unaccompanied phrases "Know, I am *Joseph*. Doth my dear Father live?—I am your Brother; Your long-lost Brother—I am *Joseph*."

In Maryland, Graham Pushee, a virtuoso countertenor, projected the hero's music cleanly and firmly, with agility in passagework and long breaths in legato. His presentation was somewhat less dramatic than his theatre appearances—he was Houston's Julius Caesar last year—had led one to expect. Would it be overdoing things, at a concert performance, to enact the stage directions of the first scene—"*Joseph* reclining in a melancholy Posture" for the first statement of "Be firm, my Soul," then "starting up" to sing the vigorous accompanied recitative that leads to a (presumably more resolute) reprise of the aria? Rebecca Littig, a Maryland graduate now active in Europe, had the fleetness for Asenath, and a bright, pleasing tone, but she did little to bring the text to life. Robert Petillo, the Simeon, declaimed vividly. Allis Druffel, a Maryland student, was a touching Benjamin, of boyish steadiness and candor. There are good choruses in "Joseph," culminating in the fiery Hallelujah of the Dettingen Anthem. The University of Maryland Chorus, an unfailing splendor of the festivals, sang with energy, expression, and high technical accomplishment. The orchestra was Tafelmusik, not my favorite Baroque band (whine and wheeze in the string tone, unreliable winds). Mr. Traver was a cogent, committed conductor.

EARLIER, there had been a "Messiah," given in Baltimore's Symphony Hall. The festival opera was "Agrippina," presented by the university's Maryland Opera Studio. Leon Major directed; Nicholas

McGegan conducted from a harpsichord. The show was less than happy, for the staging was of a kind that gives modern-dress opera a bad name. What fun to see Poppaea paint her toenails during "Vaghe perle," to see Agrippina sip a Martini during "Ogni vento" and, with a wink, crunch the olive on the final cadence! Beaumont Glass provided an obtrusively ingenious jokey English translation. ("Poppaea" was rhymed with "player.") The University of Maryland Orchestra, though lively, was rather loud and heavy. But one performer, Leneida Crawford, as Otho, gave complete pleasure. Her voice, of warm, beautiful timbre, flowed evenly through a wide contralto and mezzo-soprano range. She used the words; her tones took color and her phrases took shape from them. In pianissimo she remained steady and audible; forte passages rang out bravely from within easy strength. She is of large build—entering, in uniform, she suggested a chunkier Mussolini—but her stage presence, her features, and her gestures combined with her vocal and musical resource to project a fully formed character. Few singers convey tenderness as tenderly as Miss Crawford did. The others in the cast, students, lent themselves with spirit to the silly charades prescribed for them. Randy Hall, the Lesbus, showed an ability to make recitative tell. (The tiny part consisted of nothing but recitative and a thrice-sung "Partiam, signor" in a "But you *don't* go" trio.) After the student "Tolomeo" three years ago—which, within its means, was stylish and sensitive—this "Agrippina" was something of a letdown. But the opera is musically vivacious and wonderfully inventive: that did come across.

A FEW days earlier, Handel's "Siroe" had what was probably its American première, at a concert performance in Merkin Hall. Like "Tolomeo," this was one of Handel's rival-prima-donna operas, devised with roles of equal importance for Faustina and Cuzzoni: six arias apiece, two in each act. The primo uomo, Senesino, has six, too. The graceful, intricate libretto, mainly by Metastasio, includes the famous "Mi lagnerò tacendo," which was set by Mozart and, many times, by Rossini. Julianne Baird, Emira-Faustina, sang with her wonted charm, clarity, and accomplishment. Erie

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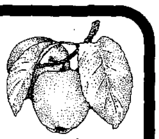

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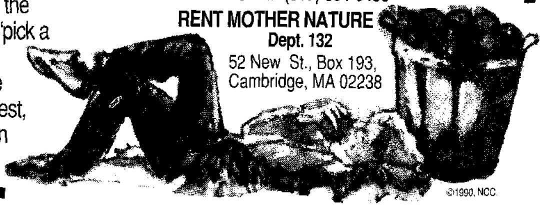

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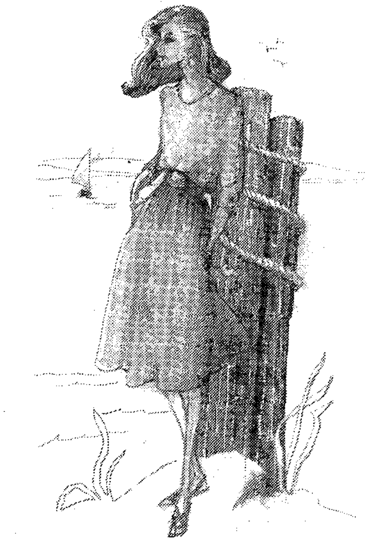

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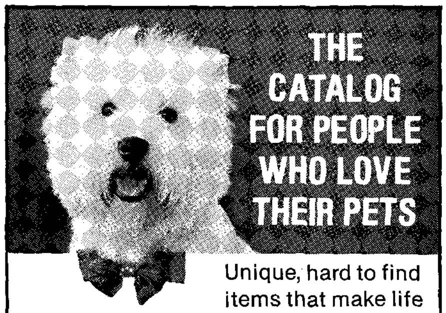

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Mills was Laodice-Cuzzoni. In her soubrette roles I have often thought her spiky; for Handel she had found a way to glitter and yet be gentle, and with her final number, "Torrente cresciuto," she brought the house down. Handel set this simile air—contrasting the courses of streams that flow from muddy and from limpid fonts—with more concern for vocal parade than for the text; Burney thought it "perhaps the most elegant, fanciful, and pleasing, of all Handel's dramatic songs of the *bravura* kind." Emira promptly caps it with an air "of the same kind, gay and agreeable"—and it was Miss Baird's turn to bring the house down. D'Anna Fortunato's singing, as Siroe-Senesino, had a direct, from-the-heart quality, in tones and in phrasing, that recalled Janet Baker. Steven Rickards, as Medarse, the secondo uomo—an Edmund to Siroe's Edgar—sang fluently and with almost reckless brilliance, up to an F. John Ostendorf, the bass, was earnest but not quite limber.

In the festivals issue of *Opera*, Julian Budden, reviewing a "Trovatore" conducted by Zubin Mehta, writes, "Noticing . . . that the music seemed to come more alive just at those points where his beat lacked definition, I began to wonder what would happen supposing we allowed the leader to establish the tempo of each number in the first few bars and then let the orchestra accompany the singers merely by listening to them, as they did in Verdi's day?" At many performances, confusion and breakdown, I imagine. But at "Siroe" there was all too much time-beating, from Rudolph Palmer, and too little listening by the Brewer Baroque Chamber Orchestra. Every beat in a brisk 3/8 was signalled; continuo-accompanied arias were conducted; recitative chords were cued by a stroke of the baton, not by the singers' delivery, and were often laggard. The "Siroe" recitatives are famous; this was the first of Handel's three Metastasio operas, and he seems to have taken especial care with their setting. Rehearsal time on them had perhaps been skimped. There was some vague Italian: adjectives disagreed with nouns; Laodice referred to the titular "eroe" as an "errore." Laodice and Emira lost an aria apiece, each an act finale, and Siroe lost two arias.

—ANDREW PORTER

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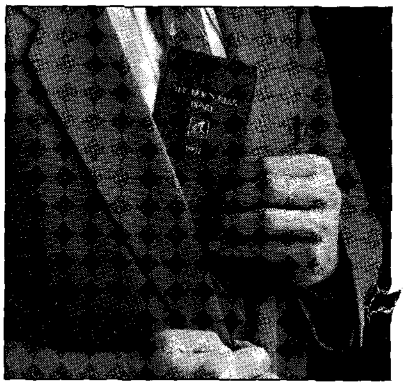

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PASSING THE TIME ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. PELL. He makes the point very skillfully, and I am always glad to have that one extra point in the committee.

Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection?

Mr. PELL. I object.

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to speak as if in morning business.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. There is objection.

Mr. PELL. There is no objection if the Senator speaks for 5 minutes as if in morning business, and then a quorum call is reinstituted.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The objection has been withdrawn.

Mr. PELL. Without objection.

Mr. PRESSLER. I thank my colleague very much. I thank my colleague for his kindness.

Mr. PELL. And at the end of 5 minutes we are back in a quorum call.

Mr. PRESSLER. Yes.

(The remarks of Mr. PRESSLER pertaining to the introduction of S. 1321 are located in today's RECORD under "Statements on Introduced Bills and Joint Resolutions.")

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, I note the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. HELMS addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. ROBB). The Senator from North Carolina.

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

Mr. PELL. I object.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection?

Mr. PELL. I would object at this time.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Objection is heard. The clerk will continue to call the roll.

The legislative clerk continued to call the roll.

Mr. PELL addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair recognizes the Senator from Rhode Island (Mr. PELL).

Mr. PELL. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

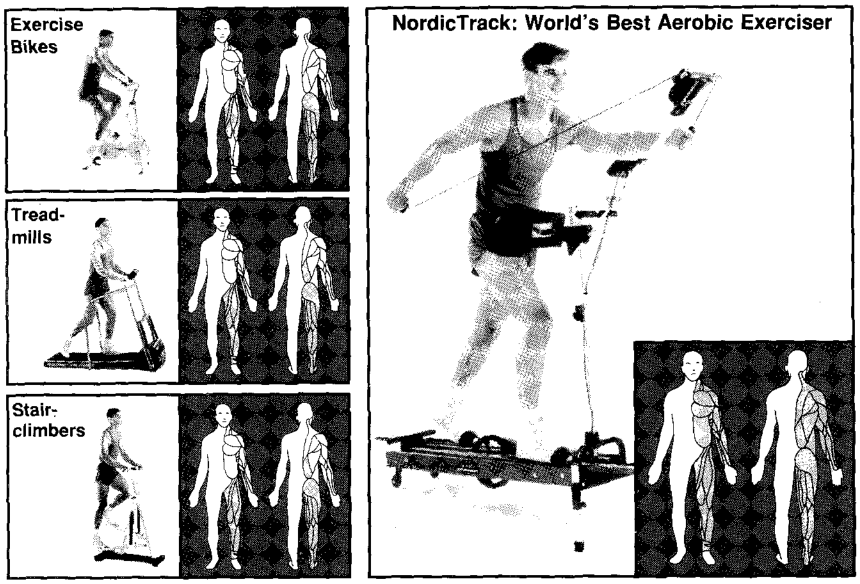
Mr. HELMS. I object.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. There is objection. The quorum call will be continued.

The legislative clerk continued to call the roll.

Mr. MITCHELL. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. DODD). Without objection, it is so ordered.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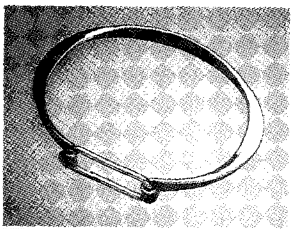

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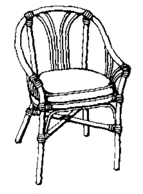

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THE THEATRE

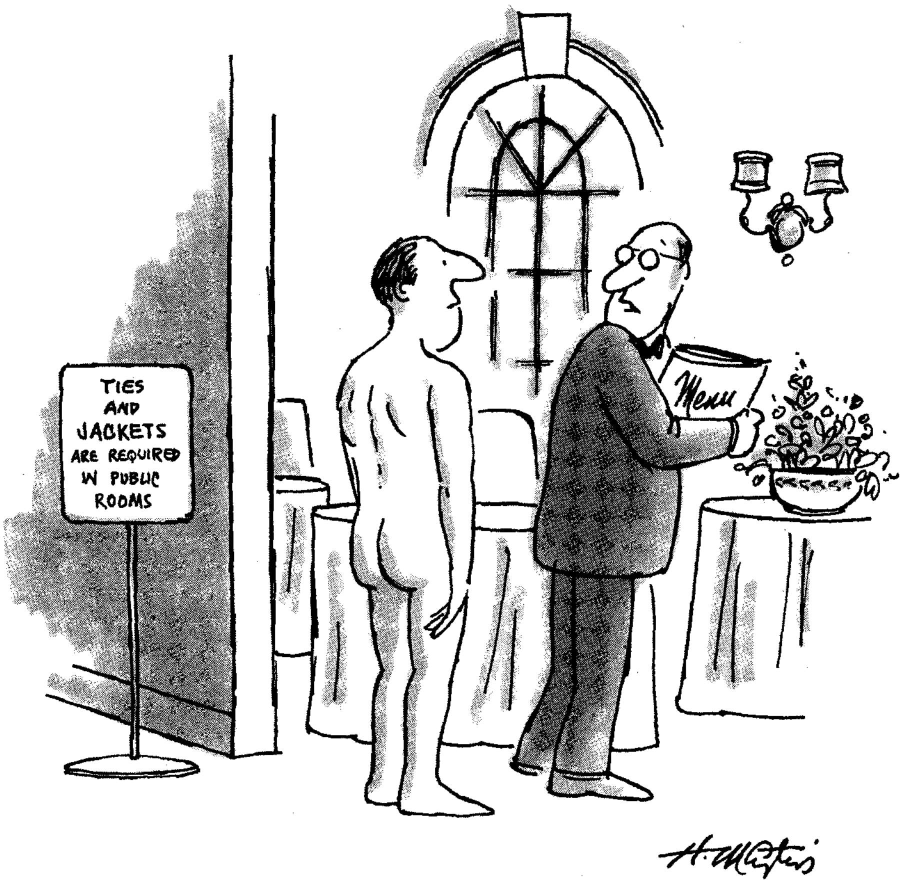
Shady Doings

"SHADOWLANDS," the William Nicholson play about C. S. Lewis, which ran for a year in London in a production directed by Elijah Moshinsky and starring Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Lapotaire, has just opened at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre. It turns out to be a major disappointment. Like the television film of the same name, which Mr. Nicholson wrote for the BBC, the play tells the story of Lewis's strange, doomed love affair with the minor American poet Joy Davidman Gresham. Anyone who has seen the movie version of "Shadowlands" (it has been broadcast on PBS and on the Arts and Entertainment cable network) knows how poignantly and affectingly this story can be told. She was a married woman with two children (boys), a Jewish convert to Christianity, and a former Communist, who, having initiated a correspondence with Lewis, sought an introduction to him on a visit to England, which she undertook when her marriage appeared to be failing. Eventually, she was divorced (her husband had left her for another woman), and she moved lock, stock, and barrel to Oxford (with the two boys), whereupon Lewis agreed to marry her for immigration purposes. She became the love of his life, and soon afterward died of bone cancer.

I have no idea what Joy was really like, or how Jane Lapotaire portrayed her in the West End production. But Claire Bloom, who played the role, opposite Joss Ackland, in the television movie, was beautiful, charming, and graceful, with a kind of lively-mindedness that made it perfectly clear why a celebrated author and academic might have turned, for love and friendship, to a Jewish American intellectual divorcée. Jane Alexander, who plays Joy, opposite Mr. Hawthorne, in the current production, brings to the role a combination of toughness and tartness that has served her well in other roles, but for lively-mindedness she substitutes belligerence, which reduces the relationship to a hackneyed conflict between American brashness and Oxford inhibition. Moreover, where Bloom was gawky only in approaching passion, Alexander is gawky in everything. (She seems to come onstage limping.) This, along with a certain freeness of the hands and upper torso, seems to be her way of getting the idea of Jewishness across. Owing partly to a quality of abrasiveness that Alexander brings to the role (something that A. N. Wilson, in fact, attributes to Joy in his new biography of Lewis, which is discussed elsewhere in this issue), and owing partly to Nicholson's script, which doesn't give the relationship between the two people much time to develop, Joy appears to be plotting: she seems to have designs on Lewis.

What's missing from this stage version is any sense that Joy had a life apart from Lewis—she seems to be merely a woman obsessed with C. S. Lewis, a celebrity-seeker—and any sense of the world she was invading. The film used pictures and tiny gestures to establish a moral context and ambience: a world of middle-aged men who talk to each other without looking up from their books. It juxtaposed scenes of Lewis reading, lecturing to students, and strolling through Magdalen deer park with references to and images from the sacred and secular medieval literature Lewis taught and studied. Nicholson's script for the stage version substitutes Robert Louis Stevenson for Guillaume de Lorris and Chrétien de Troyes; it has Paul Sparer, Robin Chadwick, Hugh A. Rose, and Edmund C. Davys (playing a collection of stereotypical dons and vicars) spouting some sort of ghastly parody of high-table conversation; and it vulgarizes everything that in the film was subtle. As for Mark Thompson's set, its only nod to the idea of Oxford is a vaguely Gothic front panel that moves endlessly up and down, up and down, allowing stagehands to get ready for the next scene.

Joy's younger son, Douglas, was in his teens when his mother died. The movie fudges this a bit, making him a child of eight or nine, and fair enough: the movie wants to offer a parallel between Joy's children and Lewis and his older brother, who lost their mother when Lewis was nine. It suggests visually that those two little boys might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very easily become those two middle-aged men. In the movie, though, Lewis's brother, Warnie, was played by an actor whose puffy, feline face—he was like a maiden aunt—presented an image of passionlessness and sterility. Michael Allinson, who plays Warnie in the current production, cuts a rather dapper figure. He's tall and distinguished—like an American's dream of the romantic English gentleman. Moreover, since the play reduces the number of Joy's children to one, the trumped-up parallel between Douglas and Lewis has to be pounded home verbally.

Douglas Gresham, who seems to have been involved with "Shadowlands" at every phase of its development, from screen to stage, has provided a program note for the current production in which he says that the play "comes closer to the truth" than anything else he has read "about the nature of my stepfather's relationship with my mother." The film version made some sort of spiritual sense out of the dilemma that Lewis's Neoplatonic relationship with Joy posed to his Neoplatonic Christianity. But the play, which purports to answer the question "If God loves us, why does he allow us to suffer so much?," succeeds only in Broadwayizing everything. "Her death," Douglas Gresham writes of his mother, "taught him . . . that in the very deepest despair there is hope and when by grief the entire universe is suddenly emptied, there is God."

The movie script gave bigger play to what may have been Lewis's true final comment on life as symbolized by Joy's bone cancer: "This is a mess, and that is all there is to it." Cancer *is* a mess, and the stories of people who die from it don't usually get made into a play. "Shadowlands" seems to suggest that what makes the events it recounts tragic is the fact that they happened to C. S. Lewis. Given that Mr. Hawthorne, who hasn't the authority or the presence to play Lewis with any depth or complexity, is a television star before anything else (he plays the shady secretary in the popular series "Yes, Minister" and "Yes, Prime Minister"), the whole thing has the feel of a tourist trap—the sort of play that gets mounted in London with the idea of capitalizing on America's love for anything having to do with Oxford or England.

—MIMI KRAMER

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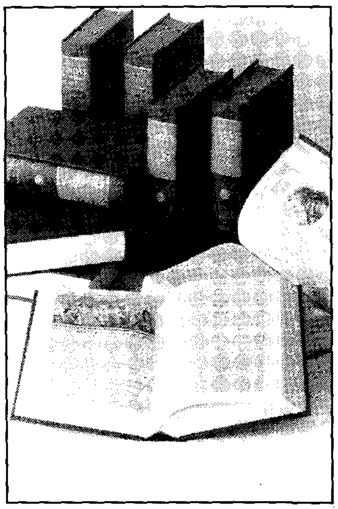

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JAZZ

The Commodores

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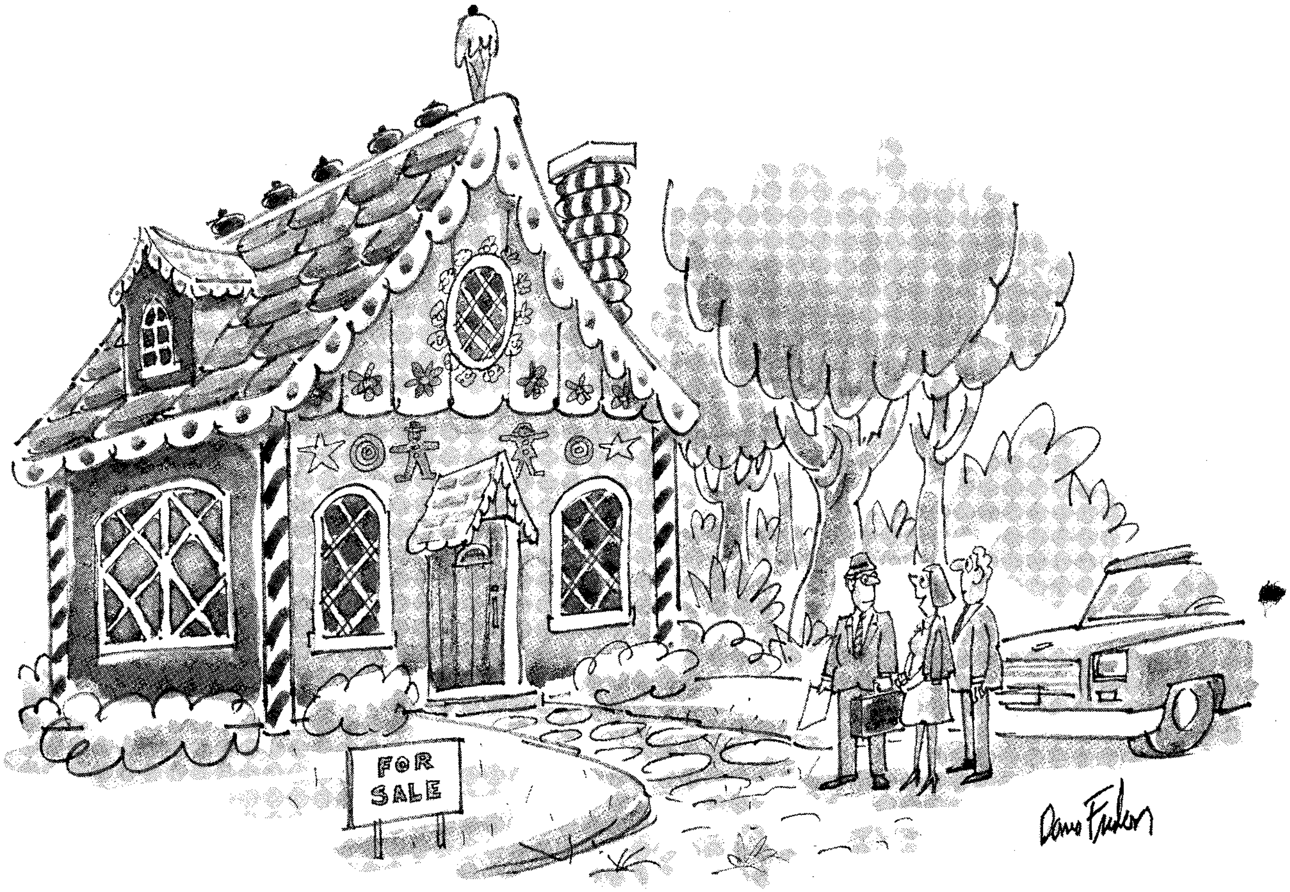
Commodore was the first American all-jazz label. It was started by a shrewd, amiable, tireless jazz lover named Milt Gabler. Born in Harlem in 1911 of an American mother and an Austrian father, Gabler got into his lifework sidewise. He was taken into his father's radio shop after graduating from Stuyvesant High School; the shop was on Forty-second Street, opposite the Commodore Hotel. He had begun listening to jazz, and in due course he stocked jazz records. In the mid-thirties he started reissuing and selling out-of-print jazz records. The records were notable on two counts—they were the first jazz reissues, and they were the first recordings on which the personnel and the instrumentation were listed. Around the same time, Gabler began sitting in on recording sessions, and in 1937, dissatisfied with the way Victor, Columbia, and Decca were handling (or not handling) jazz musicians, he decided to make his own jazz records. The first session took place on January 17, 1938, the day after Benny Goodman's famous Carnegie Hall concert. On hand were Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, George Brunies, and Eddie Condon, who were playing at Nick's, in the Village; Jess Stacy (who was with Goodman); Artie Shapiro (Joe Marsala); Bud Freeman (Tommy Dorsey); and George Wettling (Red Norvo). Gabler produced his last Commodore session in 1950, and the last official Commodore record was made in 1954 by Leonard Feather and Danny Gabler, one of Milt's brothers. Gabler produced almost ninety Commodore dates, using over a hundred and fifty musicians and singers. Gilbert Millstein, in a Profile of Gabler published in this magazine, quotes an anonymous musician. "There's a ray comes out of him," the musician said about Gabler. "You can't help doing something the way he wants. Here is this guy can't read a note of music and he practically tells you what register you're going to play in just by the position of your head."

Gabler's tastes were not encyclopedic. He is still hale, and he says in an interview in the booklet for Volume I of the Mosaic reissue that the first jazz



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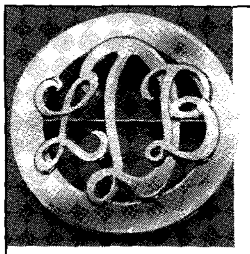

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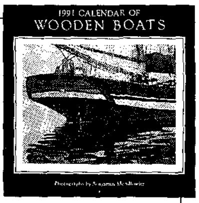

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record to knock him out was "There'll Be Some Changes Made" and "I've Found a New Baby," by the Chicago Rhythm Kings. The record was made in 1928, when Gabler was seventeen, and three of the Rhythm Kings—Muggsy Spanier, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie Condon—would record again and again for him. (The music that teenagers like penetrates their bones.) The Rhythm Kings played a polyphonic small-band music that became known as Chicago jazz. It had improvised opening and closing ensembles and short solos often backed by organ-like hums. A four-bar drum break followed by four more bars of ensemble often served as a coda. Sometimes the closing ensemble was delivered in a diminuendo-crescendo fashion, which gave the number a rampaging, helter-skelter air. Chicago jazz, originally patterned after New Orleans jazz, was played by white musicians. After most of them moved to New York, in the early thirties, they revolved around the witty, hustling Condon. Their music could be heard from the late thirties to the late sixties at Nick's, at the various Eddie Condon clubs, and at both Jimmy Ryans.

Many of the sessions in the Commodore catalogue are given over to Chicago jazz. The rest are divided among the black swing musicians of the thirties and forties and fifties; such ancients as Jelly Roll Morton and Bunk Johnson; miscellaneous pickup groups; and solo pianists. (Gabler loved pianists, and he recorded—or reissued—solo sessions by Stacy, Joe Bushkin, Joe Sullivan, Willie the Lion Smith, Mel Powell, Teddy Wilson, and, again and again, the impenetrable George Zack.) Absent from the catalogue, though, is the whole bebop movement. There are no Charlie Parkers or Dizzy Gillespies, and Gabler is rueful about having missed them.

For all the Zacks, lacy Smiths, and plodding Chicago dates, there is brilliant music in the first two volumes of the Mosaic. (The second volume closes in 1945.) The best of the Chicago sides are the 1938 dates with Hackett, Jack Teagarden, and Max Kaminsky; the seventeen-minute 1940 "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" with Kaminsky, Spanier, Russell, and Stacy (originally spread out over four twelve-inch 78-r.p.m. sides); and the 1943 "That's

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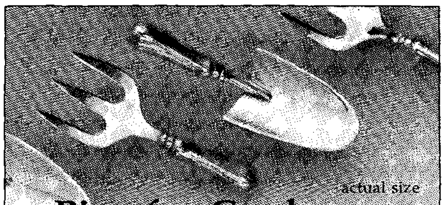

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a Plenty" session with Wild Bill Davison, Russell, Brunies, and Wettling. "That's a Plenty" and "Panama," made at the same session, are probably the greatest Chicago-style recordings ever made. Davison was a champion lead cornettist and a driving, emotional soloist, and the two numbers ring and stomp and fly. The momentum built up in the final ensemble of "That's a Plenty" is almost frightening. Russell is on a great many of the Chicago dates, and although he came to hate the music ("There's no room left in that music," he once said. "It tells *you* how to solo") he frequently plays with daring and originality. He teeters constantly on the edge of tonality, and he sometimes gets off patterns that would startle Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor. (He was once paired with Thelonious Monk at a Newport Jazz Festival concert, but when Russell soloed, Monk, puzzled or surprised, laid out.) His slow blues, particularly in the chalumeau register, are grieving *and* jubilant. Hackett is lyrical and *juste* on most of his sides. And listen to Ernie Caceres, the unsung Mexican baritone saxophonist, in the first take of Miff Mole's "Beale Street Blues." He begins his solo, in a "talking" fashion, in his high register, and he mostly stays there, making that ponderous instrument sound feathery and casual. Stacy sparkles in his half-dozen band dates. He plays a low, rocking figure behind Caceres in Hackett's "New Orleans" which gives the uncanny impression that he is backing Caceres on a second baritone saxophone.

Gabler's sessions with the swing musicians are full of beauties, too. Lester Young played his rare, lissome clarinet in all five numbers of the famous Kansas City Six date (Buck Clayton, Young, Eddie Durham, Freddie Green, Walter Page, Jo Jones), and six weeks later Gabler put Chu Berry (Cab Calloway's band) with Roy Eldridge (his own band) and Sidney Catlett (Louis Armstrong's big band). This was the first small-band record Catlett had done since 1933, and he makes Berry and Eldridge sail. Early in 1939, Billie Holiday set down her almost unbearable requiem "Strange Fruit" and her slow blues "Fine and Mellow." A year later, Gabler assembled Eldridge, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, and Catlett for four numbers, including two complementary versions

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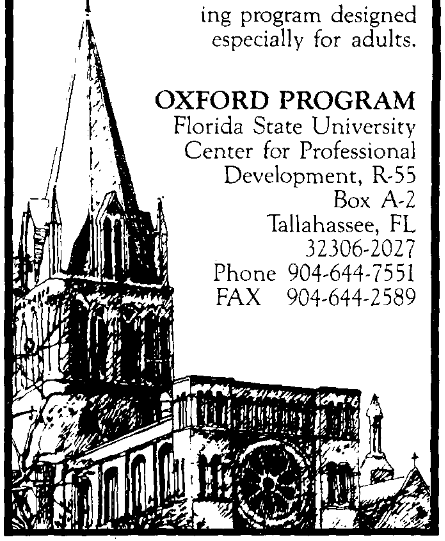

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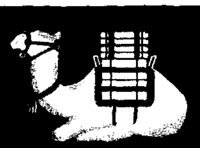

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of "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me." The issued take is fast, and the alternate is in a rocking medium tempo. Both are classics. Early in 1942, Gabler recorded a superb Benny Goodman session, under Mel Powell's name. Present are Billy Butterfield, Goodman, George Berg, Powell, Al Morgan, and Kansas Fields. Goodman and Powell never swung harder than they do in "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." Late in 1943, Gabler mixed members of the Eddie Heywood Downtown Society Cafe band with members of Teddy Wilson's uptown band, and they did an indelible "The Man I Love" and a supreme, slow "Uptown Cafe Blues." And early in 1944 he recorded a Basie-oriented group including Lester Young and Dickie Wells, and the marvellous quartet Catlett had with Ben Webster, Marlowe Morris, and John Simmons.

Some of the miscellaneous recordings that turn up on the Mosaics were made for other labels and bought and released by Gabler. There are two creamy dates that were run by Leonard Feather—one with Hackett, Marsala, Pete Brown, and the stream-of-consciousness singer Leo Watson, and the other with Bill Coleman, Marsala, and Brown, accompanied only by bass and guitar. There is a handsome slow "Clarinet Blues" that features Stacy, Butterfield, Eddie Miller, and the honeyed clarinettist Irving Fazola. There are twenty-five Jelly Roll Morton numbers, made a year before Morton died. Twelve are roughneck band sides, and the rest are piano solos, two ("Winin' Boy Blues" and "Buddy Bolden's Blues") with keening Morton vocals.

Mosaic does not do anything by halves. The surviving takes of each number are given, with the issued version presented first. Sometimes there are as many as four takes. Listening to them all is like reading a novel in which all the early drafts are included. Each volume comes in at two hundred and seven dollars, plus shipping. (Mosaic is at 35 Melrose Place, in Stamford, and the Zip is 06902.) In addition to the interviews with Gabler, the accompanying booklets contain complete discographies, fresh photographs, and indefatigable liner notes by Dan Morgenstern, who brings this hybrid form close to perfection.

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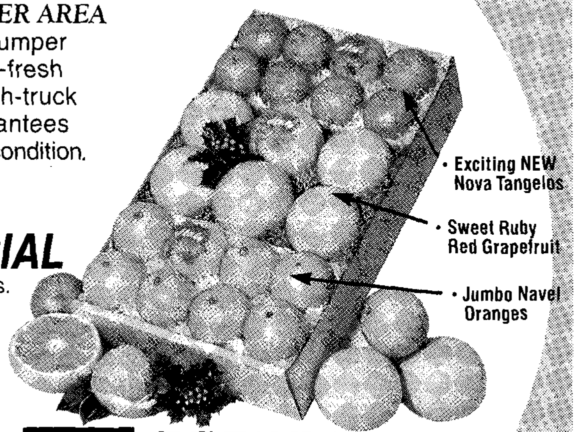

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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

NARNIA is a country that can be reached only by means of magic. Certain lucky children got there when they hid in an old wardrobe whose back opened onto a strange new landscape. Another trip began when they stared into a picture of a ship at sea until the waves rose up and swept them into the Narnian ocean. Once they were in Narnia, they became involved in high dramas and perilous adventures, which they met with British courage and common sense. Narnia is a land of natural beauty and, for an adult, of many familiar echoes. The countryside is quite like that of an earlier England, with touches of ancient Greece. There are human beings, good and bad, in Narnia, and there are fauns, nymphs, dryads, giants, dwarfs, magicians, and witches. Animals wear clothes and talk. Inanimate objects may have magical properties, and the forbidden fruit is delicious. Presiding over Narnia is a wonderful lion named Aslan, who is "good and terrible at the same time." When the children of the story first look at him, just "a glimpse of the golden mane and the great, royal, solemn, overwhelming eyes" makes them look away and go "all trembly."

In the first Narnia book, "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe," Aslan dies, sacrificed upon a stone table, and then returns to life. He is, of course, Christ, and the story is a Christian allegory, but it is also a story that has entranced millions of child readers unaware of its hidden meaning. There are seven books about Narnia, all published in the nineteen-fifties and together called the Chronicles of Narnia. They were written by C. S. Lewis, an Oxford don whose field was medieval and Renaissance English literature. Lewis also had the rare ability to write entertainingly about Christian morals. His religious writing—beginning with "The Screwtape Letters," published in 1942—is still read by a dedicated following, but it is his Narnia books that will endure, as children's literature. They are firmly in place on the list of great fantasies—those lucky accidents which happen now and then when a fine writer decides, for one reason or another, to use that form.

What brings Narnia to mind just now is an excellent new biography of Lewis by A. N. Wilson (Norton; $22.50), which presents an appealing, even touching, picture of a talented, complicated man, whose seemingly undramatic life was in fact one of intense feeling and inner Sturm und Drang. Wilson sets the record straight on the matter of Lewis's odd love life, effectively demolishing the notion that he was an ascetic and a lifelong virgin, as some of his religious disciples would have us believe. Lewis smoked, drank, cursed, told dirty stories, and had a sex life, like any normally sinful man. The older woman with whom he lived, calling her Mother and pretending that their relationship had never been sexual, was really his first love and, for some years, his mistress.

Wilson describes Lewis as a man sorely beset at the time he began to write the Narnia books. He was almost fifty, a big, apparently confident man who lectured in a resonant voice and was well known at Magdalen College for his scholarship, his wicked wit, and his love of learned argument. His personality was, for the most part, genial, friendly, and convivial, though he remained curiously reserved, even with his closest friends, about his private life. Lewis was also a romantic, a poet, and a mystic—a man to whom ideas were everything. He loved intellectual exercise the way some men love tennis or running. His greatest pleasures were reading, writing, and engaging in good talk with like-minded friends; that was how, along with teaching and managing a difficult household, he had spent all his adult years. But by the late nineteen-forties he had reached a point of deep unhappiness; his personal life had become almost unbearable, and the foundations of his inner life were badly shaken.

He was living, as he had for twenty-five years, with his "mother," Mrs. Janie Moore, pet-named Minto, and his brother, Warren, called Warnie, in a rambling cottage, The Kilns, near Oxford. There was a dour gardener named Paxford, on whom Lewis modelled the Narnian character Puddleglum, and two women who served as household help. Warnie and Minto were enemies. Warnie unlovingly described her as "one of those who thrive on crisis and chaos," adding that "every day had to have some kind of domestic upheaval." It was Lewis who

"But I've got to move fast—I'm only a twenty-four-hour virus."

did the drudgery of setting things right, soothing the feelings of the maids, and running the house. That had never been easy, and had always eaten into the precious time he needed for his own work. Now the situation was nearing the impossible, for Minto, in her seventies, had become an angry, senile invalid. And Warnie, an intermittent alcoholic, took to the bottle whenever Lewis needed him most.

There were other troubles, outside The Kilns. Lewis's circle of friends, whose company had for years been a great pleasure, was falling apart. Known informally as the Inklings, they were a carefully selected group of intellectuals who met to talk about ideas and listen to each other's work in progress. Lewis set tremendous store by their friendship—especially that of J. R. R. Tolkien, a professor of Anglo-Saxon, who was writing "The Lord of the Rings," which Lewis admired enormously. For years, the Inklings had been able to exchange sharp criticism without leaving permanent scars, but now sour notes were creeping in, as on the evening when Hugo Dyson, a longtime Inkling, kept interrupting a reading of Tolkien's work by snorting, "Oh, fuck, not another elf!" Tolkien readings were thereupon discontinued. Worse, Tolkien made harsh comments on Lewis's major scholarly work, "English Literature in the Sixteenth Century Excluding Drama," which left Lewis deeply hurt. He realized, sadly, that their long friendship was cooling.

The blow that was the hardest for Lewis to bear, however, was his defeat by Elizabeth Anscombe, a philosopher, who challenged him to defend a chapter in his book "Miracles" in which he discussed the question of whether logical thought, unaided by revelation, can ever reach the goal of ultimate truth. They met on a platform at the Socratic Club in early 1948, and Lewis was publicly trounced. Afterward, near despair, he told his friends that she had destroyed his argument for the existence of God. (He did not, however, cease to believe.) Wilson maintains that the Narnia books were the direct result of the Anscombe debacle. Forced to abandon a cerebral defense of religion, Lewis retreated to a place in his imagination where his faith could safely dwell, beyond the reach of Anscombe's cruel logic. "It is as though Lewis, in all his tiredness and despondency . . . managed to get

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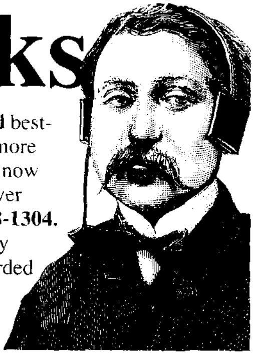

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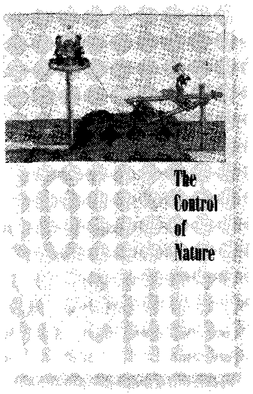

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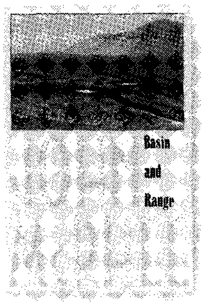

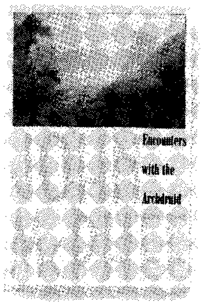

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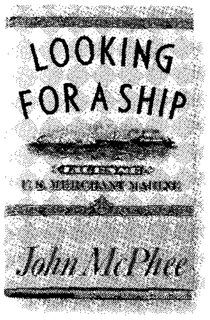

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through the wardrobe door himself; to leave behind the world of squabbles and grownups, and to re-enter the world which with the deepest part of himself he never left," Wilson writes. That world, of course, was his early childhood, which Lewis had special reasons to remember as a world of almost magical happiness and security, bathed in maternal love—as a place where there were almost no boundaries between the real and the imagined. Lewis described it himself in an autobiography, "Surprised by Joy," written after Narnia was finished and his other troubles had eased.

Clive Staples Lewis was born in 1898 in Belfast, Ireland. His father was a solicitor, his mother the daughter of a Protestant clergyman. The family was comfortably middle class and well educated. Jack, as Lewis was always called, was three years younger than Warnie, but they were best friends and happily shared every moment. From the beginning, their play was imaginative. Jack invented a place called Animal-Land, which was peopled with animals wearing clothes, and he made up long stories about their doings. "It will be clear that at this time—at the age of six, seven, and eight—I was living almost entirely in my imagination," Lewis wrote. What mattered most, and left a lifelong impression, was moments of revelation, in which he first felt the power of abstract ideas. In Beatrix Potter's "Squirrel Nutkin" he found "the Idea of Autumn." It pierced him with a strange emotion. He often gazed out the nursery window at distant, unobtainable green hills: "They taught me longing." He glimpsed the ineffable beauty of nature in a miniature garden that Warnie fashioned out of moss and twigs nestled in the lid of a biscuit tin: "As long as I live my imagination of Paradise will retain something of my brother's toy garden." The garden brought him the first taste of a sort of ecstatic experience that he called Joy. In his autobiography he recalls a moment a few years later:

> As I stood beside a flowering currant bush on a summer day there suddenly arose in me without warning, and as if from a depth not of years but of centuries, the memory of that earlier morning at the Old House when my brother had brought his toy garden into the nursery. It is difficult to find words strong enough for the sensation which came over me.... It was a sensation, of course, of desire; but desire for what? not, certainly, for a biscuit tin filled with moss, nor even (though that came

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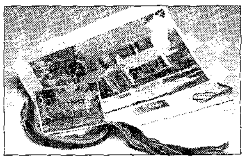

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> into it) for my own past. . . . Before I knew what I desired, the desire itself was gone, the whole glimpse withdrawn, the world turned commonplace again, or only stirred by a longing for the longing that had just ceased.

For Lewis, Joy was always tinged with unsatisfied desire, "which is itself more desirable than any other satisfaction." Perhaps this peculiar ability to derive pleasure from longing had something to do with his willingness in later life to endure deprivation—long periods of celibacy, for instance.

When Jack was six, Warnie was sent away to school in England. Jack missed him but was nevertheless happy in the big house on the outskirts of Belfast, filling solitary hours with his own imaginings: "I am a product of long corridors, empty sunlit rooms, upstairs indoor silences, attics explored in solitude, distant noises of gurgling cisterns and pipes, and the noise of wind under the tiles." There were countless books in the house, and "in the seemingly endless rainy afternoons I took volume after volume from the shelves." Jack began to write stories to send to Warnie. He and Warnie combined their fantasies to create an imaginary land called Boxen, and Jack worked out an elaborate history. Boxen was not Narnia, but it gave him practice in sustained fantasy.

In his autobiography Lewis wrote little about his mother, perhaps because it was too painful. When Jack was nine, his mother developed cancer, and in one shattering blow his happy childhood was swept away. "We lost her gradually as she was gradually withdrawn from our life into the hands of nurses and delirium and morphia, and as our whole existence changed into something alien and menacing, as the house became full of strange smells and midnight noises and sinister whispered conversations," he wrote. "With my mother's death all settled happiness, all that was tranquil and reliable, disappeared from my life. There was to be much fun, many pleasures, many stabs of Joy; but no more of the old security. It was sea and islands now; the great continent had sunk like Atlantis." Their father, overwhelmed, became mercurial in temper, and the boys, "two frightened urchins huddled for warmth in a bleak world," had confidence only in each other. Jack was never able to love his father again.

A fortnight after their mother's death, their distraught father sent both

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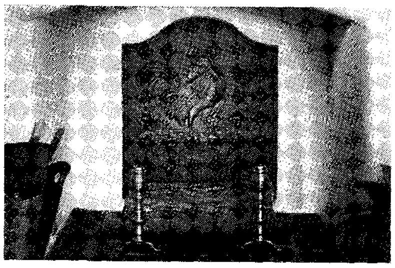

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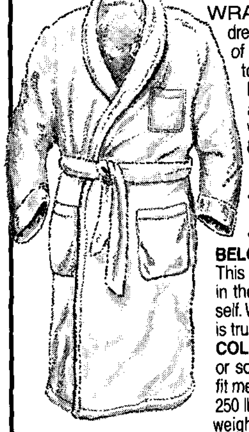

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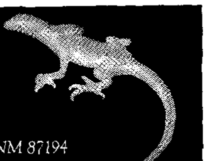

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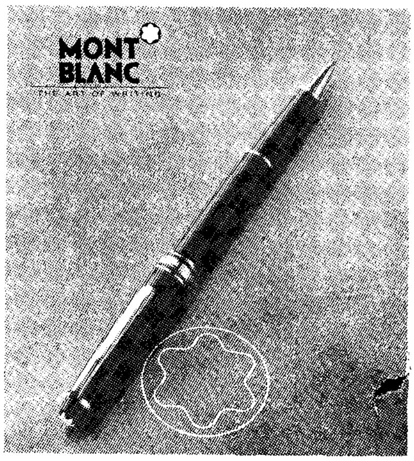
boys off to the English boarding school, and Jack, shocked by bereavement, now found himself imprisoned in a Dickensian establishment—a place, as he put it, of disgusting food, stinking sanitation, and cold beds—whose headmaster was half mad and appallingly cruel. Writing nearly fifty years later, Lewis described the school with unabated rage. The headmaster, "a big, bearded man with full lips like an Assyrian King . . . immensely strong, physically dirty," beat the boys—especially those he disliked—on any pretext. Lewis doesn't say whether or how often he was beaten, but he describes the beating of a classmate. The boy, "the trained sufferer of countless thrashings," bore it silently "until, toward the end of the torture, there came a noise quite unlike a human utterance. That peculiar croaking or rattling cry, that, and the gray faces of all the other boys, and their deathlike stillness, are among the memories I could willingly dispense with." Perhaps it was scenes such as this that taught Lewis to be brave and silent no matter what his feelings. Wilson suggests that the school experience was responsible for sadomasochistic tendencies that were later a part of Lewis's sexual makeup.

Jack suffered through almost two years before the school was mercifully closed down. After a period at a comparatively benign school, he was sent, at fourteen, to another English school, Malvern. He hated it, too, and gives a scathing account of the fagging system and of the pervasive homosexuality, in which he disdained to participate. Finally, when he was fifteen, his father gave up on schools and sent him to live in Surrey with a tutor. Relieved of pressure, Lewis flowered. His tutor found him brilliant and "born with the literary temperament." Lewis decided to try for a scholarship at Oxford. He was accepted and, at eighteen, entered University College.

The First World War was in its third year. After less than a term, Lewis was called up and sent to France. He was wounded, though not seriously, and sent back to England. At Oxford, he had made a friend, an Irishman called Paddy Moore. The two promised each other that if one was killed the survivor would look after the other's parent. Paddy was killed, and Lewis, then convalescent, visited Paddy's mother and her twelve-year-old daughter. Janie Moore was forty-five,



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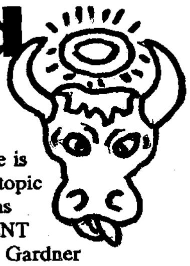

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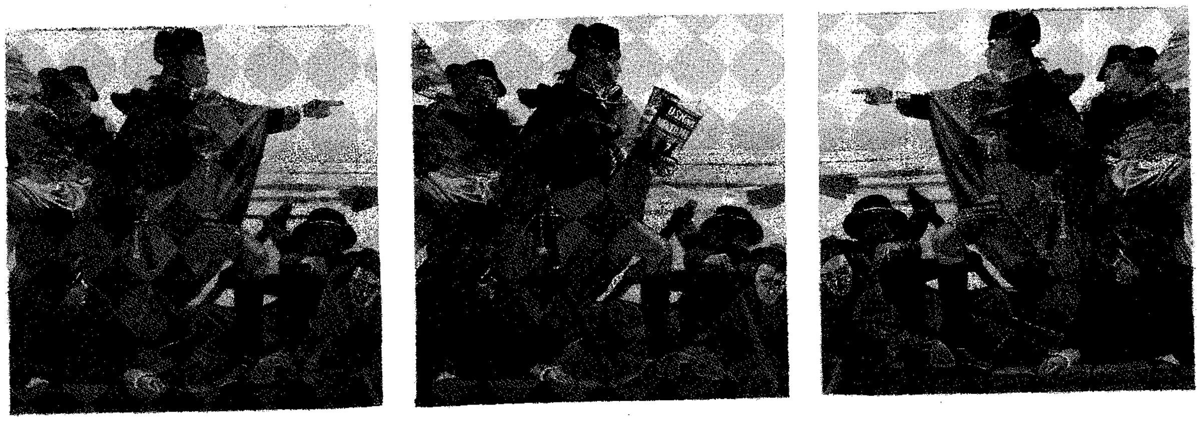

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blond, pretty, and estranged from her husband. It was an emotional time for both of them: Lewis, lonely and adrift; Mrs. Moore, grieving for her son. Wilson is convinced that in the course of comforting each other they wound up in each other's arms. When Lewis returned to Oxford, Mrs. Moore and her daughter came with him and settled in a flat he rented for his "mother." Wilson explains that the fiction was necessary; it would have been fatal to Lewis's career to have it known that he was living in sin with a married woman.

In time, the arrangement became fixed. Lewis and Minto went on living together in rented apartments (whose landlords were sometimes skeptical). His father provided an allowance until Lewis became a fellow at Magdalen, in 1925, and could support himself. In 1929, his father died. When Lewis and Warnie emptied their childhood home, they came across a trunkful of their toys and solemnly buried them in the garden. An old wardrobe—now a famous one—carved by their grandfather, was shipped to Oxford. Then the brothers and Minto pooled their resources to buy The Kilns and formed the strange family that would last almost the rest of their lives.

During this period, another momentous change in Lewis's life was in the making. He had already gathered around him the friends who would be so influential in the development of his thinking, and most of them were Christians. He had abandoned religion in his teens, and considered himself an atheist, but mysticism had always held a powerful attraction for him. The basic mysteries of human existence increasingly absorbed him, and he discussed the subject deeply with Tolkien and Dyson, both of whom argued for the existence of God. After several years of vacillation, Lewis accepted the idea of God and, later, the idea of Christ. His conversion occurred in a mystical moment, while he was riding in the sidecar of his brother's motorcycle on an outing to the zoo. Embracing Christianity was a tremendous emotional relief. "I felt as if I were a man of snow at long last beginning to melt," Lewis later wrote of his acceptance of God. He thenceforward gave himself heart and soul to his new convictions. Wilson surmises that among the consequences was the end of his sexual relationship with Minto, for he held

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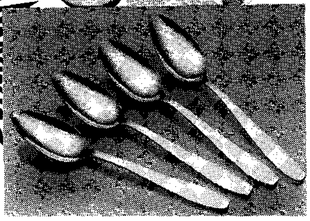

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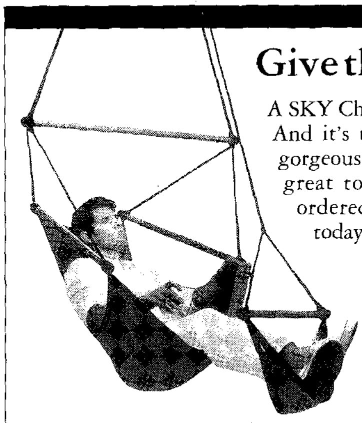

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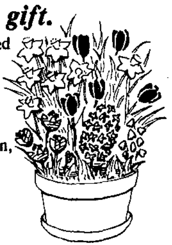

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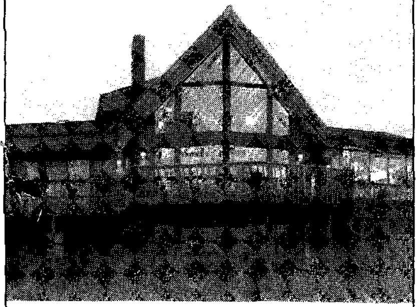
the uncompromising belief that because she was married further intercourse would be sin, and that because he had once made love to her they were bound together forever. The only course left to him was abstinence, and Wilson believes that Lewis doggedly stuck to it for the next twenty years.

Through all that time, what Warnie bitterly called "this incomprehensible menage" continued on its rocky way. Lewis kept on taking affectionate care of Minto, always responding cheerfully to her incessant demands. Warnie, jealous, and protective of his beloved brother, was infuriated by what he saw as Lewis's "mysterious self-imposed slavery." Minto called on Lewis to fill *every need, whether to hang curtains* ("They come down in an avalanche once a week," he wrote to a friend) or to run errands or to fetch a hot-water bottle in the middle of the night. He always saw her to bed and tucked her in with a tender kiss. Lewis never confided the truth about himself and Minto to anyone, and Wilson speculates that in some curious way the relationship filled a masochistic need on Lewis's part. The arrangement must have worked for him in some fashion, for it was the background for an incredibly productive working life, during which he taught brilliantly and wrote at least twenty-five books.

Lewis had never written for children when he began the Narnia Chronicles. It was an art form that allowed him to unburden himself, and he poured into the stories the emotional accumulation of a lifetime. There are fragments of his earliest experiences and imaginings, of his poetic feelings, of his mysticism and love of nature. There is a mélange of elements from his immense reading. Homer, Malory, Chaucer, Spenser, the sagas, Celtic myths, the Bible—all are represented. Beneath the surface of exciting events in the stories lies a deep theme of love and loss, an unfulfillable yearning for some miraculous and perfect union. No wonder children are stirred by the books.

In 1951, while Lewis was at work on the Narnia books, Minto died, in a nursing home; he had visited her there every day, keeping his commitment to the end. Theirs was a queer love story, in its way as touching as the more *obviously romantic* marriage that followed (which has been dramatized in a



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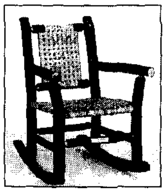

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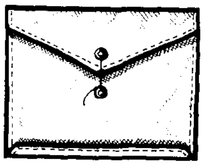

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television movie and now a play, "Shadowlands," which just opened on Broadway, and is reviewed in this issue). Minto has been belittled by some Lewis biographers, but Wilson mentions the things that she gave Lewis: the happiness, with its shared struggles and joys, of their early life together, her pride in his work, her warmth, and her affectionate, generous nature. Perhaps Lewis was referring to these things obliquely when he wrote, "I have definitely chosen and I don't regret the choice."

While Lewis was going through his bleakest time, an American woman in her thirties, named Joy Davidman Gresham, had been writing him interesting letters about his religious books, which had by then attracted a large following. In 1952, Mrs. Gresham, who was estranged from her husband and had two small sons, came to Oxford to visit Lewis—and, as it turned out, to court him. Lewis resisted for a time, then surrendered totally, though at first he was loath to admit it. Their marriage, he wrote to Warnie, was a mere formality, undertaken to give Joy the right to remain in England, but it was clear to Warnie that Jack was wildly in love. Then, in the midst of their happiness, fate dealt them a hideous blow. Joy had cancer. She lived four more years, part of that time in miraculous remission. In their brief, death-haunted time together, Lewis found moments of almost desperate joy. At last, he had given up longing in favor of fulfillment. Joy died in 1960, and her loss, though expected, was devastating to Lewis. He described his feelings in an achingly painful book—"A Grief Observed"—which begins, "No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear." After it was written, a sort of emotional twilight seemed to settle over him. He developed a complex of prostate, heart, and bladder problems. All his life, he had feared death greatly, but now that fear seemed to change to acceptance of the cards he had been dealt. He died quietly at home in 1963, a few days short of his sixty-fifth birthday.

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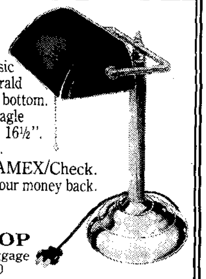

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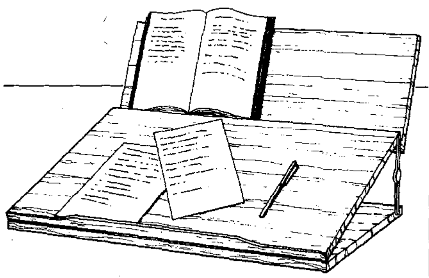

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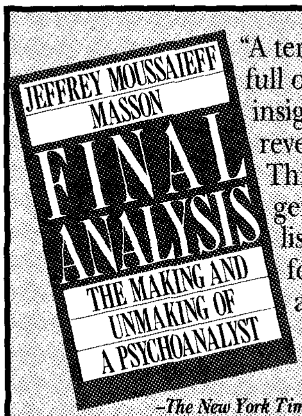
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mostly by schools and libraries; now a large portion of the buyers are mothers, fathers, and grandmothers, and sales are flourishing. Editors, artists, and writers are much encouraged by the trend. They have done their work well this year, and offer a fine selection of new books. Here are some that I especially liked, beginning with books for younger children:

THE CHICKEN BOOK, by Garth Williams (Delacorte; $12.95). Five newborn chicks exploring the world for the first time keep wishing that something tasty would turn up. Finally, Mother Hen, exasperated by their complaints, takes charge and gives them the first lesson in survival: Heaven helps those who help themselves. This funny and trenchant little book was first published in 1946, and is still as fresh as a daisy. It's great to have it back.

ONE GORILLA, by Atsuko Morozumi (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $13.95). A beguiling gorilla makes his silent way through gardens, jungles, and forests in which other attractive creatures are hidden; the trick is to find and count them—a happy task that should keep a three-year-old busy for quite a spell. Atsuko Morozumi's verdant scenes are truly lovely.

POSSUM COME A-KNOCKIN', by Nancy Van Laan, illustrated by George Booth (Knopf; $11.95). When a possum comes a-knockin' at the cabin door, it creates extra chaos in the large and already chaotic family within. The characters—Granny, Pa, and the rest—are well known and much loved by followers of George Booth's cartoons. Nancy Van Laan has provided a wonderfully silly and irresistibly rollicking country-music-style story.

THE WILD CHRISTMAS REINDEER, by Jan Brett (Putnam; $14.95). No one can render snow and reindeer and Scandinavian winter more gorgeously than Jan Brett. She is a master of brilliant color against icy white. There is a nice story here, too, about a girl whose task it is to harness Santa's reindeer, and all the trouble she has when their antlers get tangled together. The moral is: Never shout at reindeer—be gentle and whisper in their ears.

THUMBELINA, by Hans Christian Andersen, retold by Deborah Hautzig, illustrated by Kaarina Kaila (Knopf; $9.95). Whatever its meaning, Andersen's strange story of a tiny, tiny girl

Guess which one wrote the murder scenes.

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wandering in a hostile world and threatened with marriage to a mole who intends to drag her down into the underworld remains a fascinating fantasy. This version is delightfully illustrated in soft watercolors. The book is sold alone or packaged with a cassette ($15.95), on which Judy Collins reads the story in her sweet voice and sings some songs of her own composition.

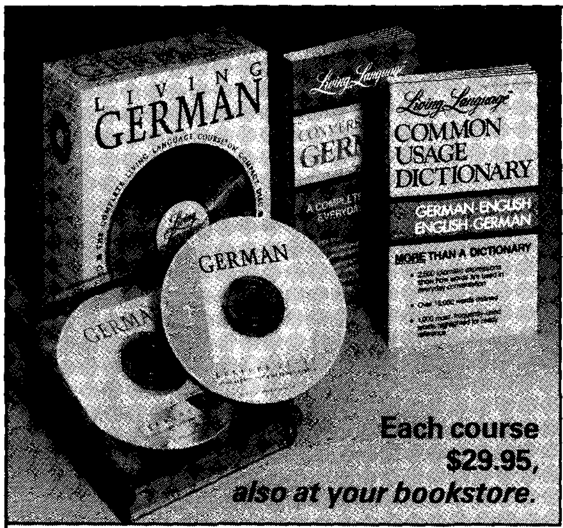
HATTIE AND THE WILD WAVES, written and illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Viking; $14.95). In her characteristically elegant style, Barbara Cooney re-creates the life of a well-to-do family in Brooklyn at the beginning of the century, when Bushwick Avenue was a fine place to live. In those days, a child could walk alone by the sea at Far Rockaway, listening to the wild waves and wondering what they were saying about her future. The story is based on the childhood of the artist's mother, and Cooney has painted every detail of Edwardian family life with a special love. How beautiful she makes it all seem!

THE WILD HORSES OF SWEETBRIAR, by Natalie Kinsey-Warnock, illustrated by Ted Rand (Cobblehill / Dutton; $13.95). For one magical year, a little girl and her mama live, mostly alone, on an island off the New England coast. Of all the wonderful things on the island—the birds, the ever-changing colors, the waves, and the sound of the sea—the most entrancing is a small band of wild horses roaming the island in freedom. The little girl falls in love with them. When a bad winter strikes and the horses begin to starve, she prays every night that they will survive, and they do.

THE FOX AND THE KINGFISHER, by Judith Mellecker, illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker (Knopf; $14.95). An unusual and charming tale of a brother and sister living on a great English estate about a hundred years ago. Their mother has died, and when their father decides to remarry, the thought of a stepmother is unbearable. Magic takes over, and the children leave home by turning into wild creatures—a fox and a bird. For a while, they live in the surrounding woodland quite happily, but then the tug of homesickness brings them back to become part of the new family. Judith Mellecker's sensitive, understated writing and Robert Andrew Parker's delicate watercolors combine to make a lovely book.

DINOSAUR DREAM, written and illustrated by Dennis Nolan (Macmillan; $13.95). In this superb fantasy, a boy is awakened by a baby dinosaur tapping on his windowpane. They meet in the moonlight and together make a long, thrilling journey back through time—back a hundred and forty million years, to the Jurassic period, when dinosaurs like this one roamed a new-minted world. Of course, the boy can't stay. He bids his leathery friend goodbye and returns home to bed. The illustrations have a serene beauty; this is a truly marvellous book.

GOOD QUEEN BESS: THE STORY OF ELIZABETH I OF ENGLAND, by Diane Stanley and Peter Vennema, illustrated by Diane Stanley (Four Winds; $14.95). A thumbnail biography of the great queen that threads its way skillfully through the complexities of her life, leaving a lot unsaid but saying nothing that isn't true. The story is complemented by illustrations rich in color, character, and detail, which give a vivid view of the Elizabethan Age. The



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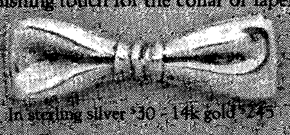

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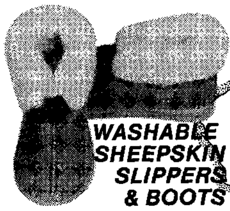

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THE BUCK STOPS HERE: THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, by Alice Provensen (Harper & Row; $17.95). The political and social history of our country told in terms of the men we have elected to lead us. From George to George, they are all portrayed in words and paintings, and there are pictorial reminders of events that took place during their time in office. Provensen has deftly captured the essence of two hundred years of history in the form of brief biographies of forty men, and the capsules make our nation's past understandable to the novice.

JUST A DREAM, written and illustrated by Chris Van Allsburg (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). Chris Van Allsburg has created an angry fable in his usual surreal style, about a boy who is a heedless litterbug and a greedy consumer. He is suitably punished when, one night, in a series of dreams, he finds himself floating on oceans of garbage, viewing desolated forests, trapped on gridlocked highways, breathing poisonous air, and experiencing all the other horrors that threaten the planet. The dreamer is converted to environmentalism overnight. One wishes that our political leaders and captains of industry had had this book to read when *they* were kids.

THE BIG BOOK FOR PEACE, edited by Ann Durell and Marilyn Sachs (Dutton; $15.95). More than thirty topnotch writers and illustrators have contributed stories, poems, and pictures that celebrate peace in various ways. The stories range from the funny and fanciful to the very serious—an account of the martyrdom of a conscientious objector during the Civil War is strong stuff—but all of them make their point, and make good reading to boot. The proceeds go to five organizations dedicated to world peace.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES, by Adèle Geras, illustrated by Jael Jordan (Knopf; $17.95). Old stories of the sort that Jewish grandmothers used to tell are collected in this gentle, nostalgic book. Taken from Russian Jewish folktales, they range across history. There is one about King Solomon, and one about a rabbi's wife who is just as wise. Many of the tales recall village

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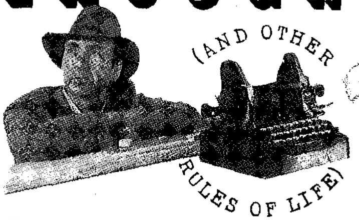

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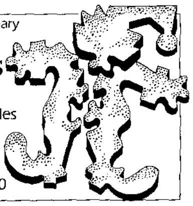

life in the old times. Most of them have surprise endings and leave the reader with something to think about. They are framed by a little girl's visits to her grandmother, who tells the stories and is as kind and interesting as an ideal grandmother should be.

DIANE GOODE'S AMERICAN CHRISTMAS (Dutton; $14.95). A generous collection of stories, songs, and poems having to do with Christmas. Many are well known, but Diane Goode has rediscovered a number of others—"Brer Rabbit's Christmas," for instance, and "The Peterkins' Christmas Tree," from Lucretia Peabody Hale's "Peterkin Papers," which was published in 1880 and is still funny. And, needless to say, there is "Yes, Virginia . . ." The illustrations are lively and happy and very Christmassy.

TEAMMATES, by Peter Golenbock, illustrated by Paul Bacon (Gulliver / HBJ; $15.95). Back in 1947, when Jackie Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers and became the first black to play in the major leagues, he was tested again and again by hostile fans and players, including some of the men on his own team. The story leads up to the moment when the Dodger shortstop Pee Wee Reese stood up for Robinson and turned the tide. There is a lot of baseball history and social history packed into this quietly moving book.

THE ELEPHANT FAMILY BOOK, by Oria Douglas-Hamilton (Picture Book Studio; $15.95). The author has lived intimately with elephants, as we can see from her photographs of these awesome animals bathing, browsing, communing, playing, and just posing, as elephants do. Her narrative concerns the daily life of an elephant family on the shore of Lake Manyara, in Tanzania. Twins are born (unusual for elephants), and we follow their development. Sadly, one dies, but the real tragedy, we are told, is that in the last ten years more than six hundred and fifty thousand elephants have been killed so that their tusks could be turned into ivory trinkets.

DOLPHIN ADVENTURE: A TRUE STORY, by Wayne Grover, illustrated by Jim Fowler (Greenwillow; $11.95). Wayne Grover tells the amazing story of an encounter he had with a family of dolphins while he was diving off the Florida coast. To his surprise, the dolphins—a mother, a father, and a baby—approached him, and he saw that the baby dolphin had a large fishhook em-

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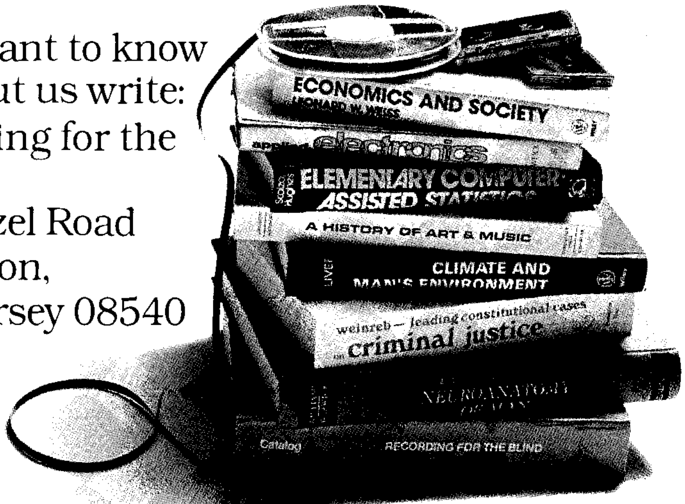
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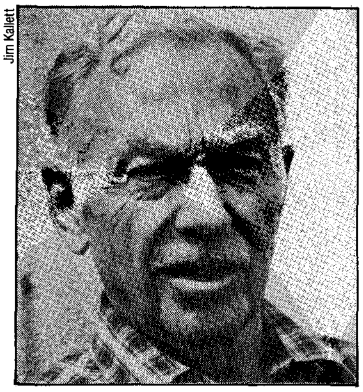
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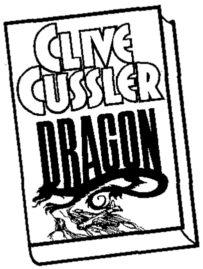

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bedded in its back. It seemed to him that the parents were asking him to remove it, and he succeeded in the dangerous task. The description of scuba diving is authentic and fascinating.

Crow and Weasel, by Barry Lopez, illustrated by Tom Pohrt (North Point; $16.95). Barry Lopez writes marvellously for adults about the Northern wilderness; his "Arctic Dreams" won the National Book Award in 1986. In this novella, his first children's book, he imagines a time long ago, when people and animals still spoke the same language. Crow and Weasel are two young men of the Northern plains who undertake a journey through unexplored wilderness to the tundra and back. Their quest is also a fable of inner discovery based on ideas and traditions of early American Indians. Lopez has written an engrossing story, which is imaginatively illustrated by Tom Pohrt.

An Owl in the House: A Naturalist's Diary, by Bernd Heinrich, adapted by Alice Calaprice (Joy Street/Little, Brown; $14.95). From the moment the author finds a baby owl in the snow, this reader was involved, then interested, and finally in love with both of them. Bernd Heinrich's diary (ably edited for young people and with drawings and photographs by the author) combines natural history with the comedy and romance of his relationship with an ever-wild and independent bird. An ideal book for anyone interested in wildlife.

Saturnalia, by Paul Fleischman (Harper & Row; $12.95). The scene is Puritan Boston in 1681. It is winter—a time of early dark, icy cold, and, for a poor apprentice, hard work. The hero is an Indian lad who has been reared among whites. His antagonist is the tithingman, who loves his work of rooting out evil and blasphemy wherever it can be found, and especially in a born heathen. There are dark deeds aplenty, but Fleischman deals with them lightly, in an amusing satiric novel full of atmosphere and suspense.

Woodsong, by Gary Paulsen (Bradbury; $12.95). Paulsen, who has written a number of exciting outdoor adventure stories, now offers true-life adventures of his own dogsledding in the snowy wilds of Minnesota. He writes feelingly about the bright days and starlit nights of winter, and about the thrills and spills as he and his dogs prepare for the Iditarod, the eleven-hundred-mile race across Alaska. Paulsen writes about nature in the spirit of Jack London—but a Jack London, we are happy to say, with a sense of humor thrown in.

American Women: Their Lives in Their Words, by Doreen Rappaport (Crowell; $16.95). Any girl growing up today is surely aware of the debate on women's roles. What she may not know is how long the debate has been going on and how bitter it has been—how fiercely women in past generations had to fight to bring about change. Rappaport presents excerpts from letters, diaries, and other writings, and adds a narrative that puts them in their historical context. These voices from the past give a startling immediacy to the early battle for women's rights.

Mary Cassatt, by Susan E. Meyer (Abrams; $17.95). A handsome biography of the first American woman to win fame as an artist gives a straightforward account of her life and the development of her work. This lavishly illustrated volume is one of a series called First Impressions issued by Abrams. Others published this year are "Marc Chagall," by Howard Greenfeld, and "Leonardo da Vinci," by Richard McLanathan. All three are excellent.

Wider Than the Sky: Poems to Grow Up With, collected by Scott Elledge (Harper & Row; $19.95). An unusual, personal anthology that began with a sheaf of poems collected for a ten-year-old niece. The poems are taken from all over and include just about everybody from Shakespeare to Dr. Seuss. Few of the poems were written expressly for children, but Mr. Elledge clearly knows and loves poetry and has a keen sense of what will catch a young reader.

—Faith McNulty

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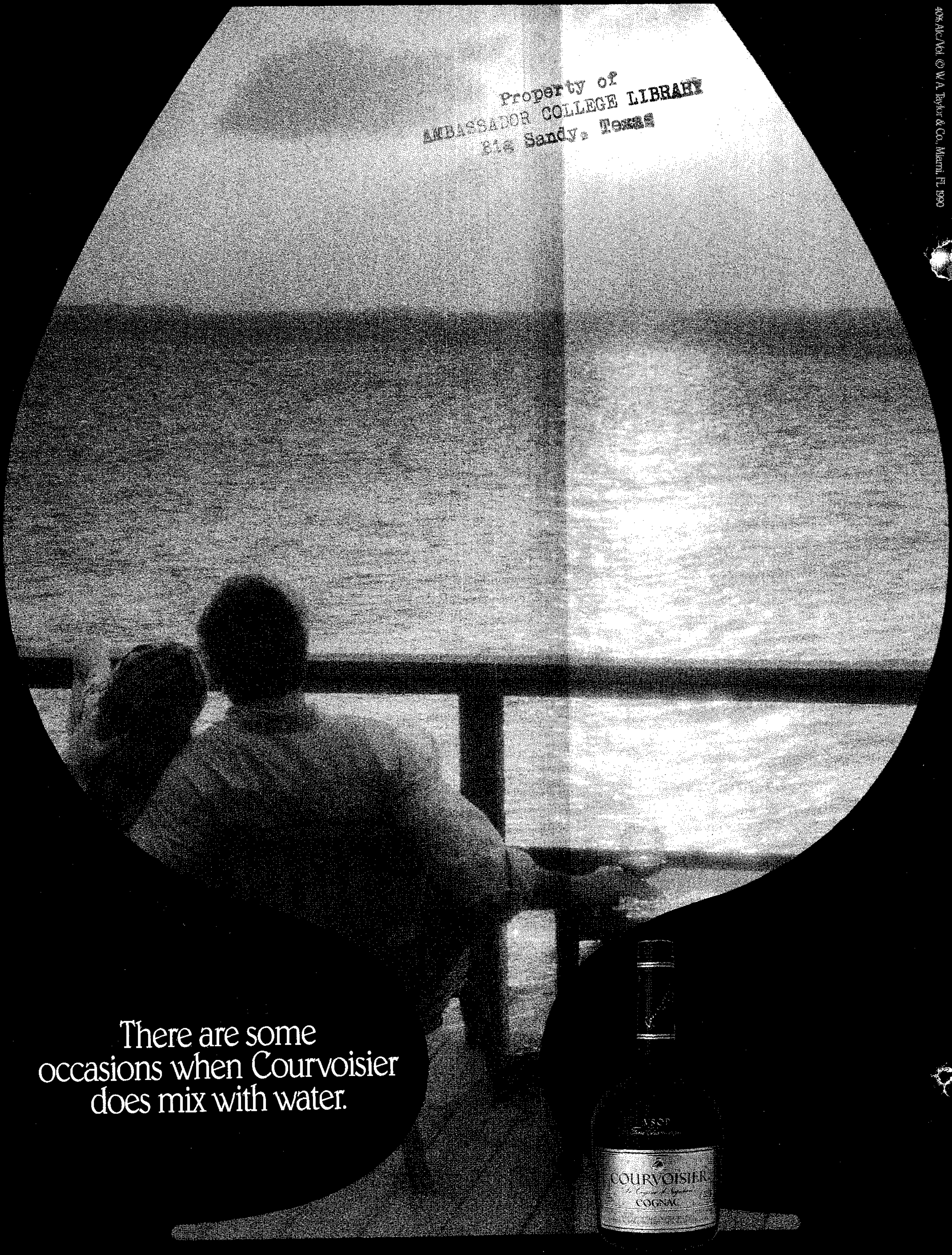

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